May 20,1961

THE NEW YORKER

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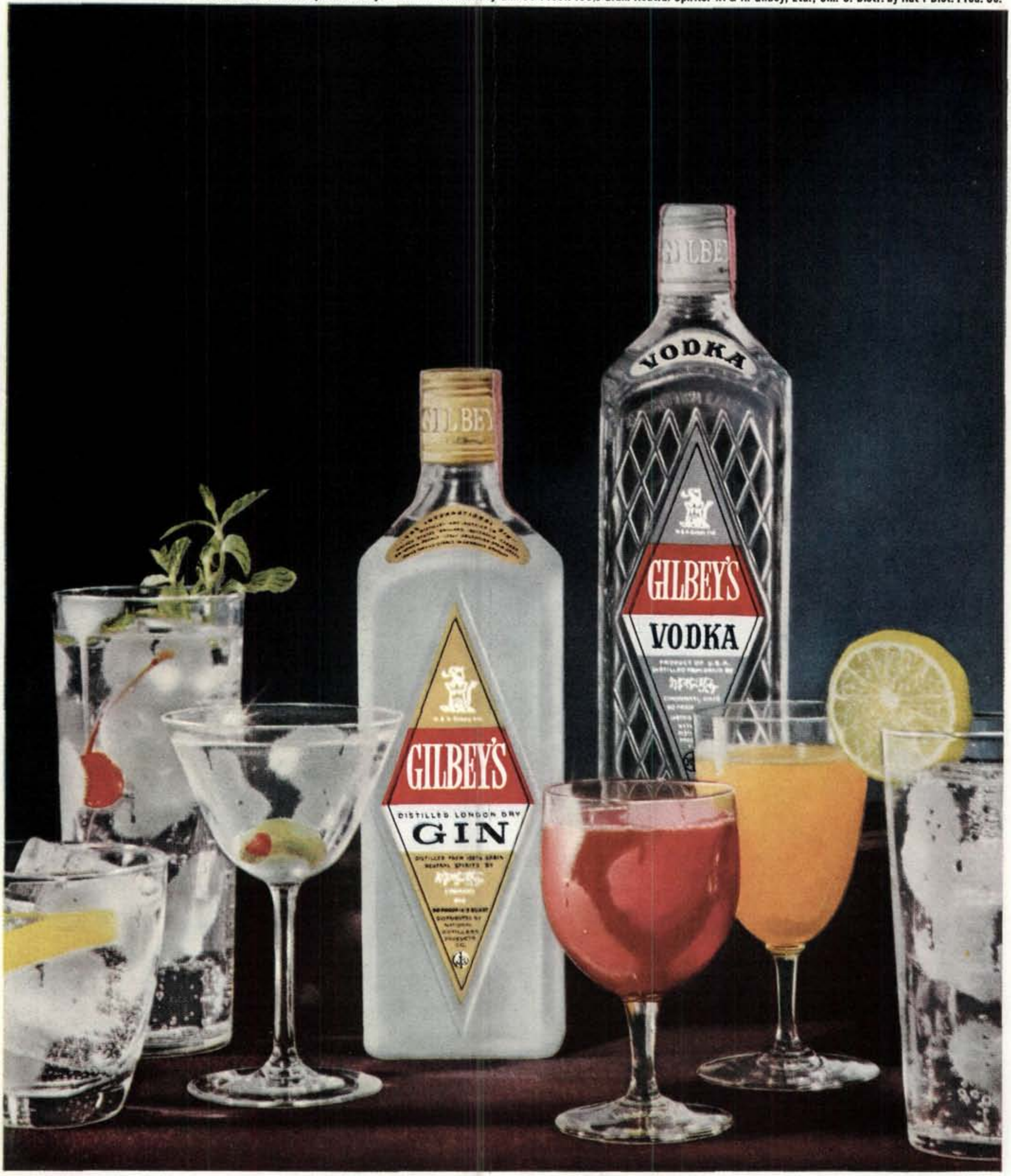
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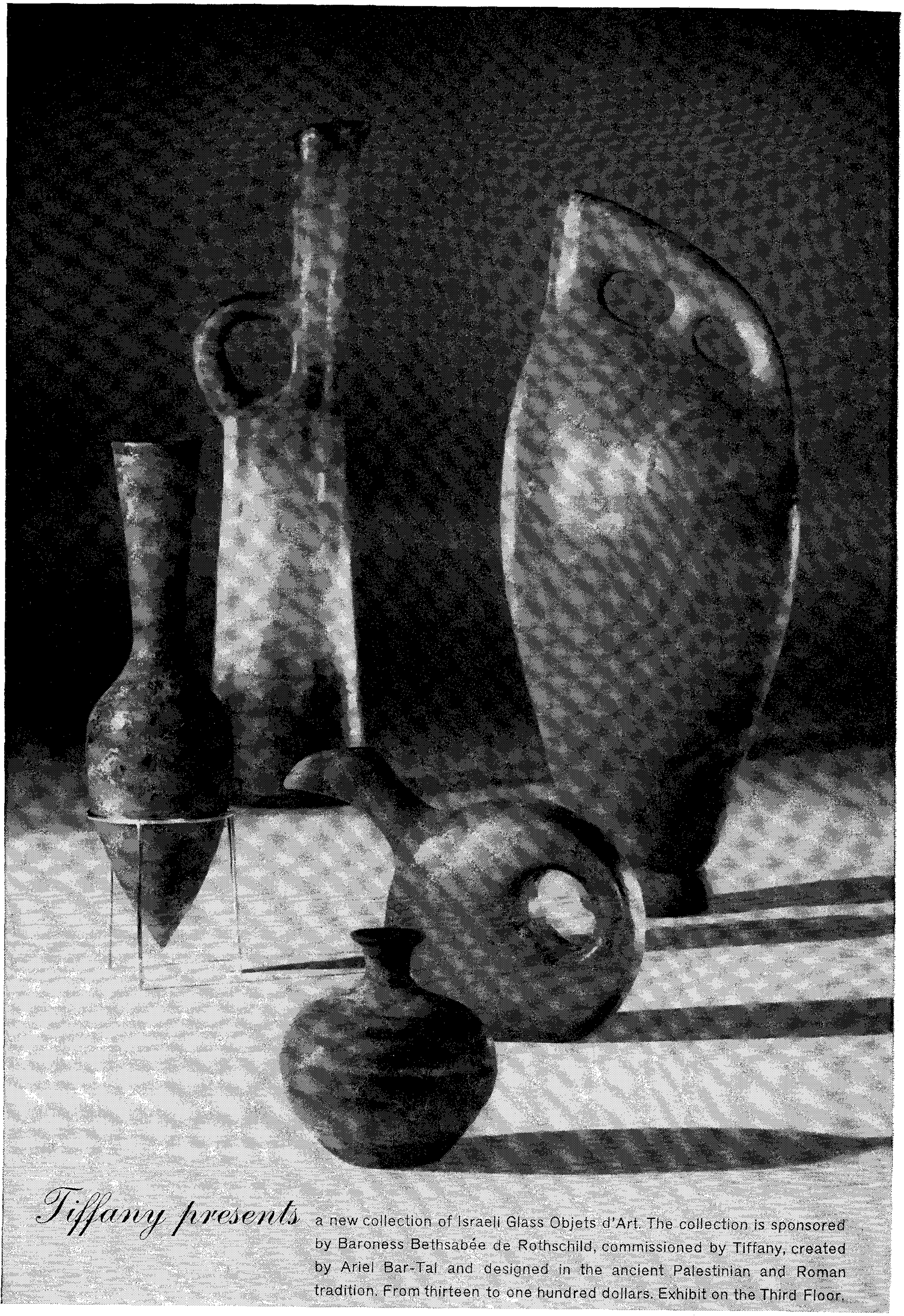

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Advise and Consent—Political shenanigans in Washington, with a group of conservative senators trying to prevent a professor who has shown some Leftist leanings in the past from becoming Secretary of State. None of the characters—and there are more than thirty of them—has much substance, and the playwright's ideas of governmental procedure are highly implausible. However, Ed Begley, Richard Kiley, Chester Morris, Henry Jones, and Kevin McCarthy make an exciting group of Senatorial battlers. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, May 20.)

All the Way Home—Tad Mosel's tender and touching adaptation of James Agee's novel "A Death in the Family." Colleen Dewhurst, Arthur Hill, Aline MacMahon, Lillian Gish, John Megna, and Tom Wheatley are notably effective in the drama. Lenka Peterson will succeed Miss Dewhurst on Tuesday, May 23. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)

Becket—A three-week return engagement of the Jean Anouilh play. Laurence Olivier has switched from the title role to that of Henry II, and Arthur Kennedy portrays the Archbishop. (Hudson, 44th St., E. JU 6-2237. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, May 27.)

Big Fish, Little Fish—A comedy by Hugh Wheeler in which a number of seedy types who have cut off their lives at the roots swarm around a flaccid textbook editor who is a patsy for failures. The dialogue is primitive and aimless, but the performers—Frank Overton, Hume Cronyn, George Grizzard, Martin Gabel, Ruth White, Elizabeth Wilson, and Sandor Szabo—know their business, and the direction, by Sir John Gielgud, is professional and astute. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, May 21.)

Come Blow Your Horn—Neil Simon's comedy about the gay doings of a pair of youths in revolt against their father, who wants them to forget about girls and get busy in the artificial-fruit business. The drollery is very limited, and Hal March, Warren Berlinger, and Lou Jacobi, playing the sons and father, respectively, are only sporadically amusing. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Critic's Choice—A laggardly item in which Henry Fonda functions as a newspaper drama reviewer driven to distraction because his wife has written a play that he considers abominable but that he thinks he should review. Mr. Fonda and such fellow-performers as Mildred Natwick, Virginia Gilmore, and Murray Hamilton try hard. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Devil's Advocate—A confused and labored attempt by Dore Schary to make a religious mystery drama out of a novel by Morris L. West. It has to do with the adventures of a dying priest who has been sent by the Vatican to a small town in southern Italy to investigate the career of a late resident whom the natives consider worthy of sainthood. Leo Genn and Sam Levene head the cast. The play was directed by Mr. Schary. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

An Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May—A felicitous and funny divertissement in which two highly original comics spoof everything from modern drama to the P.-T.A. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)

A Far Country—Freud doing his first work as an analyst. Since it is quite evident from the outset that he is going to solve the psychosomatic situation of a young lady who can barely walk because of a traumatic experience, the piece has no suspense, but the actors, particularly Kim Stanley, Steven Hill, and Sam Wanamaker, are interesting to watch. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mary, Mary—Plenty of good jokes are sprinkled through this comedy by Jean Kerr, and the acting—by Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, Michael Rennie, Betsy von Furstenberg, and John Cromwell—is top-drawer. The plot, though, which concerns the vicissitudes of an estranged couple making their way back to the old nest, isn't long on originality. Joseph Anthony's direction is brisk, and Oliver Smith's set is pleasing. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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Rhinoceros—All kinds of droll and perceptive observations about the human race by Eugene Ionesco, who doesn't approve of conformity of any kind and establishes his case with enormous ingenuity. Zero Mostel and Eli Wallach stand out in a remarkable cast, and Joseph Anthony, who directed the show, and Derek Prouse, who translated it from the French, are also to be highly commended. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 5-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Taste of Honey—There are some strange characters on view in this drama, but Shelagh Delaney, the North Country English girl who wrote it when she was nineteen, has certainly infused them with life and put them into a convincing setting. The cast contains only five performers—Hermione Baddeley, as a prostitute getting long in the tooth; Nigel Davenport, as her protector; Frances Cuka, as her daughter; Billy Dee Williams, as the daughter's colored seducer; and Frederick Combs, as the girl's sympathetic homosexual pal. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—the best man: A *drame à clef* by Gore Vidal, which deals with the backstage maneuverings at an unidentified Presidential convention. With Frank Lovejoy and Lee Tracy. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the miracle worker:** Some seventy years ago, an Irish girl called Annie Sullivan taught a blind deaf-mute named Helen Keller how to communicate with the world. William Gibson wrote the script, and his leading players now are Suzanne Pleshette and Karen Lee. (Playhouse, 48th St. E. CI 5-6060. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

MUSICALS

Camelot—If it's scenic beauty you're after, you'll find plenty of it in this account of King Arthur and his court, but the play itself is rather slow-moving. Richard Burton, Julie Andrews, Roddy McDowall, and Robert Goulet head the cast. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Carnival—This show has Anna Maria Alberghetti in the role of a young orphan girl who falls in love with a group of puppets she encounters while wandering in southern Europe. Miss Alberghetti and her associates—James Mitchell, Pierre Olaf, Jerry Orbach, and Kaye Ballard—are first-rate, and the whole thing has all the innocent charm of the tent shows you saw in your youth. The music and lyrics are by Bob Merrill, the book is by Michael Stewart, and the light-footed direction is by Gower Champion. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Do Re Mi—Jukebox entrepreneurs at work and at play. Not very stimulating, despite the

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

best efforts of Phil Silvers and Nancy Walker. The book was written by Garson Kanin, the music by Jule Styne, and the lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Happiest Girl in the World—Pay no particular attention to the central theme, which is a variation on "Lysistrata," but if you keep your eye on Cyril Ritchard, Janice Rule, Dran Seitz, and Bruce Yarnell, you may have a fairly good time at this comedy, which has a book by Fred Saidy and Henry Myers, lyrics by E. Y. Harburg, and music by Jacques Offenbach. Mr. Ritchard directed the play with quite a bit of bounce. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursday, May 25, at 2, and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Irma la Douce—Using leers as substitutes for laughs, this importation—from France via England—describes the capers of a Parisian tart and her innumerable clients. Elizabeth Seal, an agile type, is the girl about whom the males in the cast keep buzzing. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Unsinkable Molly Brown—A jolly account of the ups and downs of a backwoods Colorado girl who strikes it rich by marrying a man with a silver thumb, goes on to crash Denver and French society with a hell of a bang, and eventually survives the sinking of the Titanic. As played by Tammy Grimes, the lady is a delight, and so, on the whole, is the show. It has agreeable tunes by Meredith Willson, colorful sets by Oliver Smith, and ingenious choreography by Peter Gennaro, and has been lovingly directed by Dore Schary. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wildcat—A saga of the petroleum belt that is short on melody and wit but introduces some spectacular stage effects. Lucille Ball appears as a ruffian young woman preoccupied with making a fortune in oil, and Keith Andes, Don Tomkins, Howard Fischer, and Clifford David also participate. The music was provided by Cy Coleman, the lyrics by Carolyn Leigh, and the book by N. Richard Nash; Michael Kidd is responsible for the direction and choreography. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**bye bye birdie:** Gretchen Wyler and Gene Rayburn in a musical having to do with some people in the orbit of rock 'n' roll. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **fiorello!:** A period show about Manhattan politics, based on the events leading up to the election of LaGuardia. Howard Da Silva and Tom Bosley keep the Little Flower blooming. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **my fair lady:** A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion." Michael Allinson now has the part of Professor Higgins, and Margot Moser that of Eliza Doolittle. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **the sound of music:** Rodgers and Hammerstein tell us about the Trapp family, who fled Austria in 1938 to evade the Nazis and became well known as singers in the United States. With Mary Martin and Theodore Bikel. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Donnybrook!—A musical based on Maurice Walsh's story "The Quiet Man," with music and lyrics by Johnny Burke, a book by Robert E. McEnroe, and a cast headed by Eddie Foy and Art Lund. Jack Cole is the director, and the producers are Fred Hebert and David Kapp. Opens Thursday, May 18. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mandingo—A play by Jack Kirkland (taken from Kyle Onstott's novel of the same name), with Franchot Tone and Brooke Hayward. Directed by Louis MacMillan and produced by Billy Baxter and Edward Friedman. Opens Monday, May 22. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Call on Kuprin—Jeffrey Lynn, Eugenie Leontovich, and George Voskovec in a dramatization (by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee) of Maurice Edelman's novel of the same name. Directed by George Abbott and produced by Robert E. Griffith and Harold S. Prince. Opens Thursday, May 25. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

New York City Center Light Opera Company—"Porgy and Bess," with William Warfield (Irving Barnes substitutes for him at the matinée performances), is the third in a series of four shows by the company. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 28.)

The American Dream and **The Death of Bessie Smith**—The target of the first and newest of these one-act plays by Edward Albee is that vast, placid sediment known as the American middle class (middle-aged division), which he demolishes with a comic agility that is not in the least hobbled by the startling bitterness underlying it. The production, directed by Alan Schneider, sustains Albee's quicker-than-the-eye mockery right up to the last word. Unfortunately, the same cannot be said of the second play, a bundle of maledictions about Southern racism, which tends to drown out the majesty of Bessie Smith (who never appears), and is more tract than drama. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Moves on Tuesday, May 23, to the Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St., CH 2-3951. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

American Savoyards—A seven-week season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday through Sunday, May 18-21: "Princess Ida."... ¶ Thursday through Sunday, May 25-28: "Iolanthe." (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Thursdays at 8, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4 and 8:40.)

The Balcony—Life inside a fancy bordello during a revolution, as imagined by Jean Genêt. The perverse fantasies of the customers are presented as sardonic commentaries on a rotten society and whatnot, but the play is more gaudy than persuasive. Directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Wednesdays and Sundays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; and Saturdays at 10:30.)

The Blacks—More Jean Genêt. This time we are ferried, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that exists between the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the first-rate all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

Call Me by My Rightful Name—A weedy play about the difficulties that two young symbols—one Negro and one white—have over a white girl, played with great lissomeness by Joan Hackett, who had to get her start somewhere. The author is Michael Shurtleff, who once read "The Waste Land" attentively. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Connection—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Wednesdays at 8:30, Saturdays at 10:30, and Sundays at 2:40.)

A Curious Evening with Gypsy Rose Lee—A silent film on her life, assembled and narrated by Miss Lee herself. (Mayfair Theatre, 235 W. 46th St. CI 7-6180. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 7 and 10; and Saturdays at 8:40 and 11:40.)

Evenings with Chekhov—A triple bill, composed of "The Anniversary," "On the High Road," and "The Wedding." (Key Theatre, 4 St. Marks Pl. GR 5-9748. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Gallows Humor—Jack Richardson's new play consists of two closely twined one-act comedies set in a death cell and the hangman's kitchen and dealing with two quite different conformists—the prisoner and the executioner—who, one way or the other, never manage to fight their way out of their respective paper bags. Richardson's satire is muffled considerably by the bedroom-farce air he casts over the proceedings, which are handled very nicely by Vincent Gardenia, Gerald Hiken, and Julie Bovasso. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. MU 6-9630. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Hamlet—A practically uncut version that diddles and blurts along for more than three hours, and is notable only for the rare moments when twenty-seven-year-old Donald Madden, as Hamlet, discards his dewiness and gives as good as he takes. The direction, by Stuart Vaughan, puts one in mind of a track meet. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:25.)

Hedda Gabler—Anne Meacham concocts a Hedda Gabler who is at once cruel, knifelike,

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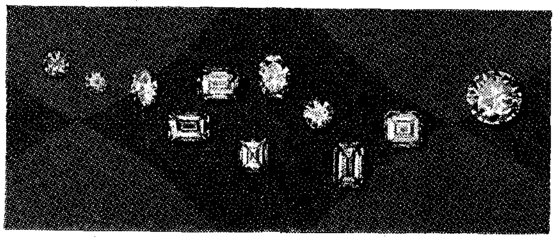

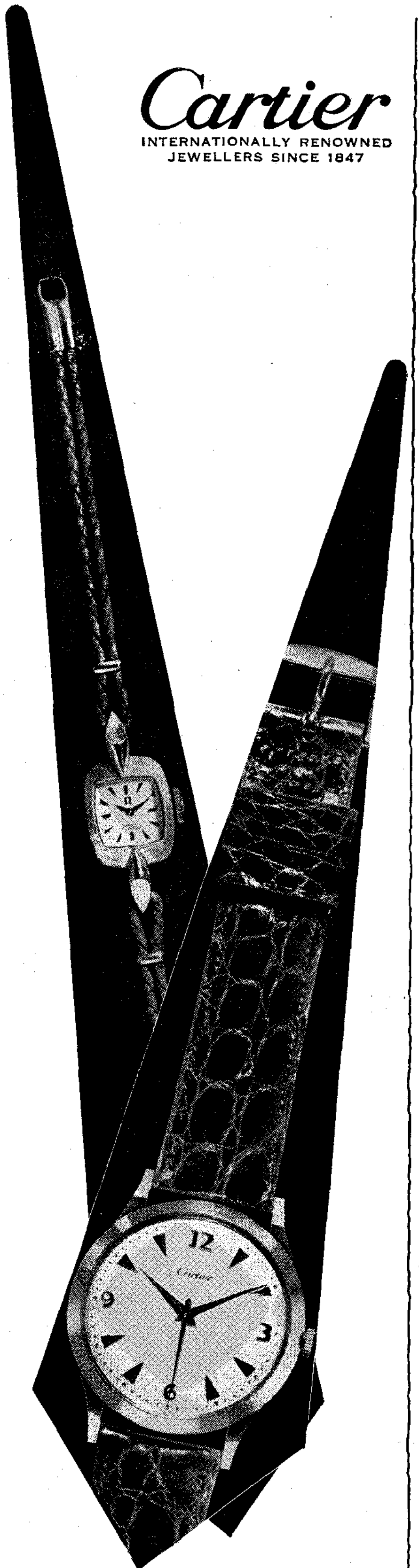

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and hypnotically beautiful. Frederick Rolf, as Judge Brack, and Mark Lenard, as Eilert Lövborg, are equally effective. The hand of David Ross, who produced and directed, is everywhere evident. Highly recommended. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

In the Jungle of Cities—The American première of this 1922 Brecht play, which deals with a mysterious struggle that takes place in Chicago between a prairie boy and an Oriental lumber dealer just before the First World War, is given a superior production—one that is possibly better than its materials deserve. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Thursdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 8:30.)

King of the Dark Chamber—An Indian play that incorporates stylized acting with singing, chanting, dancing, and pantomime, all of which is supposed to tell how a king and queen, symbols both, get around their philosophical and spiritual differences and achieve union. Some of the play's brain food gets lost in transit, but there is always something handsome to see and/or hear. The author is Rabindranath Tagore. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Krapp's Last Tape and **The Zoo Story**—Two stimulating one-act plays, excellently performed. The first was written by Samuel Beckett and the second by Edward Albee. The entire enterprise employs only three actors—Herbert Berghof, Jordan Charney, and William Daniels. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Leave It to Jane—This musical antique, by Jerome Kern, P. G. Wodehouse, and Guy Bolton, first saw light in 1917, and the intervening years have only added lustre to its appealing idiocy. Dorothy Greener and Kathleen Murray are in the talented cast. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Little Mary Sunshine—A satire on old operettas that is much too amiable to achieve a great deal in the way of parody but is good fun all the same. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Many Loves—Three prose playlets within a verse play, all by William Carlos Williams. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays at 8:30, Thursdays at 2, and Saturdays at 7.)

The Threepenny Opera—"Fourscore and seven years ago . . ." In the cast are Charles Rydell and Marion Brash. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Under Milk Wood—Still another attempt to transpose Dylan Thomas's long poem about the irregulars of Llareggub onto the stage. Not unexpectedly, only about half of Thomas's tropical verbiage comes through the various antics that director William Ball has devised to keep his cast—an exemplary and exuberant one—busy. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 7; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Sundays at 3.)

A Worm in Horseradish—Another visit, done in bold stereotype, with a poor lower East Side Jewish family circa 1900. Eli Mintz, as the patriarch, comes very close to making his materials, which were baked at home by Esther Kaufman, seem far fresher than they are. The rest of the cast straggles far to the rear. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30. Closes Sunday, May 28.)

Note—Four characters in search of an author are meanwhile writing their own skits, often as they go along, throughout the casually entertaining potpourri at the Premise, an orderly little coffee-and-pastry shop at 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020). The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.

DANCE PROGRAMS

José Greco—With his company of Spanish dancers, singers, and musicians, in a three-week engagement. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, May 28.)

Moiseyev Dance Company—A hundred dancers and a symphony orchestra from Moscow, in their final performances here. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Thursday and Friday, May 18-19, at 8:30, and Saturday, May 20, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

Jean Erdman Theatre of Dance—With Donald McKayle, Mark Ryder, and others. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, May 20, at 8:30. For tickets, call CH 3-3880).

MISCELLANY

Judy Garland—A complete evening of the American muse and Peter Pan, singing the songs she has made famous, and vice versa. A second performance of a program given on April 23. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Sunday, May 21, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—All the fashionable games are provided, including the most recent version of finders-keepers, called Status. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra perform for anyone who has time to dance.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The book for Cole Porter's "Anything Goes" is by now alarmingly out of print, but the music lives on. It is sung at dinnertime in the Cotillion Room every evening, and additionally at supper on Fridays and Saturdays, by the jolly Wilbur Evans, by Jimmy Carroll, and by a bit of mistletoe named Marie Santell. Plenty of dance music is tossed off, too, during the night. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's polite followers are the dance musicians in the upper-bracket Café Pierre from cocktails through supper.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, Ted Straeter's euphoric orchestra and Mark Monte's pack of decisive minstrels issue invitations to the dance that cannot be refused. At dinner and supper, there is also Katyna Ranieri, a terribly serious girl, who conducts memorial services for her songs of choice. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's orchestra plays in the Palm Court for the gin-and-bitters hour (four to seven) and in the Edwardian Room for the *bifteck* hour. No dancing in either abode. . . . ¶ Gentlefolk who'd rather ring out the new, ring in the old may wish to know that the stately *pied-à-terre* known as the Rendez-Vous is now under the benign eye of Charles Columbus, man-about-the-world, whose activities as host give it a lawn-party air. The other airs are offered up by the bands of Charles Holden (another voice of the golden past) and Nick D'Amico. Closed Mondays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Grill, which is built around a dance floor large enough for ice hockey, is flanked by Jimmy Palmer's dance band, which lolls along with one eye open. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the ducal purlieus of the Maisonette, Dorothy Shay turns up at dinner to sing about the old folks at home (in the Ozarks, that is), which can be a gamy sport. Milt Shaw's band and Walter Kay's trio fill the rest of the evening with cut-glass dance music. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Columns, an urban-redevelopment scheme that allows all dwellers plenty of living room, is oriented in such a way that

Roman moonlight bathes it night after night. Dinner music begins at seven-thirty and dance music an hour later. Gunnar Hansen's little orchestra does the 3/4 and 4/4 honors, and Marco Rizo's threesome translates direct from the Latin. Closed Sundays.... ¶ There's more room for the improvement of one's peace of mind in the equally spacious Savoy Room, where Ray Hartley addresses a piano from cocktails through suppertime every night but Sunday.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Little Old New York, of the days when, is reënacted every evening but Sunday in the Embassy Club, where the founding-father Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Quintero's rumba men keep up a continual badinage, and in the Knight Box, a tiny plaisance served by Jani Sarkozi's violin. Eight to after midnight is the approximate running time in both caravansaries.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Tony Martin, who loves a parade, especially a Hit Parade, is bland as can be (no harsh irritants) as he warbles his way through dinner and supper in the Empire Room. The sonorous orchestra of Emil Coleman and Theo Fanidi's band keep up the dance music hour after hour. Closed Sundays. ...¶ In Peacock Alley, decorated to suggest an Elysian field, a small orchestra turns out music that is sedentary from seven-thirty to eight-fifteen, and dance-tune after that, except on Sundays, when the music is all dance-tune, from eight to one.

Note—From a windowside seat in the Rainbow Room, at the top of the 30 Rockefeller Plaza ski tow, one can descry the natives of the city beating their painful way through the endless rain forests. There's intermittent non-dance music by Michael Forman's trio during cocktails and dinner. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

little club, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): "*J'y suis, j'y reste*" is the motto, possibly expressed not quite so succinctly, of the inmates of this distinctly Manhattan inglenook. Piano begins at eight; in the Plush Room, a tiny and happy spa, Jane Harvey starts singing around ten-thirty. Closed Mondays.... **goldie's new york,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A country store and bar-and-grill for children of all ages except the Age of Anxiety. The play hour begins at five-thirty, when Bob Printz starts a sentimental journey on his piano; at eight, he's replaced by Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders, who alternate on the keyboard until after the theatre, when they burst into a two-man cannonade that turns midnight into midday. Closed Sundays.... **drake room,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter, lord of the manor and of the Steinway, presides on a slight eminence at the west end of as fine a sweep of greenery as the town affords. He's there from cocktails until one in the morning. Forrest Perrin is the Sunday administrator.... **monsignore,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A Roman holiday that has been going on, daily except Sundays, for years. No one is more expert at threading the mass of celebrants than Herman Honigsberg's élite corps of ambulatory violinists, who are on the move until all hours. Whenever they cool out, a pair of ambulatory guitarists fills the breach.... **in boboli,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): An amiable Florentine pension in which practically everyone wants to go on the stage. The head of the household is Aldo Bruschi, operator of piano, oboe, concertina, and basso profundo. From Tuesday through Saturday, he stages, in miniature, the full-blown murder mysteries for which the likes of Leoncavallo used to write the scores. Additionally, from Thursday through Sunday, he runs a dance group and accompanies the succession of singers who wander in and out of the spotlight. I.e., never a dull moment. Closed Mondays, and small wonder.... **château henri iv,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): King Henri, the original occupant of the premises, was obviously a merry old soul, to judge by the toy drawbridge, moat, and armor he left behind. The only one of his fiddlers three still extant is Norbert Faconi, whose tableside manner is par excellence. No music Sundays.... **el chico,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Iberians from the West Indies will be succeeding the incumbent Iberians on Friday, May 19, and the joy should remain unconfined. Closed Sundays.... **malmaison,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): The style to which we'd all like to become accustomed. The piano in the bar is run by Jules Kuti, who is on from five to eleven. Closed Sundays.... **café carlyle,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The House of Lords in a sociable mood. Parlor piano by George Feyer is distributed from eight-thirty through suppertime. Closed Sundays. ... **barberry,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): An old-established pump room, rebuilt into a Moorish town house, and a rather handsome one. The bar and kitchen remain American, though, and so does the leisurely music, which is the piano of Conrad Monjoy. This goes on from six to midnight, and a trifle later on Saturdays. No music Sundays.... **waverly lounge,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bouncing Londoner, is at the piano in the bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his trans-atlantic portfolio, principally British and New York. He gets rolling at nine. Mondays are his holidays.... **luau 400,** 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): The mood is South Seas shopping center, and it's off and running every night of the week. A trio clad in Polynesian resort clothes and music twangs in the refectory; George Summers, a jazzman of sorts, plays piano in the bar every night but Sunday.... **left bank,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): The art work on the walls is in general quite up-to-date, but the piano and songs of Cal Bostic, who bobs up again and again after ten, are just good old-fashioned whoop-de-do. Closed Sundays.... **roma di notte,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): *Trattoria* of style, without being obtrusive about it. The music, which is wandering minstrelsy, is provided by the instruments of casual hillbillies from (where else?) the seven hills of Rome. Their work night is six to two. At eleven-thirty, a trio of lovebird voices—Angelo Cristalli, Mario Lima, and Candida Pilla—from the same hills join in. Closed Sundays.... **la zambra,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): A slice

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of life after dark in Madrid. The illusion is assisted no end by the guitar, soprano, and piano that lurk within. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): First, second, and third Hungarian rhapsodies, sometimes simultaneously. The ceaseless ebb and flow of music is most successfully surmounted by the Old World tenor of Tibor Rakossy. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE**, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): From nine-thirty to one, the guitar of Renato Rossini, heady and languorous in equal proportions, converts this opulent little bar, a Joan Miró daydream, into a true conservatory of music. No sound on Mondays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner, who keeps making the grand tour from Caracas to Europe and back, is at the piano of the Casino-on-the-Park from six to nine-thirty and from ten-thirty to one. Sunday is his day of rest. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN**, 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): *Kaffeeklatsch* time on the East Side, augmented by musicians who never lay down their weapons and singers who never stop vocalizing. Monica Boyár is by a fat furlong the best of the singers. Closed Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A big, wide, wonderful world replete with seven-foot seraphs who do their vigorous setting-up exercises as unassumingly garbed as Susanna on her way to meet the Elders. As always, they're augmented by a couple of real good offshore variety turns; they're also augmented by Dennis, Phillip, and Lindsay Crosby, who (like father, like son) know that life is just a bowl of cherries and sing about it with according ease. Finally, there's Frank Libuse, a pesky comedian whose nuisance value is, paradoxically, his charm. On Tuesday, May 23, the Crosbys will give way to Mamie Van Doren, a nightingale never before visible in our town. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Connie Francis, one of the myriad children who ran away from home to join the rockers and the rollers, is demonstrating her basically undemonstrable art form to all who will listen. There is also a command performance by eight lovely wards in chancery whose guardian must have told them that ballet is all play and no work. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

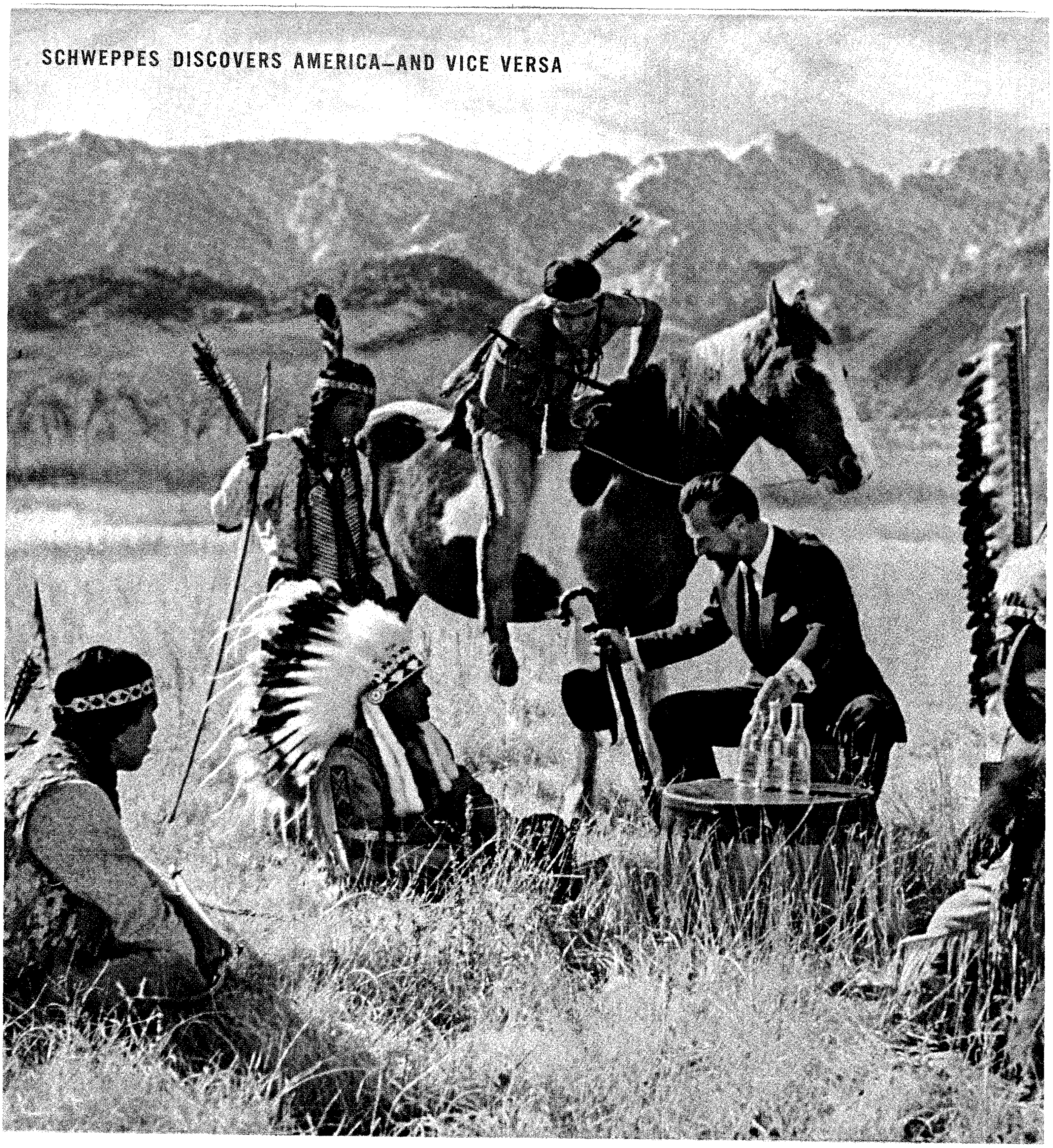
(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The Smothers Brothers, a brace of exceedingly young spoofers, are boring from within the folk-music trade in a noble effort to offset the practitioners who are merely boring; Margaret Whiting, famous child of famous father, is winding her voice around the ballads he and some other good guys thought up. The background is the volatile Jimmy Lyons trio (Beverly Peer and Joe Puma are his aides) and the garrulous piano of Otis Clements. . . . ¶ In the lounge (except Saturdays), Alex Fogarty's piano recites easy-going tone poems from six to eight, and there are sometimes milkman's matinées of piano and/or trio. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): Brisk, brusque, and brash is the prevailing color scheme of "Dressed to the Nines," this season's Julius Monk progress report on the downfall of civilization. The nimble *farceurs* who take part are Ceil Cabot, Gordon Connell, and Gerry Matthews (Monk veterans all), as well as Bill Hinnant, Mary Louise Wilson, and Pat Ruhl. To the rear, William Roy and Carl Norman make their two pianos sound like an orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): A novitiate group, the Three Young Men, is a club that's glee in every sense of the word; the worldliness is supplied in exactly the proper measure by Sylvia Copeland, who, in West Indian Spanish, French, and English, sings her praises of the sportive life. Their merriment is bolstered by the keyboard work of Paul Trueblood and Robert Colston, whose variations on themes by Gershwin, Kern, et al. are seventeen-jewel. The pianos begin at nine, the merriment at ten. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Lots of visitors here, but the one to whom all ears should be drawn is Phil Leeds, a philosophical wit whose life is a succession of days when everything goes wrong. The tried-and-true old family retainers—Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames, musicians to whom every night is Halloween, and Jimmie Daniels, *padrone* and tenor—are also on hand. Loumel Morgan administers the interlude piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAMELOT**, 158 E. 49th St. (EL 5-4135): Bobby Short, our leading Edwardian pied piper, is devoting his upswept voice, piano, and trio to the cause of making the nights briefer than ever. His richly inlaid surroundings, though, date not from Edward but from the Great Experiment. The Shorts end their visit on Wednesday, May 24. Next evening, Matt Dennis, another song-and-piano diminisher of the small hours, comes aboard. Ten is the zero hour. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Traditional Latin lads and lassies in the traditional Latin song-and-dance regimen (always go away mad). Sundays, the sole event is a tea trot, three-thirty to eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Around ten, next door to the bar, the eerie flamenco guitar of Juan de la Mata and the fevered flamenco songs of Domingo Alvarado often persuade the customers in this tiny alcove to join in. . . . **KING ARTHUR ROOM**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Mabel Mercer, a Bureau of Standards for all girls who aspire to sing in public, goes about her recital with the calm that comes with a few decades of experience. Her dignified mountain fastness, high above the torrential freshet called the Roundtable, is also occupied by Sam Hamilton, her permanent equerry, who is capable of putting any piano into a state of beatitude. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Edmond Hall, a cherub of a hundred years' standing, is contributing his mellowed clarinet to a five-man band whose roots are deep in antiquity. Mr. Condon, guitar man and innkeeper, is not averse to occasionally pulling a few strings himself. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Words by Lenny Bruce, the most recondite special-reference library of our day, who is sometimes incoherent, sometimes inelegant, but always In; music by the quartet of Roy Eldridge, a senior spokesman for the industry. On Tuesday, May 23, the Eldridges will be succeeded by Les McCann's threesome. The shop is open every night but Monday, and for early risers there is a Sunday matinée at four-thirty. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Sarah Vaughan's decisive larynx lapses into silence on Saturday, May 20, the night on which Al Hirt removes his horseplay Southern band and Larry Storch removes his jokes (some of them, it is to be hoped, with cleaners' fluid). Monday, May 22, brings along Louis Armstrong's band (here come the clowns) and, for heaven's sake, Julie Wilson, an admirable Circe who is more accustomed to singing for her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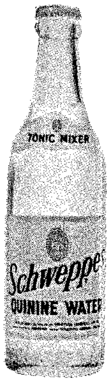


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

supper in châteaux. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Don Shirley, who chooses to dedicate his vast technical proficiency on the keyboard to the sweet rustlings of spring, plays (with the help of two sidemen) very pretty indeed for the people. They begin around ten. No sounds on Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Music to watch Grandma Moses to. The exhibit of primitives opens up at three in the afternoon, and even at one-thirty on Saturdays and Sundays. The trios owned by Tony Parenti and Johnny Letman handle the day trick; the night job is handled by Cozy Cole's quintet (off duty Mondays) and Sol Yaged's quintet (off duty Tuesdays). . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The seats of the mighty (the band run by Dizzy Gillespie, whose talk is all in fun and whose horn is all in earnest, as well as the symphony orchestra of Gerry Mulligan, which could be called Beauty and the Brass) will be occupied on Thursday, May 25, by Sarah Vaughan (q. v. *supra*), the Junior Mance trio (breakneck bounce), and Olatunji (drums, drums, drums). Jam sessions Mondays, when the regular chaps are out of action. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The Montgomery Brothers, a one-of-a-kind jazz band, are at play in a strictly utilitarian arena designed for serious listeners. Come as you are is O.K. with the owners. Closed Mondays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Saturday, May 20, is the last night for the threesome of Teddy Wilson, a phoenix rising again and again from the ashes of the past, plus the quartet of Erskine Hawkins. Monday, May 22, will be opening night for the Jonah Jones quartet, which is for real (even when the house rules muffle Mr. J.'s horn), and the trio of Lee Evans, a floral display. Sundays offer potluck bouts between extra hands. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Some veteran veterans—Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, and Wilber Kirk—are thumping away, perhaps a bit wearily, in tribute to yesteryear. Don Frye is the interlude pianist. Mondays, Tony Parenti and Zutty Singleton join Mr. Frye to form a Loyal Opposition. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Cookouts every night but Monday by the Bourbon Street Six, which believes that the past is dear but never dead. Sundays, there are five-o'clock matinées as well as soirées. The Six departs on Sunday, May 21; on Tuesday, May 23, Kenny Davern brings in his Washington Squares, among whom are Cutty Cutshall, Johnny Windhurst, and Buzzy Drootin. . . . **JAZZ GALLERY,** 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (AL 4-4242): The quintet of Kenny Dorham, a man who's been around, has now ascended this particular throne. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): A part of the Village where the iceman cometh, and every night, too. Yusef Lateef's quartet deals in Asia Minor chords; Cecil Taylor's trio is for those who live on the precious crumbs dropped by the likes of Thelonious Monk. Jam sessions Tuesdays, when the regular group is off. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Miriam Makeba, eyes glowing like coals (and not the Newcastle kind, either), is setting forth her exposition of such native African crafts as songs of the soil, songs of the soul. In addition, on Friday and Saturday, May 19-20, Horace Silver's quintet comes in off the street to get cool (much too). Miss Makeba winds up on Sunday, May 21; on Tuesday, May 23, Josh White resumes his dogged recitation of folk songs from our own continent. Closed Mondays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Friday and Saturday, May 19-20, are graduation days for the present class of nostalgists. *Cum laudes* go to Conrad Janis and his Tailgate Jazz Band, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Dick Wellstood, Mickey Sheen, Pee Wee Erwin, Johnny Letman, Herb Fleming, and Panama Francis. The academy resumes in the fall.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

George Bellows—Landscapes and figures (1906-24); through Saturday, May 27. (Allison, 32 E. 57th St.)

Mula Ben-Haim—Paintings, crisply contemporary in style, by one of the leading Israeli artists. First one-man show in New York; through Sunday, May 21. (Explorer, 145 E. 72nd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 4.)

Donald Cammell—Paintings, mainly based on Grecian motifs, by a young Scottish abstractionist. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, May 20. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

Bernard Chaet—Representational paintings and drawings; through June 3. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St.)

Calvert Coggeshall and Guido Somaré—Paintings, Abstract Impressionist by the first, semi-Surrealist by the second; through Saturday, May 20. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Dorothy Coulter and Richard Mayhew—Drawings by the former, paintings by the latter; through Saturday, May 27. (Isaacson, 22 E. 66th St.)

Burgoyne Diller—A retrospective, 1933 to the present, of abstract paintings and constructions, geometric in style; through June 3. (Chalette, 1100 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.)

Luciano Guarnieri—Portraits and other works by a contemporary Florentine artist. For the benefit of Boys' Towns of Italy. Through June 3. (Galerie Internationale, 1095 Madison Ave., at 83rd St. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Marsden Hartley—Drawings and pastels of landscapes and figures (1908-42); through Saturday, May 27. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Oscar Jespers—Sculptures in bronze and granite, as well as a group of drawings; through June 5. (Landry, 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

Oskar Kokoschka—A previously unexhibited series of twenty-six drawings of a woman friend; through Saturday, May 20. (Bayer, 51 E. 80th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Jeanne Lister—Abstract oils and water colors. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, May 27. (Meltzer, 38 W. 57th St.)

Mirko—Bronzes, mostly archaic in feeling, and wax pastels by a leading Italian sculptor; through Saturday, May 27. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

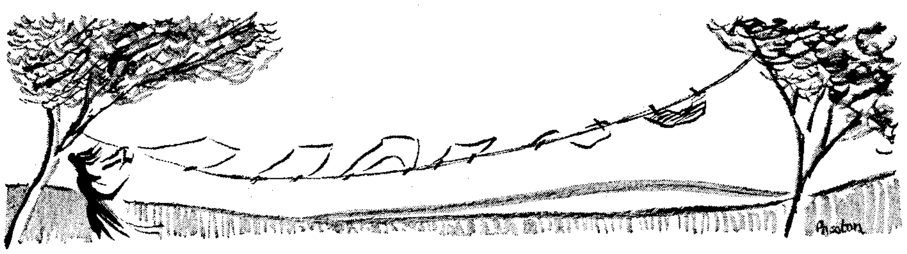
Henry Muhrman (1854-1916)—Pastels; through Saturday, May 27. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St.)

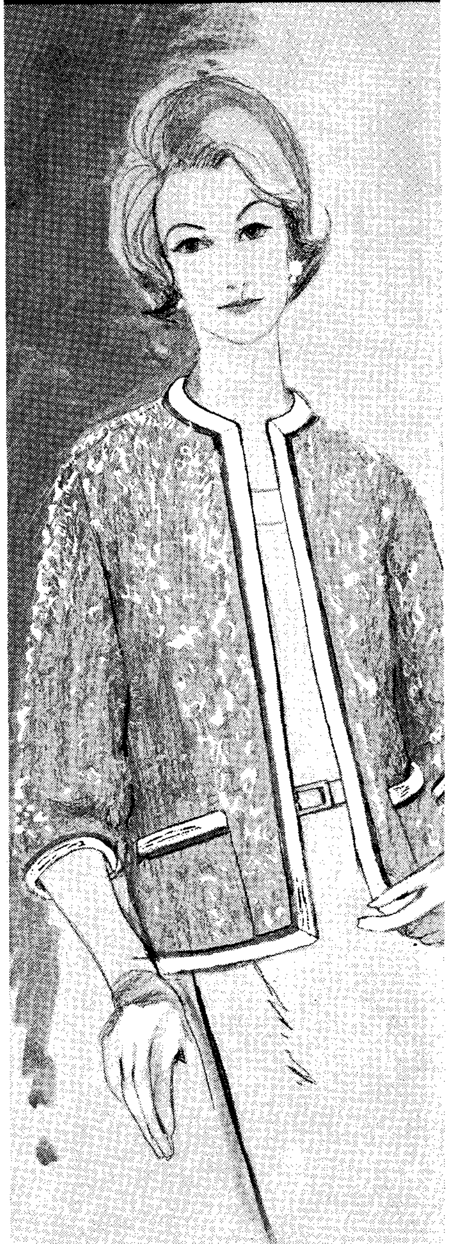
Louise Nevelson—Abstract constructions in wood, monumental in style; through Saturday, May 20. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Isamu Noguchi—Abstract sculptures; through June 17. (Cordier & Warren, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Nuala (Elsa de Brun)—Pastels, mostly of New England; through June 3. (Feingarten, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Gabor Peterdi—Abstract landscapes (drawings and prints); through Saturday, May 27. (Bor-





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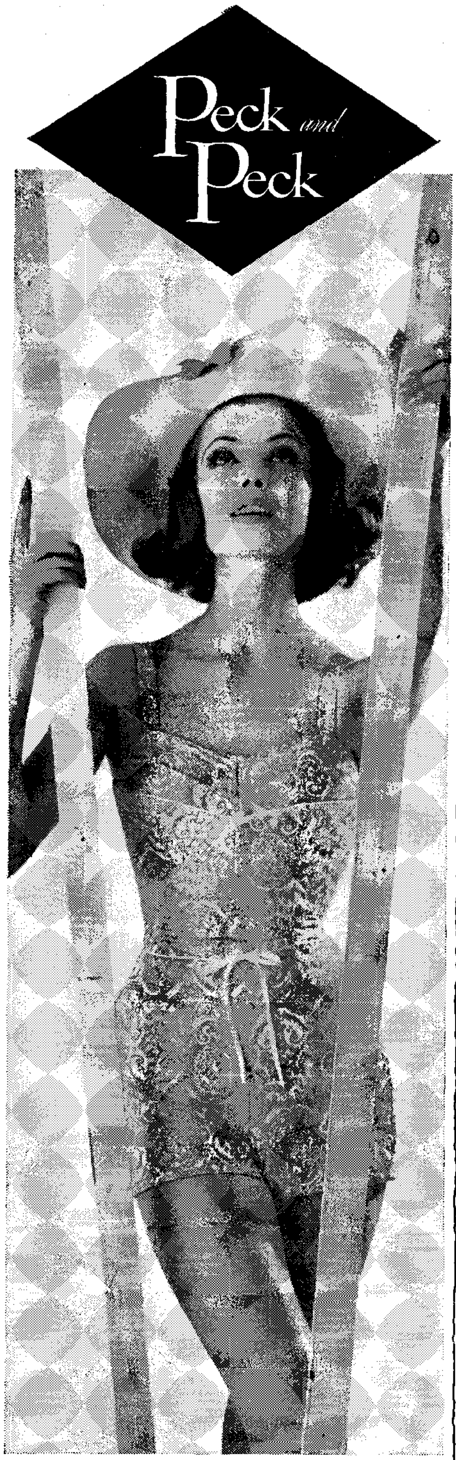

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

genicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Giovanni Battista Piranesi (1720-78)—Engravings; starting Friday, May 19. (Rothschild, 27 W. 67th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Gordon Russell—Landscapes, still-lifes, and flowers; through Saturday, May 20. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

Charles Seliger—Tenuously graceful abstract oils; through June 3. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Kumi Sugaï—Paintings by a Japanese abstractionist who lives in Paris; through Saturday, May 27. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

James Suzuki—Fluent, colorful Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, May 20. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Vo Dinh—Semi-abstract landscapes, still-lifes, and figures by a Vietnamese artist who works in Paris. First one-man show in New York; through June 3. (Vercel, 23 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Wiegand—Geometrical paintings; through June 1. (Phoenix, 40 Third Ave., at 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Lucia Wilcox—Broadly brushed Abstract Expressionist oils, mainly in grays and whites; through June 3. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays; open Tuesday evenings, 8 to 10.)

Wayne Francis Williams—Welded-metal and cast-bronze sculptures; through Saturday, May 20. (Walker, 117 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jane Wilson—Large Midwestern and Long Island landscapes; through Saturday, May 27. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St.)

Jean Xceron—Abstract water colors; through June 30. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Adja Yunkers—Venice is the theme of a series of new lithographs and gouaches; through June 16. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

Early Masters of Modern Art—A private New Orleans collection of French and American Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings (by, among others, Degas, Renoir, and Cassatt) never before shown here. For the benefit of the Accessions Fund of the Isaac Delgado Museum, of New Orleans. Through June 30. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Mannerism—A small but choice collection of drawings, prints, and other black-and-whites by artists of this school; through Saturday, May 20. (Goldschmidt, 1116 Madison Ave., at 83rd St.)

The Nude in Sculpture—Pieces by Degas, Kolbe, Lehmbruck, Maillol, Rodin, and others; through June 30. (Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

National Association of Women Artists—The 1961 Annual Exhibition, comprising oils, water colors, sculptures, and graphics; through May 28. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, except Saturday, May 20, from 1 to 5.)

African Art—Statues and masks carved of wood and ivory, plus some cast in bronze, make up a survey of various tribal styles from the Mali Republic through Sierra Leone, Liberia, the Ivory Coast, the Congo, and so on; through May 31. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Saturdays, 2 to 5:30.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **alan**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Works in several mediums by Carroll Cloar, Bruce Conner, Jacob Lawrence, and Nathan Oliveira; through Friday, May 26. . . . **artzt**, 142 W. 57th St.: Paintings by the gallery artists—Erik Hoberg, Murray Finkelman, Edwin Koch, and others; through June 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 4.) . . . **city center gallery**, 131 W. 55th St.: The May exhibition consists of paintings selected by Henry Botkin, Betty Parsons, and Adolf Dehn; through Friday, May 26. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5.) . . . **contemporary arts**, 19 E. 71st St.: Six printmakers—Irving Amen, Lowell Naeve, Guy Maccoy, Barbara Neustadt, Seong Moy, and

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John von Wicht; through June 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings 8:30 to 10:30.) . . . DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51st St.: The spring exhibition, comprising paintings and sculptures by Stuart Davis, Georgia O'Keeffe, William Zorach, and other gallery artists; through June 9. . . . GRAND CENTRAL, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: Chen Chi, John Pike, and Vincent Glinsky are three of the participants in a painting-and-sculpture show; through May 31. . . . JANIS, 15 E. 57th St.: Arshile Gorky, Franz Kline, Mark Rothko, and seven other painters; through June 3. . . . MIDTOWN, 17 E. 57th St.: The annual season's retrospective of paintings and sculptures, by Edward Betts, Isabel Bishop, Raimondo Puccinelli, and others; through June 30. . . . MILCH, 21 E. 67th St.: Childe Hassam, Hobson Pittman, and Leon Kroll are among the nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists represented in a showing of oils and water colors; through June 17. . . . NEW SCHOOL, 66 W. 12th St.: "The Creative Process," an exhibit of paintings and sculptures, together with preliminary sketches and studies, by Josef Albers, Jack Tworkov, Jacques Lipchitz, and other contemporaries; through June 10. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 3.) . . . NORDNESS, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: An exhibition arranged in conjunction with the publication of a book by Bernard Chaet, with works by Karl Zerbe, Rudy Pozzatti, Seymour Lipton, and others illustrating new techniques and materials; through Saturday, May 20. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 10; Saturdays, 10 to 6.) . . . PERIDOT, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: The gallery group, including Rosemarie Beck, Tobias Schneebaum, and Morris Brose, in a showing of paintings and sculptures; through June 15. . . . SALPETER, 42 E. 57th St.: Water colors and other paintings in a variety of mediums by Joseph Stella, Ben Benn, Milton Avery, and others; through June 16.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the GRAHAM, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: "Romantic Painting," an exhibit of works by (for instance) Arthur B. Davies, John Hoppner, and Henri Fantin-Latour; through Friday, May 19. . . . KNAPIK, 1470 First Ave., at 77th St.: The gallery's introductory show, composed of small paintings, gouaches, and drawings by George L. K. Morris, Miró, Man Ray, and others; through Aug. 15. (Closed Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 9.) . . . PERLS, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Pascin, Braque, Calder, and other modern masters; through June 16. (Closed Mondays.)

FRENCH; GROUP SHOWS—At the HUTTON, 41 E. 57th St.: "La Scène Française," an exhibition of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings by, among others, Vlaminck, Renoir, and Buffet; through Saturday, May 27. . . . JUSTER, 154 E. 79th St.: Paintings by André Lhote, Max Papart, and other less well-known contemporary artists of the Paris School; through May 31.

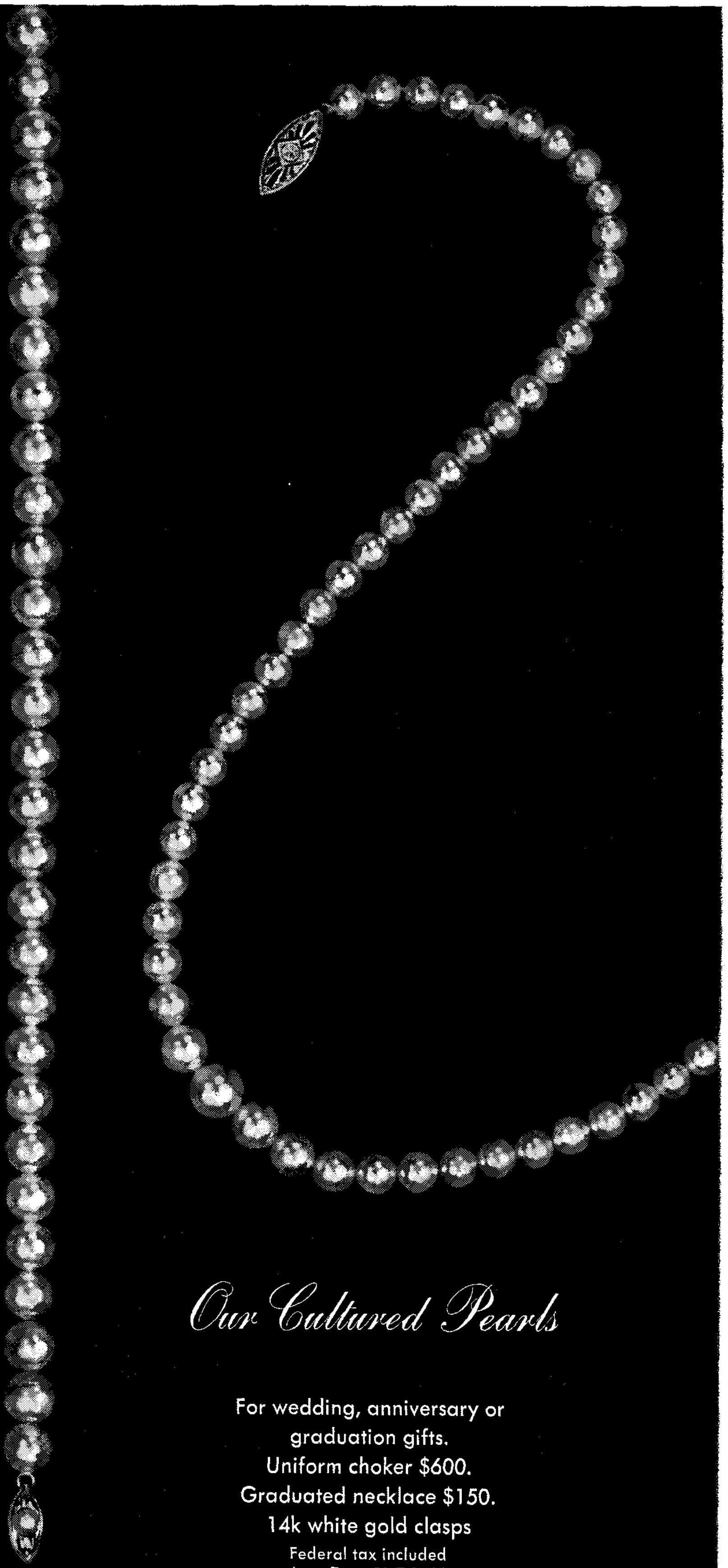
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Color in Prints," about ninety examples showing the development of color from Gothic woodcuts to contemporary prints. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"America Seen—Between the Wars," forty paintings from the twenties and thirties (by Charles Burchfield, Edward Hopper, Thomas Hart Benton, O. Louis Guglielmi, and others) chosen from the Museum's collection. . . . ¶ A retrospective of about three hundred photographs by Edward Steichen. Dating from 1895 to the present, they include cityscapes, landscapes, nature studies, nudes, abstractions, and portraits. Through May 30. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The Twenty-first International Watercolor Biennial, made up of more than two hundred paintings from Germany, Great Britain, and the United States; through May 28. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—An exhibition of paintings and sculptures (Rousseau's "The Football Players," Cézanne's "The Clockmaker," and Brancusi's "White Seal," to mention a few) acquired during the past eight years; through Sunday, May 21. . . . ¶ A showing of



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

a hundred paintings from the G. David Thompson collection; starting Friday, May 26. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Semi-abstract and figural sculptures (in wood, marble, bronze, and granite), together with graphic art, by Peter Lipman-Wulf; through June 15. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 33 E. 36th St.—"Recent Acquisitions," an exhibition of drawings, manuscripts, letters, bookbindings, and printed books; through June 16. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"The Traditional Arts of Africa's New Nations," a display of sculptures, ivory carvings, ceremonial masks, and ornamental gold work from more than twenty nations and covering four hundred years; through Sept. 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—"American Painting, 1865-1905," including items by Homer, Whistler, Sargent, and so on; through June 18. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

Xavier Symphony Society—Vincent La Selva directing the last in a series of performances of Menotti's opera "The Saint of Bleecker Street." (Xavier Theatre, 40 W. 16th St. Saturday and Sunday, May 20-21, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Paulist Choristers—Father Foley directing. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Thursday, May 25, at 8:30.)

Jazz Concert—Miles Davis's quintet and Gil Evans' orchestra. A benefit for the African Research Foundation. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 19, at 8:40. For tickets, call YU 6-5670.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Yankee Stadium—Yankees vs. Baltimore, Sunday, May 21, at 2 (double-header), and Monday, May 22, at 8.... ¶ Yankees vs. Boston, Wednesday, May 24, at 2, and Thursday, May 25, at 8.... ¶ Yankees vs. Chicago, Friday, May 26, at 8, and Saturday, May 27, at 2.

Crew—Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, Mass. Saturday, May 20.)

Dog Show—Ladies Kennel Association of America. (Garden City. Saturday, May 20.)

Hunt Racing—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. Saturday, May 20.)... ¶ Adjacent Hunts Racing Association. For the benefit of the Boys' Club of New York. (Purchase. Saturday, May 27.)

International Seamen's Lifeboat Race—Around a dozen crews from American, Swedish, Norwegian, and other ships, racing over a one-mile course in the Narrows, between 79th and 101st Streets, Brooklyn. (Tuesday, May 23. First heat at 1:30.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Wednesday, May 31. The Acorn, Saturday, May 20, and the Top Flight Handicap, Saturday, May 27.... GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Tuesday, May 30. (A train leaves Penn Station at 11 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)... PIMLICO, Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 20.

Soccer—International Soccer League at the Polo Grounds—Saturday, May 20, at 2:30: New York Americans vs. Concordia (Canada) and Bangu (Brazil) vs. Dynamo (Rumania).... ¶ Wednesday, May 24, at 7:30: Lighthouse (Philadelphia) vs. Long Island Juniors, exhibition game, and Bangu (Brazil) vs. Eintracht (Germany).... ¶ Saturday, May 27, at 2:30: New York Americans vs. Dynamo (Rumania) and Bangu (Brazil) vs. Besiktas (Turkey).

Sports-Car Racing—At THOMPSON RACEWAY, Thompson, Conn.: Sunday, May 21, at 2.... BRIDGEHAMPTON RACE CIRCUIT, Bridgehampton, L.I.: Saturday and Sunday, May 27-28, at 2.

Track Meet—I.C.A.A.A.A. Outdoor Championships. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Friday and Saturday, May 26-27, at 2.)

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Nightly at 8:25; through Saturday, May 20.... ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30, from Monday, May 22, through Saturday, July 29. (Special trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 6:51, and Saturdays at 6:35 and 7:10.)

FOR CHILDREN

Stage Shows—By the PEGGY BRIDGE MARIONETTES: "Little Brave Sambo," plus Leroy the Magician. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. Saturdays at 3. For tickets, call AC 2-3831.) ... CAVKAP PRODUCTIONS: "The Frog Prince." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Saturdays at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)... HORIZONS: "Does Poppy Live Here?" (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. Saturdays at 1 and 3 and Sundays at 1. For tickets, call SU 7-6797.)... LITTLE GOLDEN THEATRE: "Young Abe Lincoln." (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Wednesday, May 24, at 3 and 4:30; Thursday, May 25, at 1 and 4:30; and Friday, May 26, at 8.) ... MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN: "Tom Sawyer." (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Sculpture," an exhibit of more than a hundred works, dating from early Egyptian times to the twentieth century, together with displays demonstrating the sculptor's basic materials and techniques. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "On the Shoulders of Giants," concerns great astronomers of the past. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)... ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3 Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Robert Graves reading from his own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Monday, May 22, at 8:30.)

Armed Forces Day—Saturday, May 20: Ten thousand representatives of the Armed Forces will march down Fifth Avenue, from 96th Street to 62nd Street, starting at 2.... ¶ The Navy will open to public inspection the heavy cruiser Newport News at Pier 84, W. 44th St., as well as the submarine Grenadier and a number of smaller ships at Pier 86, W. 46th St., on Saturday, May 20, from 9:30 to 4, and Sunday, May 21, from 12:30 to 4.

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, May 18, at 1:45: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Max Ernst, Salvador Dali, and Alexander Calder, donated by the artists for the benefit of the American Chess Foundation.... ¶ Friday and Saturday, May 19-20, at 1:45: French and Italian furniture, laces and linens, textiles, Japanese screens and other decorative Oriental art, paintings and drawings, and rugs; the property of Mrs. Theresa Miller and others.... ¶ Tuesday, May 23, at 8: Paintings, drawings, objects of art, and decorative furniture, donated by private collectors for the benefit of the Northside Center for Child Development. Exhibition starts Friday, May 19.

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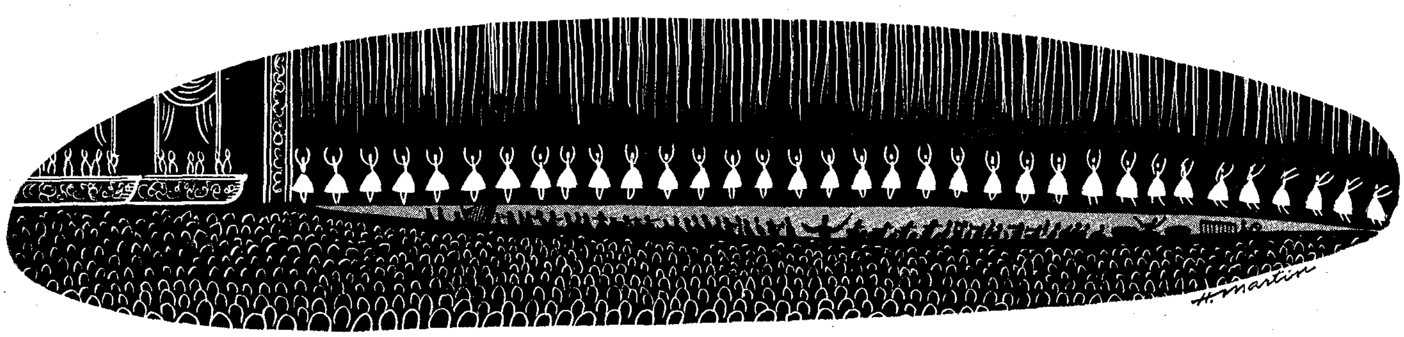
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



The Absent-Minded Professor—In the funniest scene of this funny picture, reminiscent of the golden days of Mack Sennett, a basketball team defeats its opponents by bouncing off the ground and darting about in midair. The secret is a magic substance called Flubber. Fred MacMurray, as the man who concocts it, is a model of academic preoccupation. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3377; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; starting May 23.)

L'Avventura—An Italian film that records a joyless affair between a young man and woman searching for a girl who has disappeared from a volcanic island. Their search is unsuccessful, and so is the movie. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Ballad of a Soldier—The camera is the star of this almost plotless Soviet account of a young soldier's short leave from the front, but what a venturesome, memorable star it is in the hands of director Grigori Chukhrai! The principal actors, Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko, are so young and so attractive that one willingly forgives the excessive simplicity of their brief love story. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; through May 22.)

Breathless—The most glittering example of the French New Wave films follows the last few hours in the life of a cool, self-destructive Parisian car thief, and succeeds, by the style of its camera and the intelligence of its script, in conveying all the compelling modern delusions to which he is victim. Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this undoubted masterwork, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg distinguish themselves as the hoodlum and his American girl friend. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

La Dolce Vita—Modern Rome is the lively, if somewhat jaded, heroine of this beautiful picture, and Federico Fellini, who wrote and directed it, doubles as her doting impresario and severest critic. Marcello Mastroianni, a wonderful young actor, heads a pretty wonderful cast that includes Annibale Ninchi, Alain Cuny, Anouk Aimée, and Yvonne Furneaux. (Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd, BR 9-3970. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Exodus—Time moves slowly in the Middle East, and Otto Preminger has made no attempt to hurry it along in his almost everlasting film about the founding of Israel. Occasional gunfire fails to interrupt the gabfest among Paul Newman, Ralph Richardson, Eva Marie Saint, Lee J. Cobb, and several dozen other chatterboxes. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Mein Kampf—A dossier in newsreels, many of them German, on the rise and fall of Adolf Hitler. Besides the star, the roll of dishonor includes Goebbels, Göring, Hess, and all the old, familiar faces. Erwin Leiser assembled and edited the newsreels. Narration by Claude Stephenson. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; through May 20. . . . ¶ Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through May 23.)

One Eyed Jacks—Marlon Brando, of all people, in a Western complete with outlaw, sheriff, deputy, girl, and the other familiar appurtenances. Since Mr. Brando also directed the picture, we can expect the unexpected, and that is what we get. Karl Malden, Katy Jurado, and Pina Pellicer are in the supporting cast, and everyone concerned is very good indeed. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060.)

A Raisin in the Sun—Lorraine Hansberry's story about a Negro family in Chicago is somewhat broader, physically and dramatically, on the screen than it was on the stage, but it has its compensations all the same. Among them are Claudia McNeil, Sidney Poitier, and, especially, Ruby Dee. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning—In his first leading role, Albert Finney is very promising as a rambunctious Englishman who is determined not to let his job in a factory or his dreary surroundings outside of it get him down. The cast includes, among other good actors, Norman Rossington, Rachel Roberts, and Hylda Baker. Mr. Sillitoe has adapted his own lively novel for the screen. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Tunes of Glory—A splashy, old-fashioned, uneven film about a peacetime Scottish regiment in the throes of a power struggle between two colonels. What puts it on everybody's "must-see" list is the astonishing bravura performance of Sir Alec Guinness as a complex, sentimental bully who pulls down his world about his head. John Mills is remarkable, too, and Dennis Price, Kay Walsh, and Gordon Jackson assist in the skirmishings. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454; May 18.)

Two Women—A beautiful Italian movie about a young widow who takes her daughter out of wartime Rome to her native village in the mountains and meets there an anti-Fascist, who falls in love with her. Although much that happens in the movie is sad, and even shattering, its effect is anything but depressing. Jean-Paul Belmondo, Sophia Loren, and Eleanora Brown are quite exceptional as the anti-Fascist, the mother, and the daughter, and Vittorio De Sica's direction is perfection itself. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

All About Eve (1950)—Bette Davis and Anne Baxter in a comedy dealing with some of the foibles of the theatre. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; May 23-24.)

Animal Farm (1954)—An English cartoon film derived from George Orwell's acid allegory about totalitarian ways. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 19-22.)

Robert Benchley One-Reelers—The master bumbler in "A Night at the Movies" (1937), "How to Sleep" (1935), and four other short films. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 19-22.)

Destry Rides Again (1939)—Marlene Dietrich's début in horse opera. With Una Merkel and James Stewart. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; May 22, at 8 and 11:45.)

Dial M for Murder (1954)—Alfred Hitchcock's adaptation of the thriller about a tennis player who wants to lob his wife to eternity. Ray Milland and Grace Kelly. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting May 23.)

Gigi (1958)—A musical revamp of Colette's novel. With Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, and Hermione Gingold. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through May 23.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1960)—A French film that describes the doomed love of a Frenchwoman for a Japanese. Directed by Alain Resnais, and with Emmanuelle Riva and Eiji Okada in the leading roles. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through May 20, tentative.)

My Little Chickadee (1940)—W. C. Fields and Mae West gambolling around in a most unusual Western. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; May 22, at 6:45 and 10.)

On the Waterfront (1954)—Labor conditions on the docks of New York, written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan. With Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, and Eva Marie Saint. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; May 19-20.)

A Place in the Sun (1951)—A variation on Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," directed by George Stevens. With Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; May 18.)

Richard III (1956)—Shakespeare's chronicle of the last of the Plantagenets. An English film, with Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, and Claire Bloom. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting May 24.)

Sabrina (1954)—Audrey Hepburn and Humphrey Bogart in a comedy about a chauffeur's daughter who manages to make her way from garage to mansion. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; May 18.)

A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—Tennessee Williams' story of a dishevelled New Orleans family. With Vivien Leigh and Marlon Brando. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; May 23-24.)

Tiger Bay (1959)—Hayley Mills as a chirpy small fry who witnesses a murder in Cardiff. An English film. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting May 24. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting May 24, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series of documentary films called "The Flaherty Tradition, 1950-60"—Through May 20: "Overture" (1957) and "The Naked Eye" (1955). . . . ¶ May 21-24: "And Now Miguel" (1953) and "The Rival World" (1956). (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				18	19	20
21	22	23	24			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through May 23: "The Alamo," John Wayne, Richard Widmark.
From May 24: "The Young Savages," Burt Lancaster, Dina Merrill.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
ONE EYED JACKS.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Pepe," Cantinflas, Dan Dailey, Shirley Jones.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Spartacus," Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
A RAISIN IN THE SUN.

Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd. (BR 9-3970)
LA DOLCE VITA (in Italian).

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Parrish," Troy Donahue, Claudette Colbert.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Hitler's Executioners," a documentary film.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through May 23: "The Big Show," Esther Williams, Cliff Robertson.
From May 24: "The Secret Ways," Richard Widmark, Sonja Ziemann.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Return to Peyton Place," Carol Lynley, Jeff Chandler.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
May 18: Theatre closed.
From May 19: "On the Double," Danny Kaye, Dana Wynter.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Alamo," John Wayne, Richard Widmark.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
EXODUS.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through May 24 (tentative): "The League of Gentlemen," Jack Hawkins, Nigel Patrick.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through May 22: "All Hands on Deck," Pat Boone, Barbara Eden; and "The Right Approach," Juliet Prowse, Frankie Vaughan.
From May 23: **THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR.**

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 23 (tentative): "The Facts of Life," Bob Hope, Lucille Ball; and "The 39 Steps," Kenneth More, Taina Elg.
From May 24 (tentative): **TIGER BAY**, revival; and "Modigliani of Montparnasse" (in French), Gérard Philipe, Lilli Palmer.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
Through May 22: **THE BALLAD OF A SOLDIER** (in Russian).
From May 23, at 8:40: "The Young Savages," Burt Lancaster, Dina Merrill. (Opening night is a benefit.)

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
A RAISIN IN THE SUN.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
TWO WOMEN (in Italian).

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through May 20: **MEIN KAMPF**; and "As the Sea Rages," Cliff Robertson, Maria Schell.
May 21-22: "All Hands on Deck," Pat Boone, Barbara Eden; and "The Right Approach," Juliet Prowse, Frankie Vaughan.
From May 23: **THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR.**

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
BREATHLESS (in French).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
L'AVVENTURA (in Italian).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Bridge" (in German).

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through May 20 (tentative): **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (in French), revival.
From May 21 (tentative): "Make Mine Mink," Terry-Thomas, Athene Seyler.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through May 23: "The Big Show," Esther Williams, Cliff Robertson.
From May 24: "The Secret Ways," Richard Widmark, Sonja Ziemann.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through May 22: "All Hands on Deck," Pat Boone, Barbara Eden; and "The Right Approach," Juliet Prowse, Frankie Vaughan.
From May 23: **THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR.**

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through May 23: **MEIN KAMPF**; and "As the Sea Rages," Cliff Robertson, Maria Schell.
From May 24: "All in a Night's Work," Dean Martin, Shirley MacLaine; and "The Savage Innocents," Anthony Quinn.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
May 18: "Metropolis" (silent); and "Secrets of a Soul" (silent), Werner Kraus.
May 19-21: "Svenigora" and "Arsenal" (both silent Russian films).
From May 22: "Svenigora" and "Earth" (both silent Russian films).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
May 18: **A PLACE IN THE SUN**, revival; and **SABRINA**, revival.
May 19-20: **ON THE WATERFRONT**, revival; and "Pal Joey," revival, Rita Hayworth, Frank Sinatra.
May 21-22: "Rebel Without a Cause," revival, James Dean, Natalie Wood; and "East of Eden," revival, Julie Harris, James Dean.
May 23-24: **ALL ABOUT EVE**, revival; and **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE**, revival.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Vitelloni" (in Italian), revival, Alberto Sordi, Franco Fabrizi; and "The White Sheik" (in Italian), revival, Alberto Sordi.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through May 23: **MEIN KAMPF**; and "As the Sea Rages," Cliff Robertson, Maria Schell.
From May 24: "All in a Night's Work," Dean Martin, Shirley MacLaine; and "The Savage Innocents," Anthony Quinn.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through May 20: "Butterfield 8," Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey; and "It Started in Naples," Clark Gable, Sophia Loren.
May 21-23: "Sunrise at Campobello," Ralph Bellamy, Greer Garson; and "Midnight Lace," Rex Harrison, Doris Day.
From May 24: **TIGER BAY**, revival; and "Modigliani of Montparnasse" (in French), Gérard Philipe, Lilli Palmer.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Please Turn Over," Ted Ray, Jean Kent.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Fidelio" (in German), Claude Nollier, Richard Holm.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Return to Peyton Place," Carol Lynley, Jeff Chandler.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
May 18: **TUNES OF GLORY.**
From May 19: "Violent Summer" (in Italian), Eleonora Rossi Drago.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"Love and the Frenchwoman" (in French), Martine Carol, Dany Robin.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through May 23: "Mad Dog Coll," Kay Doubleday; and "Underworld, U.S.A.," Cliff Robertson, Dolores Dorn.
From May 24: "All in a Night's Work," Dean Martin, Shirley MacLaine; and "The Savage Innocents," Anthony Quinn.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through May 22 (last showing at 4:20: "Kanal" (in Polish).
May 22, at 6:45 and 10: **DESTRY RIDES AGAIN**, revival; and **MY LITTLE CHICKADEE**, revival.
From May 23: **DIAL M FOR MURDER**, revival; and "I Confess," revival, Montgomery Clift, Anne Baxter.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through May 23: **GIGI**, revival; and "Les Girls," revival, Gene Kelly, Mitzi Gaynor.
From May 24: **RICHARD III**, revival; and "The Lost Continent," revival, an Italian documentary film on Indonesia and Malaya, with an English narration.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
May 18: "The Ladykillers," revival, Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker; and "Senechal the Magnificent" (in French), revival, Fernandel.
May 19-22: **ANIMAL FARM**, revival; and **ROBERT BENCHLEY ONE-REELERS**, revivals.
From May 23: "And God Created Woman" (in French), revival, Brigitte Bardot, Curt Jurgens; and "Passionate Summer" (in French), revival, Madeleine Robinson, Raf Vallone.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through May 22: "All Hands on Deck," Pat Boone, Barbara Eden; and "The Right Approach," Juliet Prowse, Frankie Vaughan.
From May 23: **THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR.**

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through May 23: "The World of Apu" (in Bengali); and "Eugene Onegin" (in Russian), revival.
From May 24: **TIGER BAY**, revival; and "Modigliani of Montparnasse" (in French), Gérard Philipe, Lilli Palmer.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through May 23: "Mad Dog Coll," Kay Doubleday; and "Underworld, U.S.A.," Cliff Robertson, Dolores Dorn.
From May 24: "All in a Night's Work," Dean Martin, Shirley MacLaine; and "The Savage Innocents," Anthony Quinn.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through May 22: "All Hands on Deck," Pat Boone, Barbara Eden; and "The Right Approach," Juliet Prowse, Frankie Vaughan.
From May 23: **THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR.**

Paris
Paris
4
t.f.

LISTEN
this is the sound of beauty
ORREFORS CRYSTAL

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET: U.S.A. REPRESENTATIVE—EAST: FISHER, BRUCE & CO., 221 MARKET ST., PHILA. 6, PA. WEST: ZACHO, 3157 WILSHIRE, LOS ANGELES 5, CALIF.

NEW KODAK CAVALCADE PROJECTOR

Changes slides by itself! And the lens zooms!

Your next slide show can be the easiest you ever set up, the smoothest you ever ran off.

Smoothest — because the new Kodak Cavalcade Projector changes slides for you automatically! Easiest —because the lens *zooms* to make your picture fill the screen.

Quickly, quietly, the Kodak Cavalcade Projector changes slides by itself —up to 40 in sequence. It lets you relax as much as your guests do.

But your enjoyment really begins when you set up your projector. Imagine—you don't have to move the projector or the screen to get brilliant, full-screen shows.

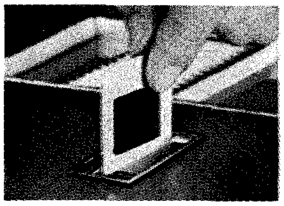
Set up your Cavalcade Projector at the most convenient spot. Then simply slide the sharp *f*/3.5 zoom lens until your picture fills the screen.

In your living room, the zoom lens gives you bigger pictures. At club meetings, it lets you set the projector *behind* the audience, without having the picture extend off the screen.

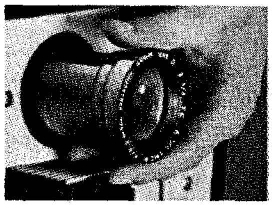
See *all* the star-performance features: controls that let you repeat, hold, or skip any slide . . . no "focus popping," no constant refocusing.

The Kodak Cavalcade Projector, Model 520 with Zoom Lens, is priced at less than $140, or as little as $14 down at most dealers'. Other Cavalcade models from less than $110.

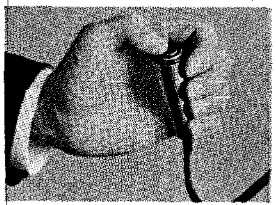
Prices are subject to change without notice.



Easy editing — you remove, insert, or rearrange slides while the tray remains in the projector.

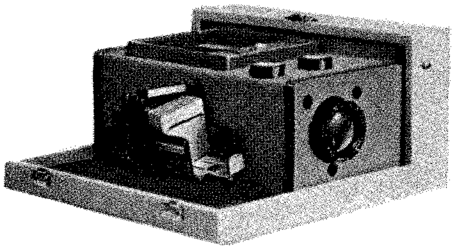


Zoom lens slides to make picture subjects grow bigger or smaller on your screen.



Remote control cord lets you change slides at the press of a button from up to 12 feet away (optional).

See your dealer for exact retail prices.



Another fine projector — Kodak 500, Model B. Priced from less than $68; as little as $7 down at most dealers'.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester 4, N. Y.

SEE KODAK'S "THE ED SULLIVAN SHOW" AND "THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE AND HARRIET"

Kodak
—*a trademark since 188*

Straight talk, Sweet talk, Dry talk . . . Martini & Rossi imported vermouth, *on the rocks*—sweet or extra dry, in a glass by itself it is in a class by itself. Martini & Rossi vermouth is a blend of superb wines, infused with more than 30 different herbs, to a secret formula. The world's finest and America's favorite vermouth, M&R is great straight, and a *mustissimo* for Martinis and Manhattans, of course. Mmmm—and R, *imported* vermouth!

MARTINI & ROSSI

Imported Vermouth . . . *Sweet or Extra Dry*

MARTINI & ROSSI
PRODUCT OF ITALY
VERMOUTH
MARTINI
EXTRA DRY
VERMOUTH
M & R
SWEET
MARTINI & ROSSI
PRODUCT OF ITALY

OUTSIDE THE U. S. AND CANADA IT'S SIMPLY MARTINI VERMOUTH · RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N. Y.

SUIT SHOWN: 55% "DACRON"* POLYESTER, 30% WORSTED WOOL, 15% MOHAIR. Perfect for a cool, crisp, impeccable summer, with the famous wrinkle resistance of "Dacron". At Martin's, Louisville; Julius Lewis, Memphis; m & hh sichel and The London House, Portland; Wilkinson's, St. Louis; Pincus Company, San Antonio; Julius Garfinckel, Washington, D. C. *"Dacron" is Du Pont's trademark. Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or clothes.

DACRON®
POLYESTER FIBER

and Baker Clothes—for the smartest summer of your life

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

FIRST PUBLIC EXHIBITION

STEUBEN CRYSTAL IN PRIVATE COLLECTIONS

An exhibition of important examples of Steuben crystal in private collections throughout the world. Organized for a benefit showing for the Institute of International Education, this unique collection is now being publicly exhibited for a limited time at Steuben Glass.

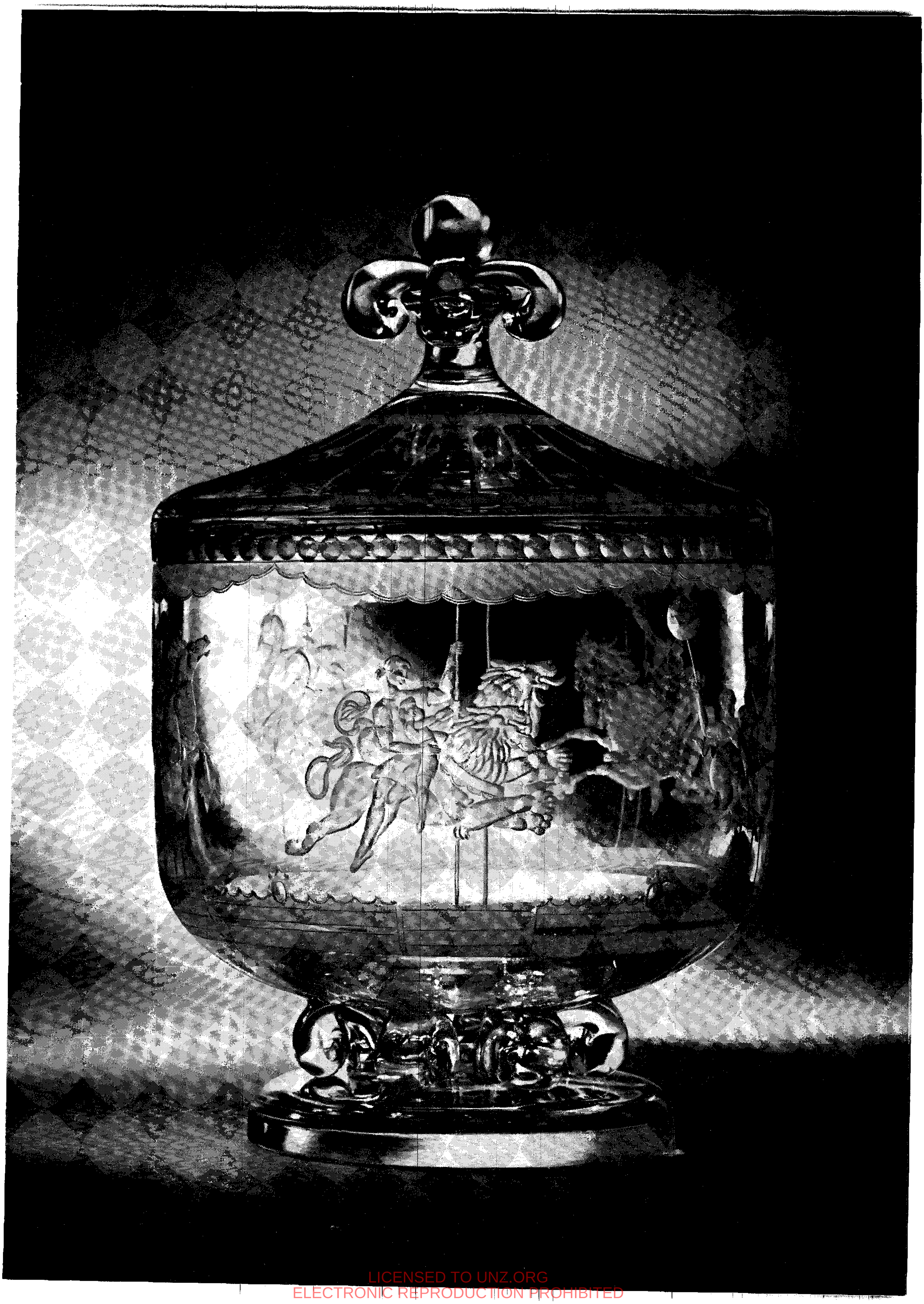
AMONG THE MANY IMPORTANT COLLECTIONS REPRESENTED ARE THOSE OF: GENERALISSIMO CHIANG KAI-SHEK • THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK • H.I.M. THE EMPEROR OF ETHIOPIA • PRESIDENT CHARLES DE GAULLE • CHANCELLOR KONRAD ADENAUER • PRESIDENT KWAME NKRUMAH • PRIME MINISTER JAWAHARLAL NEHRU • H.R.H. WILHELMINA, PRINCESS OF THE NETHERLANDS • H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH, THE QUEEN MOTHER • H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH II • PRESIDENT DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER • POPE PIUS XII

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE $2.50 (FOR THE BENEFIT OF I.I.E.)

Admission free
9:30 to 5:30 daily at

STEUBEN GLASS
FIFTH AVENUE AT 56TH STREET • NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND BOWL • Collection of H. M. Queen Elizabeth II



Bas relief from Malatesta Church at Rimini

Even the stones of Italy make music

Enjoy it from the beginning aboard an Alitalia non-stop Jet to Milan

Only Alitalia flies non-stop from New York and Boston to Milan . . . and only Alitalia offers such a medley of the good Italian things in life along the way.

Then, in just 7½ hours, your Alitalia Super DC-8 Rolls-Royce Jet lands in Milan, a city full of color and music. You'll see why when you enjoy your first opera at La Scala...and you'll see much more — Da Vinci's "Last Supper" . . . the famous Milan Cathedral . . . countless treasures of art and architecture.

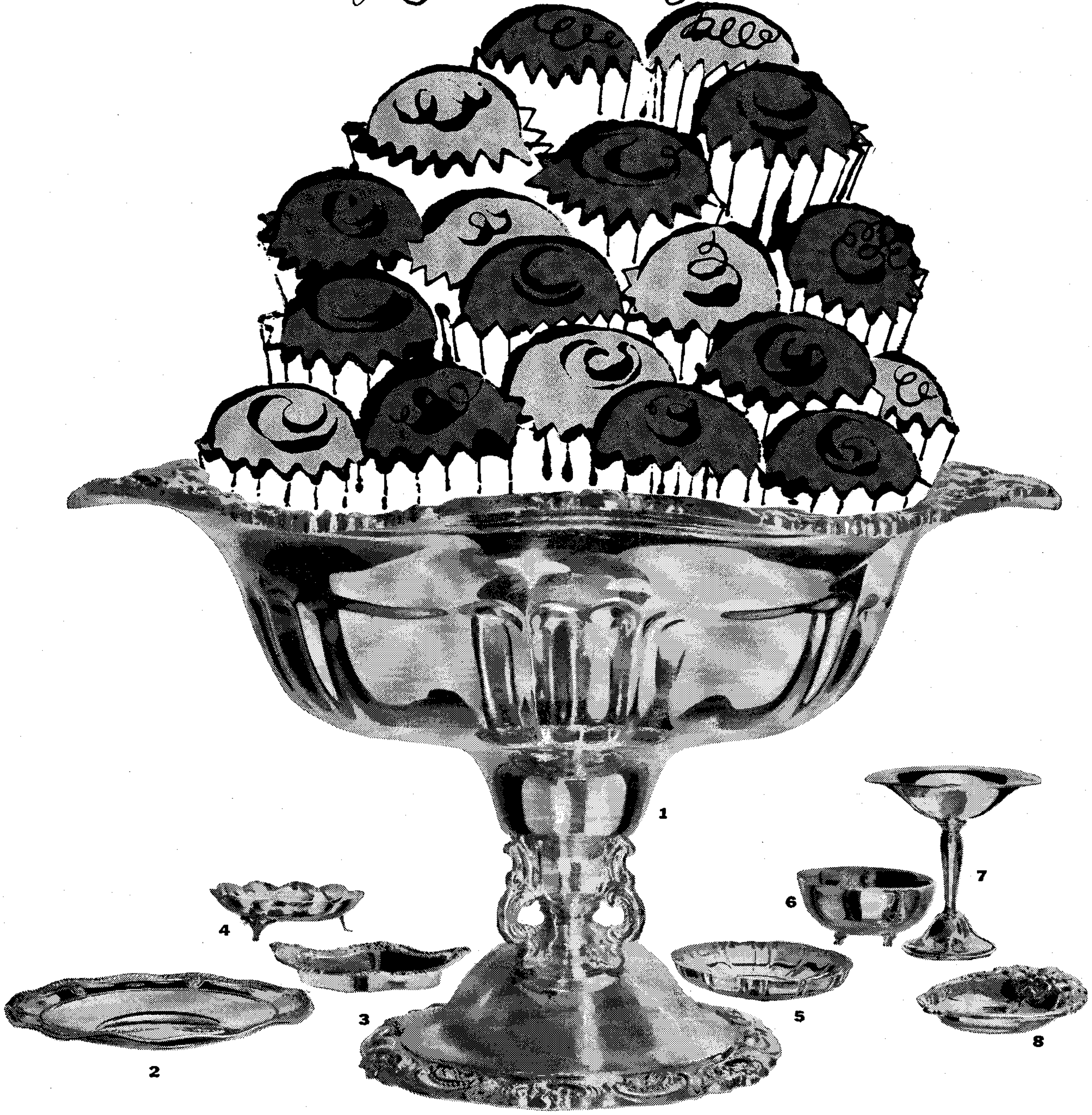
And ringing round Milan are all the delights of Northern Italy — Lake Como and Maggiore, Venice, Rimini and the Italian Riviera. Or you can continue by DC-8 Jet to Rome — the most fascinating city in Europe . . . the classic gateway to Athens, the Near Eastern cities, Asia and Africa. Most connections throughout Europe are by Alitalia Caravelle Jet.

Contact your Travel Agent about Winged Arrow Service to Europe, Africa, the Middle and Far East

ALITALIA
AIRLINES

Calories or Shmalories Day

(from the Wallace Silverbook of Likely Gifts for Unlikely Occasions)



Wallace for "thank you's"? Weekend guests (and hostesses) are devoted to it. But think of all the others who'll thank you for sanctioning one gorgeous day of gorging. They'll gain weight. You'll gain acclaim. Especially if you send Wallace. **1.** Baroque Compotier*, 11¼" dia. $37.50. **2.** Pierced Rose Point Sandwich Tray, 10¼" dia. $30.00. **3.** Traditional Candy Dish, 6½" length. $10.00. **4.** Scalloped Sterling Candy Dish, 5¾" dia. $19.95. **5.** Betsy Ross Candy Dish, 6¼" dia. $10.95. **6.** Footed Revere-Style Bonbon Dish*, 5" dia. $6.00. **7.** Classic Compote, 6¼" dia. $14.50. **8.** Sweetheart Bonbon Dish in Grande Baroque, 6" dia. $12.50. All items listed are Sterling Silver except where otherwise indicated. *Silverplate.

All prices include federal tax.

Wallace Silversmiths

(One of the Hamilton Watch Family of Quality Products)

Next time you rent a '61s from

RENT A CAR SYSTEM
Valiant

Valiant *(V-200 4 dr. sedan)*—Next time you're out of town try a Valiant, the King of the Compacts.

car, ask for one of the Chrysler Corporation

(You may find out you've been missing something)

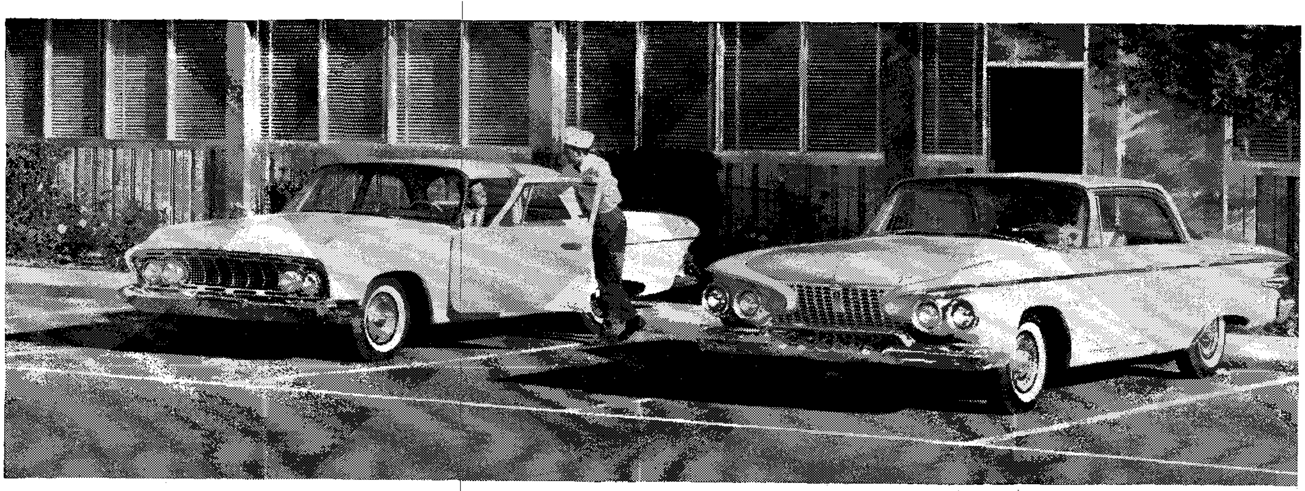
If you've always felt "any make car is okay" when you're renting it, we invite you to ask for a quality Chrysler Corporation car and see if you don't change your mind.

First thing you'll notice is the wide-opening doors that let you in easily. Then settle back in the big comfortable seats and enjoy the quiet that comes with solid, welded Unibody Construction. Thanks to Torsion-Aire (the ride the experts rate the finest) you'll notice a new feeling of road control, too.

There are lots of other things that Chrysler Corporation engineering gives you that don't show up in your first drive. Good things like the Alternator electrical system that keeps the battery charging even when the engine's idling and the radio is on. 7-soak rustproofing that helps you keep a sparkling finish for years. And the Economy Slant Six Engine that delivers more go than any six we had before—yet still goes easy on an expense account.

If you travel a lot, why not go "first class" all the way. Rent a Chrysler Corporation car—for the job, or just for the fun of it.

Let a drive bring out the difference great engineering makes.



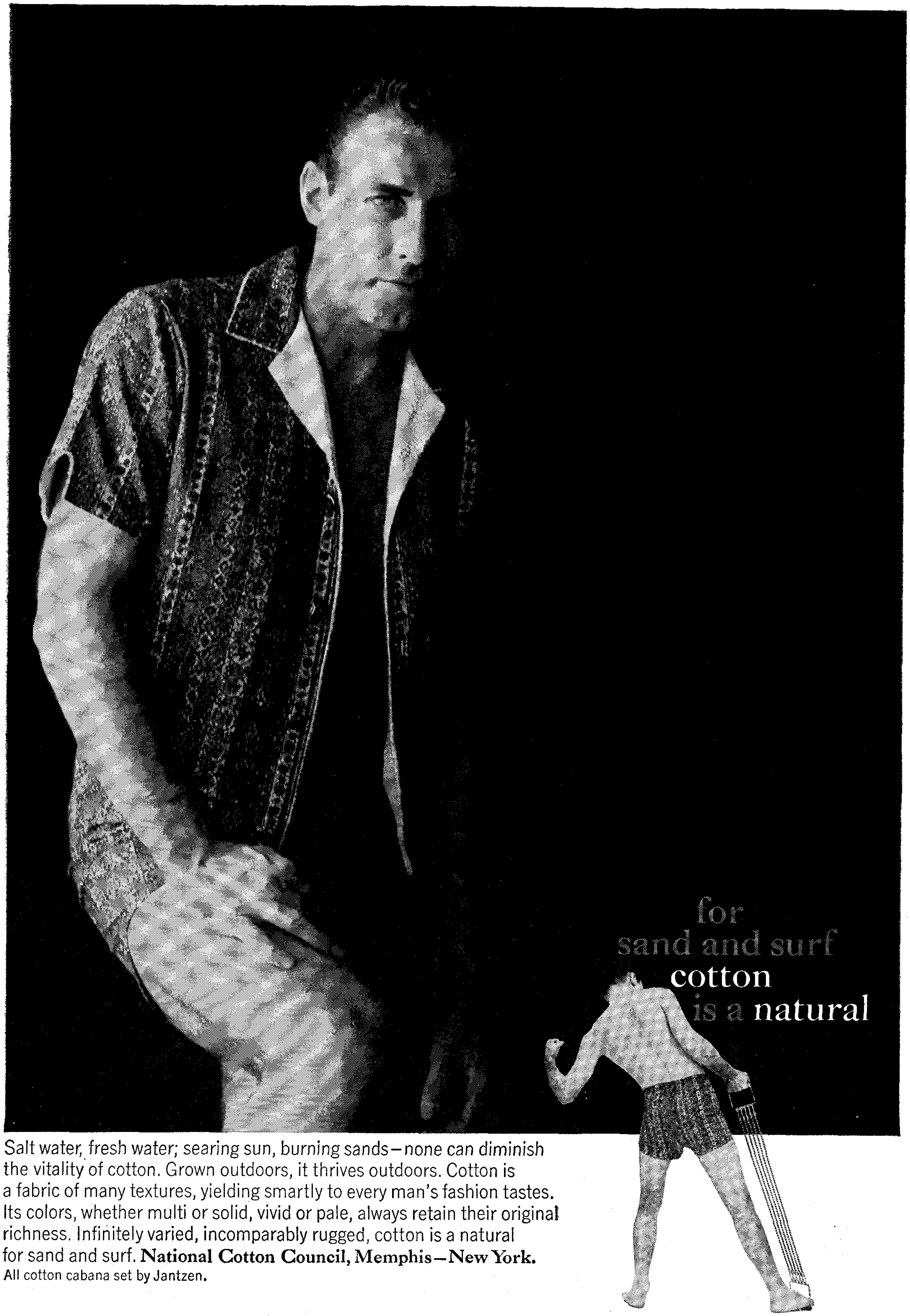
Dart *(Seneca 4 door sedan)*—A full-size Dodge priced model for model with Ford and Chevrolet.

Plymouth *(Plymouth Fury 4 door hardtop)*—The new look in driving economy with solid beauty for '61

Chrysler Corporation

Serving America's new quest for quality

PLYMOUTH VALIANT • DODGE DART LANCER • CHRYSLER IMPERIAL



Salt water, fresh water; searing sun, burning sands—none can diminish the vitality of cotton. Grown outdoors, it thrives outdoors. Cotton is a fabric of many textures, yielding smartly to every man's fashion tastes. Its colors, whether multi or solid, vivid or pale, always retain their original richness. Infinitely varied, incomparably rugged, cotton is a natural for sand and surf. **National Cotton Council, Memphis—New York.**

All cotton cabana set by Jantzen.

What do French beaches have that American beaches don't have?

In France, a beach is more than a beach. It's a chic resort or a primitive fishing village or a swanky movie colony or an off-beat artists' hangout. Want glamour? At Deauville, Cannes, Nice, or Biarritz you can ogle the world's teeniest bikinis. You can win (or lose) 1,000,000 francs at roulette. You can stay in a palatial hotel down the hall from a maharajah or an English lord. Want peace? In the untouched fishing towns of Brittany, like St. Guénolé or Douarnenez-Tréboul, you can bask on foam-licked granite rocks. You can buy wooden shoes from Breton ladies in starched white wedding-cake hats. You can have a clean, simple room with breakfast for a cool $1.50. Want color? In Cassis you can share an apéritif with an artist in beard and bathing trunks. Want big names? In St. Tropez, the blonde under the next umbrella is most probably Brigitte Bardot. France has 400 beaches. Whichever you pick, a *French* beach has great French food. After bouillabaisse-and-Bordeaux blanc, can you ever face frankfurters-and-soda again?

For more information on French beaches see your travel agent. He's most likely going to the Riviera himself—to the ASTA World Travel Congress Oct. 8-14. Or write Dept. NY6, Box #221, New York 10. French Government Tourist Office: New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Miami, Montreal.

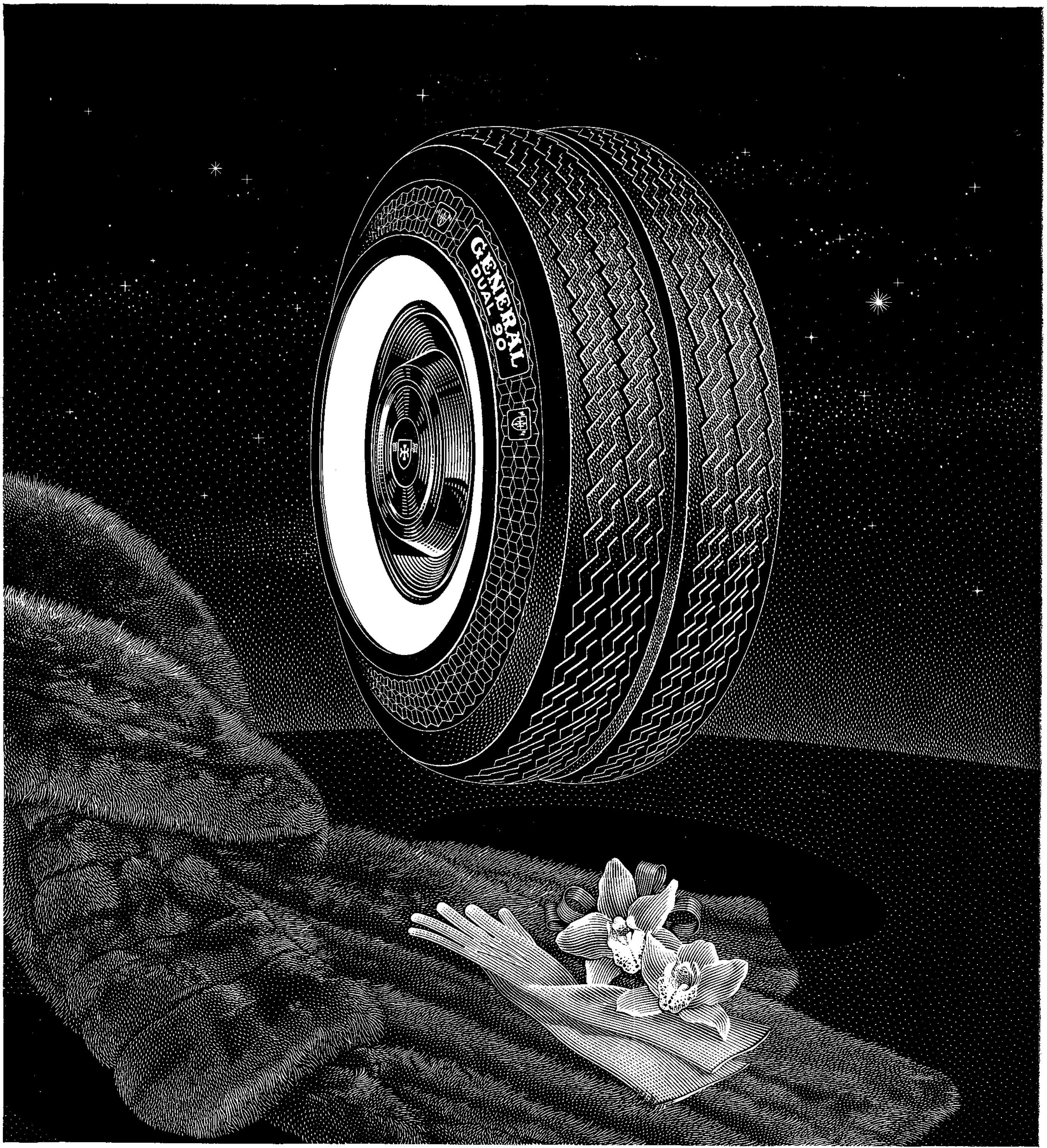
AVIATION FORECASTS

Men who do something about the weather...

have to be sure of their facts. Too much depends on it. And any man who chooses facts over guesswork is bound to wear a Manhattan Delcot® no-iron shirt. The facts tell why. Made of 50% Eastman Kodel® polyester, blended with 50% cotton, these shirts will stay comfortable and neat all day, in all weather, thanks to exclusive Reserve Neatness$^{\text{T.M.}}$. The new soft colors make these shirts as handsome as they are practical. And what a choice of collar styles... shown from left to right: Blake$^{\text{T.M.}}$ button-down, Dress 'n' Play® convertible collar, Blake$^{\text{T.M.}}$ medium spread. Be sure to see Manhattan Delcot® no-iron shirts today. They are just $5 each at your favorite store.

Manhattan®

Quality makers of the finest men's furnishings, sportswear and Lady Manhattan® sportswear.

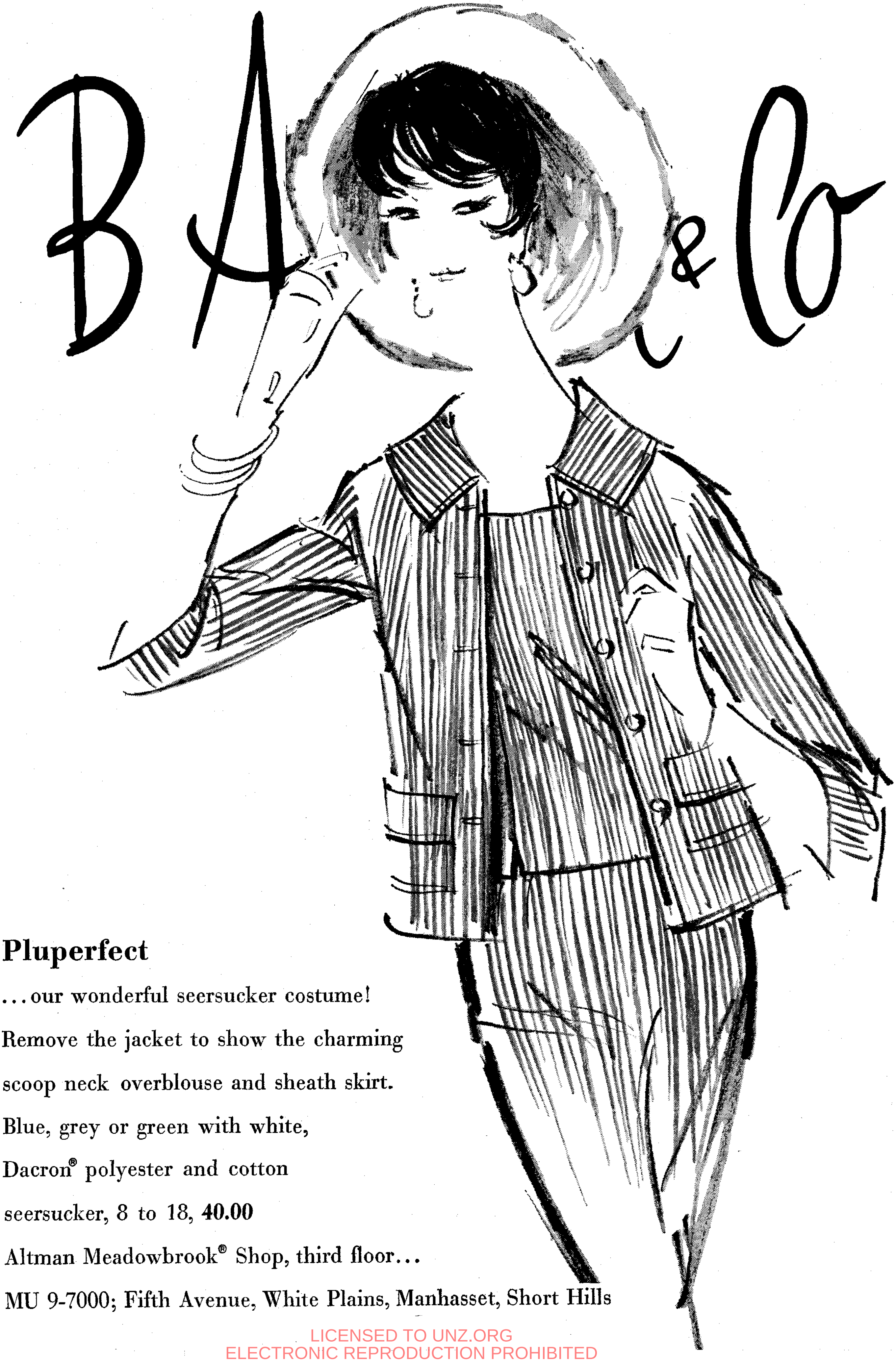


Sumptuous $40,000 sable coat exclusively by Revillon Freres, New York City and Paris

THE ONLY TIRE THAT GIVES YOU MORE THAN YOU EXPECT

THE GENERAL DUAL 90 gives you more of everything you want and need. Untroubled mileage . . . 25,000 • 35,000 50,000 miles. The peace of mind of complete safety, running and stopping, even on wet pavements and in fast traffic. Punctures are a thing of the past. The Dual 90 costs more because it's worth more. It is the one tire investment that no one has ever regretted.

THE GENERAL DUAL 90



Pluperfect

...our wonderful seersucker costume! Remove the jacket to show the charming scoop neck overblouse and sheath skirt. Blue, grey or green with white, Dacron® polyester and cotton seersucker, 8 to 18, **40.00**

Altman Meadowbrook® Shop, third floor...

MU 9-7000; Fifth Avenue, White Plains, Manhasset, Short Hills

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A WHILE ago, intelligence was received by the American Association of Advertising Agencies that some people in this country are not tremendously keen on advertising. The Association was much upset by the news. In the first shock of dismay, the group planned a sweeping campaign of advertising to change the public's mind about advertising. This announcement filled us with interest. We began searching the highways for new billboards, the skies for skywriting, and the magazines for colorful illustrations. We watched and waited. But now we learn, to our regret, that the campaign has been postponed. The Association, upon reflection, has decided to withhold its big guns until it has executed a "definitive depth-attitude survey," which is intended to "explore further the premise that the principal problem of advertising is not with the general public but with criticism of it that stems through thought-leader groups." We gather that the general public, in its natural state, likes advertising unreservedly, and grows restless only when thought leaders stir it up.

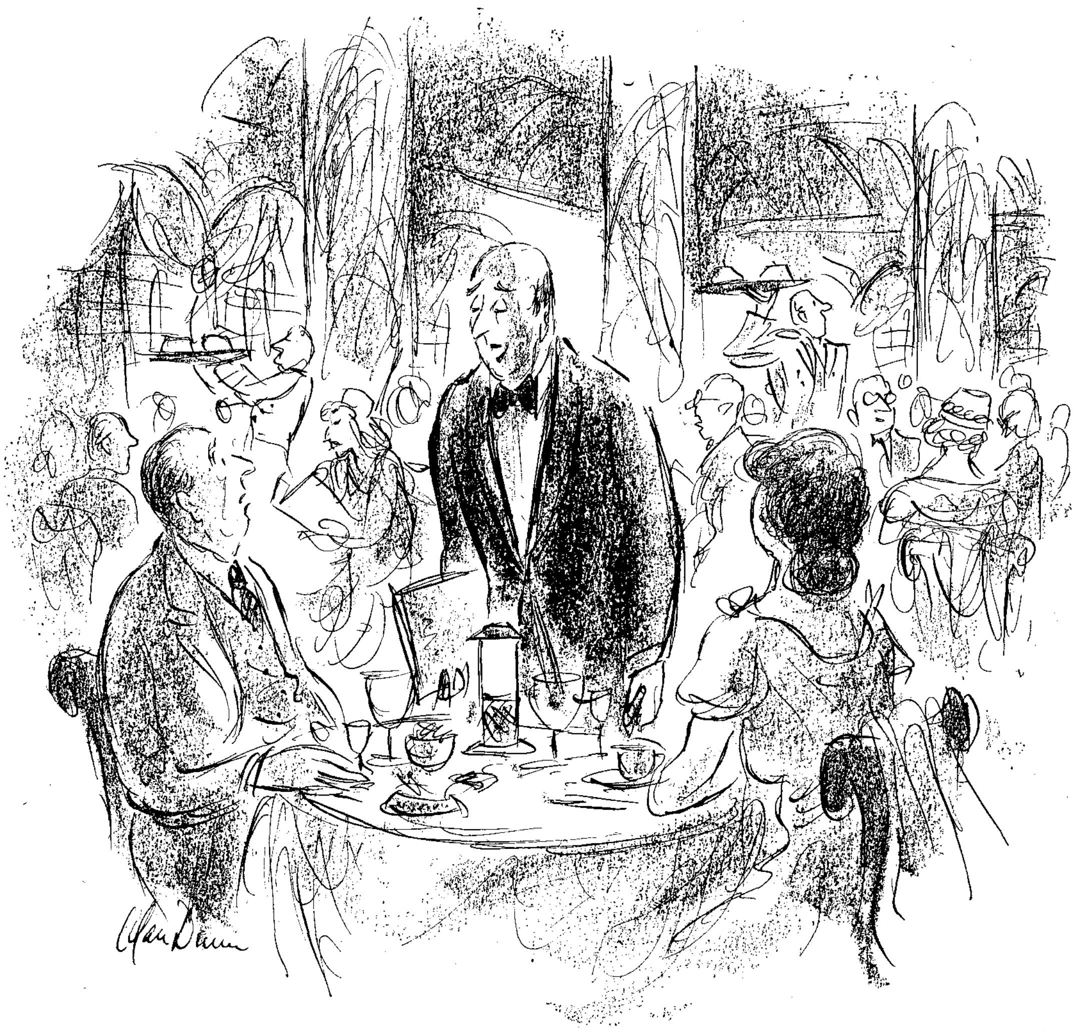
Well, as it happens, we had lunch last week with the Thought Leader Group for West Forty-third Street and heard another side of the story. The chairman of the Group, who wears a little red fez and is known as the Thought Leader Leader, opened the session by observing that the proposed survey attacks the very foundations of Thought Leadership. "There was a time, gentlemen, when those whom we criticized could be counted on to respond in simple ways," he said. "They might, for example, declare that the faults we mentioned had never existed, and besides, a committee had been appointed to correct them. Alternatively, they might merely urge us, with maximum publicity, to go back where we came from, Russia being most commonly mentioned as our suppositional homeland. Thought Leadership was a lively game then, and followed elementary rules. But now the sport, I fear, has become infinitely more complex, not to say baroque."

"Right," interjected the Supreme Recorder of Snap Judgments. "Take these Madison Avenue Space Cadets. We tell them billboards make the highways ugly. 'I wonder what he means by that,' they say to one another. We tell them we have seen ads on television that would offend the sensibilities of the dimmest lout. They nudge one another and say, 'He's a subtle one, all right. The devil himself couldn't figure out what he's getting at. We must take a deep, deep, *definitive* survey of his attitudes and find out what he has against advertising.' I don't call that playing the game. Thought Leading isn't what it used to be. For two cents I'd give it up and join the Rotary."

The Corresponding Secretary in Charge of Broadening Intellectual Horizons gained the floor. He seemed disturbed. "The peril, gentlemen, is even greater than our worthy brothers perhaps have realized," he said. "I call your attention to a pair of newspaper clippings. The first is from *Variety*, and it reports that a Broadway producer named David Merrick has organized a committee of his fellow-impresarios to 'explore possible means of getting the critics to write more box-office-spurring reviews.' A box-office-spurring review, I believe, is one in which the critic employs words like 'sexsational' and phrases like 'a laff riot,' which fit neatly into advertisements and theatre marquees. Once again, you will note, Thought Leaders are being 'explored' with an eye to converting them, conceivably by violent means, from critics into blind enthusiasts. Similar methods are advocated by the principal figure in my second clipping, which comes from the *Daily News*. He is Felix R. McKnight, the executive editor of the Dallas *Times Herald*, and he told the American Newspaper Publishers Association that the American newspaper is better than it ever was before. [Hearty laughter and much cheerful tapping of forks on glasses by the Thought Leaders, who again became solemn, however, as the Corresponding Secretary continued his speech.] Mr. McKnight challenged the assembled newspaper executives 'to get off their seats and do something about the constant carping by critics of the press.' He said, 'It will take initiative, imagination, deep perception, and just plain hard work to run these fellows back to their own fields and out of the critic business.' " There was silence as the Corresponding Secretary sat down.

The chairman called for suggestions to cope with this crisis in Thought Leadership. The silence remained unbroken. After a few moments, the Thought Leader Leader himself rustled, brightened, and brought his hand down heavily on the table. "Gentlemen!" he exclaimed. "Let us fight fire with fire. Let us announce to the world that we Thought Leaders are forming a committee to explore the feasibility of a survey that will examine possible means of persuading those whom we criticize to ponder whether faults that are evident to all the world except themselves might not be worth a brief moment of their attention."

This statesmanlike resolution of the crisis brought cheers from the assembled savants, and the redoubtable Thought



"Is everything A-O.K., sir?"

• •

Leader Leader was lifted in triumph and carried twice around the room on the sloping shoulders of the membership.

House Painter

THE rich have their problems, but they are not insurmountable. It appears from a talk we've just had with Miss Muriel King—doubtless known to the more fashionable of our older readers as an outstanding dress designer of the thirties and forties—that people with two or more houses tend to get homesick for the abode, or abodes, they aren't in. In town, they long for a glimpse of the absent sitting room giving on the topiary garden, or for the garden itself. In the country, they seek to conjure up the library looking out on the East River. Furthermore, splinter-group rural nostalgia abounds. Beach-house householders who are equally propertied inland want to be reminded of their country seats away from the sea; ensconced therein, they pine for a souvenir of the shore. Who has sprung to the aid of these troubled folk but Miss King? To accomplish this, she has turned into a painter. During the past three years, working on commission and, naturally, *in situ*, she has painted likenesses of many a panelled interior and landscaped exterior for such multiple-home owners as Mrs. Ward Cheney, of Locust Valley, Amagansett, and Sutton Square; Mrs. Jackson Burke, of East Seventy-seventh Street and Centre Island; Mrs. Oliver G. Jennings, of Park Avenue and Locust Valley; Mrs. Joseph A. Thomas, of Old Brookville, West Fifty-fourth Street, and Jamaica; Mr. Richard Blow, of Clinton Corners (New York), Florence (Italy), and East Sixty-sixth Street (Manhattan); and Mrs. Charles W. Engelhard, of Far Hills, Boca Grande, the Waldorf Towers, Quebec, and Johannesburg.

We went to see this kindly woman at one of *her* two homes, an apartment on East Eighty-seventh Street (she also has a house in Bethlehem, Connecticut), where she showed us a strikingly attractive twenty-by-fourteen-inch picture of Mrs. Cheney's urban living room. "My first commission," she said. "I've borrowed it to show people what I can do. Mrs. Cheney is an old friend—I used to design her dresses—and several years ago, after visiting her at her Amagansett beach house, I did a picture of her bedroom there and gave it to her as a thank-you present. She just loved it. In the spring of 1958, she ordered the Sutton Square living room, and I've since done her city dining room, the big living room in Amagansett, and the dining pavilion in Locust Valley. People got to know about these by word of mouth, and other commissions started coming in. I've used a technique of India-ink wash drawings with a water-color wash on top, which I think gives the look of a print. I don't put people in my rooms, though occasionally I put in a pet dog, on request. Customers often change the arrangement of a room before I paint it; they'll hang a favorite picture, or install a favorite statue or vase where it will show up prominently. I like to make things look as though somebody had just left the room, or as though somebody was just about to come in. I've done four pictures for Mrs. Burke, and Dick Blow sent me to Italy last winter to do two of his house in Florence. He's hanging them in Clinton Corners. I've also done several for people who have only one house, such as Mrs. Artemus Gates, of Locust Valley, and Mrs. James B. Campbell, of Tuxedo Park. I don't think anyone else has done this sort of thing since Walter Gay, who died in 1937."

We asked whether one-house householders liked to be able to admire their bedrooms while sitting in their sitting rooms, and Miss King said she thought the motivation was less self-centered. "They want their grandchildren to know what their homes looked like," she said. "They know that the houses will eventually be torn down."

We next asked Miss K. whether she had a picture of her first home. She said no, and that she had no recollection of it, having moved out at the age of two months. "It was in Bayview, a tiny village on Puget Sound, near the Canadian border of Washington," she said. "Father ran a shingle mill there. We moved to Seattle. I left the university there when I was nineteen to come to New York." Here, after drawing fashions for *Women's Wear* and *Vogue*, she presently created them. "Around 1932, I had my own little shop, next to the Colony Restaurant," she said. "Then Lord & Taylor commissioned me to do a collection, and then Altman's, and in 1937 one of my customers, Mrs. Josiah Marvel, who was Gwladys Whitney then, backed me in a sizable business of my own. I had a seven-story house, with seventy-two employees, on East Fifty-first Street. We made dresses for Mrs. Cheney, Mrs. Gates, Mrs. Averell Harriman, Katharine Hepburn, Miriam Hopkins, Dorothy Schiff, Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, Mrs. Robert A. Lovett, and so on. It was like a club." The club dissolved in 1939, and its foundress went on to a custom-designing career so varied and far-flung as to defeat description.

"I still don't know how to sew," Miss King said as we rose to leave.

"How can you make dresses if you can't sew?" we asked.

"Why, you design them on paper and criticize them in muslin," she replied. "And then you supervise the fitting."

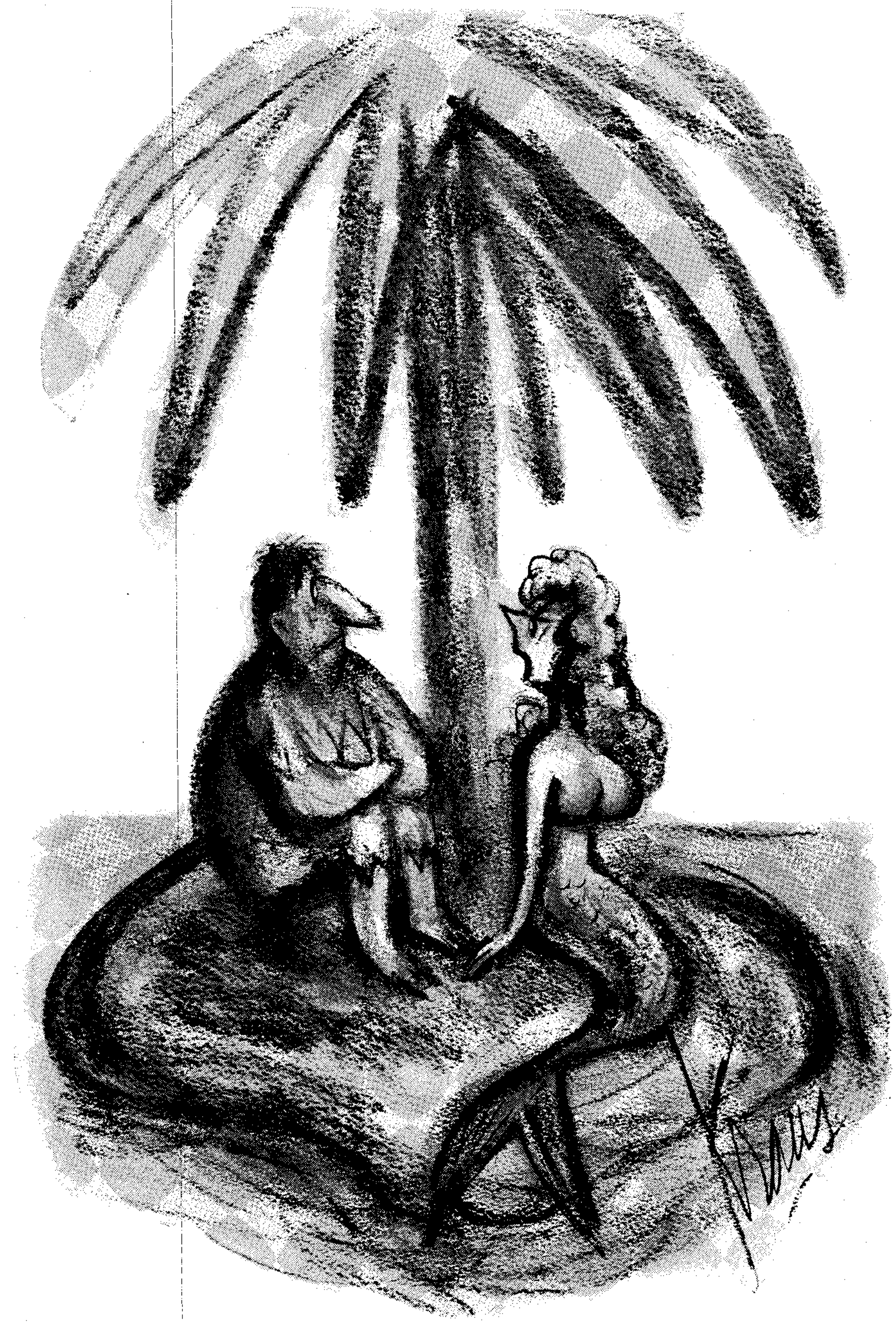
•

HAND-LETTERED sign recently observed in the side window of a car parked in a no-parking zone in front of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church: "Emergency Repair for Pipe Organ."

Live Actors

AT a very early hour one morning last week, on the deserted corner of Twelfth Street and Second Avenue, we were picked up by five strangers in a green station wagon with Maryland license plates and driven swiftly over the Manhattan Bridge into the labyrinthine heart of Brooklyn. So began an exceedingly pleasant three-hour adventure. The time of day is accounted for by the fact that we were about to observe a characteristic performance of a branch of the Phoenix Theatre known as Theatre-at-the-Schools, which, at hours that would make most actors blanch (anywhere from 8:15 A.M. to 3 P.M.), puts on selections from plays in the auditoriums of public and private schools all over the metropolitan area. We were at Twelfth Street and Second Avenue because that's where the Phoenix is, and the strangers we encountered there were three actors named Olympia Dukakis, Gene Gross, and Robert Barend, who, over a period of sixty minutes, were to enact substantial samples of Shakespeare, Shaw, and Chekhov; an actor named Tom Molyneaux, who was serving as stage manager for the little troupe; and a Phoenix functionary named Jerome Max. As for the mystery of the Maryland license plates, we can clear that up by explaining that the station wagon belonged to T. Edward Hambleton, managing director of the Phoenix, who has a place outside Baltimore.

Our destination in Brooklyn was the Prospect Heights High School, on Classon Avenue. En route, Mr. Max and his slowly awakening band of actors gave us a quick précis of the project's history. It began last October, and a total of a hundred and thirty-four performances have been given in thirty weeks. A fee of ten dollars is charged to New York City public schools and fifty dollars to all other schools, but a considerable deficit has been run up, which gifts from friends of the Phoenix are counted on to mitigate. Mr. Max hopes that next year Theatre-at-the-Schools will be able to give at least two hundred and fifty performances and, by raising its rate for the public schools to twenty-five dollars, will be able to afford four actors instead of three, as well as music, a bit of scenery, and perhaps even a Volkswagen bus to travel about in. This year, no scenery and very little costuming—a feathered cap, a pair of high boots, a fur coat—have been used. "Our purpose is to show young people what real theatre is like," Max said. "Eighty per cent of the children we've played to have never seen a live actor before, and the response has been terrific. Of course, the teachers are


"You castaways are all alike!"

thrilled, because a playwright acted is ten times more exciting than a playwright read. We give them parts of the opening scenes of 'The Taming of the Shrew' and 'Caesar and Cleopatra' and nearly the whole of Chekhov's one-act comedy 'The Brute.' Strong, high-spirited, knockabout things, and the children are enchanted with them."

Having arrived at the school, we all piled out of the station wagon and carried into the school auditorium a couple of broken-down suitcases full of costumes and a pair of small theatrical spotlights. An English teacher was on hand to welcome us. "This is an all-girl high school," he said. "Many of our students come from what I guess you'd have to call culturally deprived backgrounds. Only a tiny percentage of them are financially able to go on to college. They rarely get to Manhattan, and the only professional acting they've seen is in movies and on TV. We're delighted to have you here. We think you'll find us a good audience." The actors went backstage, and Mr. Molyneaux arranged his lights (one on top of the school organ, the other on a table) and props, which consisted of three or four wooden classroom chairs and a second school table. We watched the children file into the auditorium—a thousand-odd girls, Oriental, Negro, Puerto Rican, white. Mr. Barend, as narrator, sketched for them the setting of "The Taming of the Shrew," and then on came Mr. Gross, as Petruchio, and Miss Dukakis, as Kate. As they fell to quarrelling and the exchange of abusive epithets grew faster and funnier, the children burst into peal after peal of laughter; when Kate took to striking Petruchio, the children's happiness was unbounded. Many of them kept hissing "Sh-h-h!" to still the too noisy laughers among them; not a word must be lost. Shakespeare, that phoenix of phoenixes, had them in the palm of his hand, and it appeared that that was where they had always wanted to be.

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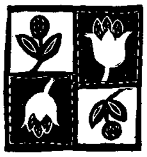
Incidental Intelligence (Valley Forge Division): The hand-painted plastic models of cadets sold at the West Point Souvenir Shop, hard by the United States Military Academy, are made in England.

Grosvenor Revisited

Dr. Gilbert H. Grosvenor, the man who transmogrified the *National Geographic Magazine* from a small technical publication into an institution, was recently the guest of honor at a special Book and Author supper given by the Cosmos Club, of Washington, which heralded the event with a card reading:

> President Scherer will preside and accept on behalf of the Club a magnificently bound full set (1888-1960) of the *National Geographic Magazine* as a symbol of the life work of our honored and beloved guest. The set is the gift of the National Geographic Society, which was formed at meetings at the Cosmos Club on January 13, 20, and 27 in 1888, for the increase and diffusion of geographic knowledge.

The renowned increaser and diffuser of this knowledge, now eighty-five and—after fifty-three years of triumphant editorship, during which circulation rose from nine hundred to two million one hundred and fifty thousand—chairman of the Society's board, is an old friend of ours from wartime Washington, so we journeyed south for the occasion, and, as luck would have it, met him and his son, Dr. Melville Bell Grosvenor, the Society's present president and the editor of its magazine, in the club lobby. Both men were wearing dark-blue suits and the National Geographic tie, which has brown, green, and blue stripes. "These represent earth, sea, and sky, and express the wide range of the Society's interests," said Grosvenor *père*, who was looking chipper.



We knew he had retired as editor seven years ago, and we asked him what he was up to. "My wife and I are almost like migrating birds today," he said—a reference that reflected his controlling interest, ornithology. "We divide our time between our homes in Maryland, Florida, and Nova Scotia. Melville's doing a wonderful job of livening up the magazine. The Society gained two hundred and fifty-eight thousand new members this year. We're almost up to two million eight hundred thousand. We're within sight of three million!"

We followed this sanguine man, who looked as much like an inquisitive grasshopper as ever, to an upstairs reception room of the club, of which he is a sixty-year member and a 1922 president. There he briskly introduced us to a group that included the club's president, Paul A. Scherer; Carl Schurz Scofield, eighty-six, a retired agriculturist; Dr. Charles Greeley Abbot, eighty-nine this month, a retired astrophysicist and the fifth secretary (1928-44) of the Smithsonian Institution; Dr. Alexander Wetmore, the sixth secretary *idem* (1945-52); several senior *Geographic* editors and cartographers; Joseph P. Jones, Jr., a Grosvenor son-in-law; Cabot Coville, a Grosvenor ex-son-in-law; and three fully grown Grosvenor grandsons—Gilbert M. Grosvenor, Gilbert Grosvenor Coville, and E. A. Grosvenor Blair. "I've seventeen grandchildren and ten greats," Gilbert H. said. "It was Abbot who started Goddard on the missiles—Professor Robert H. Goddard, of Clark University, who began to work on multiple-charge rockets forty or more years ago. Scofield used to explore Siberia for hard grains in the early nineteen-hundreds, when he was in charge of irrigation for the Department of Agriculture."

"North Africa," Mr. Scofield said as Dr. Melville Grosvenor handed us a whiskey-and-soda. "We got cereals, dates, and figs."

We besought Dr. Abbot for a word on rockets. "I'd rather sing you a song," he said, and he sang us an old English love song, off the record.

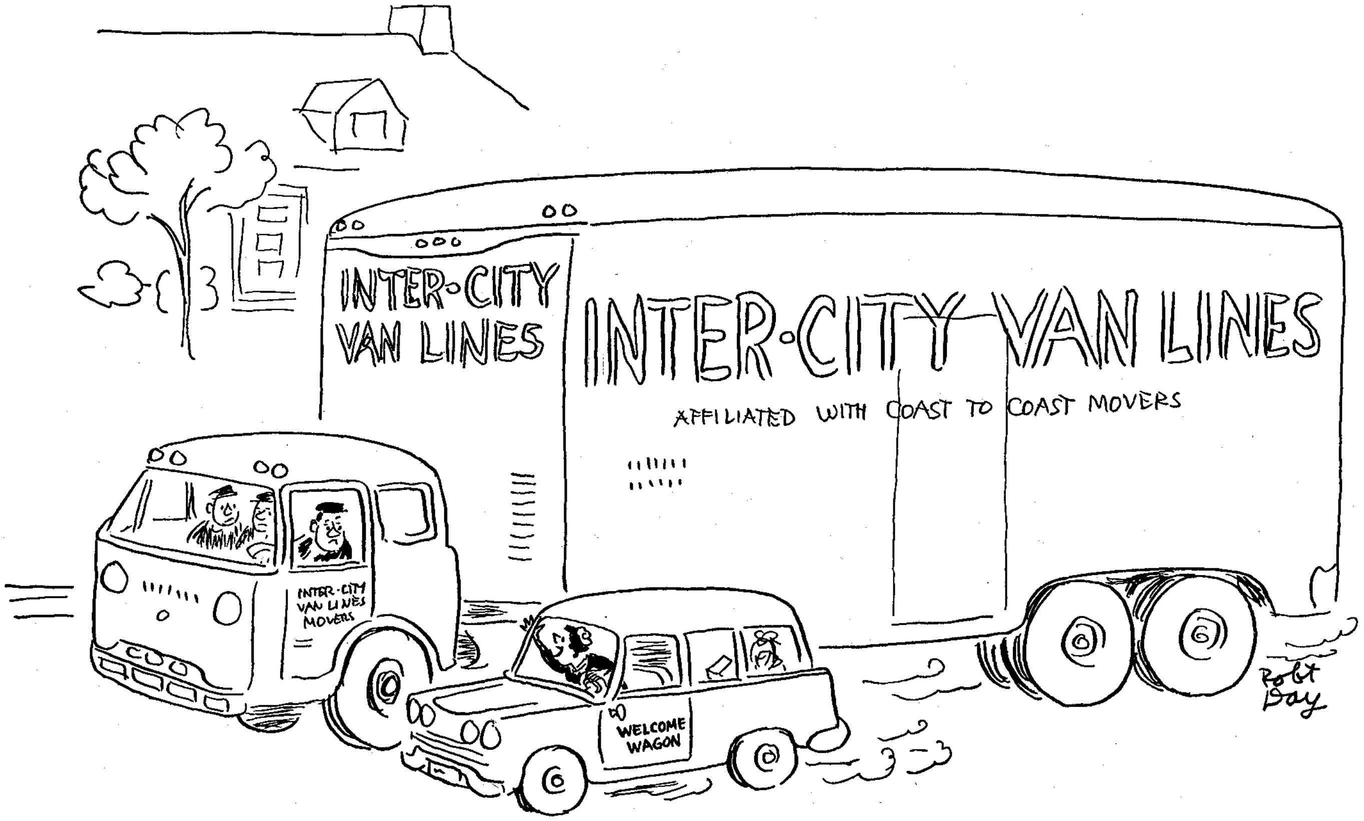
"The idea for this evening's party started three or four administrations ago," President Scherer said, alluding not to the White House but to the Cosmos, which rotates its chief executive annually. "Three or four years is but a moment in the history of the Cosmos Club."

"Here's Briggs!" the cry went up, and in came Dr. Lyman J. Briggs, eighty-seven, director emeritus of the National Bureau of Standards and a life trustee of the Society.

"Dr. Briggs soldered the atom," Dr. Grosvenor said. "When I was president of the club, he very kindly agreed to be chairman of the house committee. He was soon confronted with a serious problem. One very learned member, who lived at the club, habitually broke a house rule: he insisted on having breakfast in bed. Briggs dealt with this ably. He recommended that the offender be suspended for one day; he had to take all his things out. The violation was not repeated."

Presently, we gained the dining room, where seventy-five guests assembled and where we were seated at the dais table, between Dr. Briggs and Dr. Melville Grosvenor. "Mentally, Father's clear as a bell," the latter said. "He still gives me hell. On the other hand, when we changed our cover for the first time in forty-nine years a couple of years ago—we gave it a little identification by putting a picture and a key to the articles on it—you know what my father said? He said, 'Why didn't we think of that years ago?'"

A large man with a commanding profile and enormous mustaches approached the head table, shook the guest of honor's hand, and said, "How's the skin diver?"


INTER·CITY VAN LINES
INTER·CITY VAN LINES
AFFILIATED WITH COAST TO COAST MOVERS
INTER-CITY VAN LINES MOVERS
WELCOME WAGON
Robt Day

"Yoohoo! Are you coming or going?"

• •

"Charles T. Tittmann," Dr. Grosvenor's son said to us. "His father, O. H. Tittmann, a geodesist with the Coast and Geodetic Survey who represented the United States in the demarcation of the boundary between Alaska and Canada under the *modus vivendi* of October, 1889, was a founder of the Society and for several years its president. The son—"

"Gilbert Grosvenor!" another visitor to the ex-chief roared. "I haven't seen you for thirty years!"

"George W. Harris, of Harris & Ewing, the photographers," said President Scherer, who was two seats down from us. "He'll be eighty-nine next month. He took my wedding picture in 1918. I had to stand in an arcade six feet high. I'm six feet six."

We pressed him for a more recent autobiographical note, and he said, "I had the honor of working for Vannevar Bush in the Office of Scientific Research and Development in the Second World War. We sometimes lunched in the club, then in the old building on Lafayette Square. He'd always knock out his pipe in a Chinese vase near the entrance. 'Why do you do that, Van?' I once asked him. 'Someday it'll be full,' he said."

Onion soup, roast beef, and chocolate éclairs over, President S. got up and indicated the Society's gift, which, covered with napkins, stretched the length of the dais table. "Twenty-seven feet of *National Geographics*," he said. "I understand thirty pigs gave their lives for the binding."

Two Grosvenor grandsons unveiled this distinguished run—a hundred and eighteen volumes bearing the crests, in gold, of the Cosmos Club and the National Geographic Society—and all hands rose and applauded the senior Grosvenor.

"My wife and I recently went to New York," his son said in the course of a chatty speech, "and had dinner at a nice little Italian *bistro*, Giovanni's, where we were struck by the proprietor's beautiful handling of everything. I said to Anne, 'I bet he's a member of the Geographic; he's just that type of man.' I identified myself to him, and he said, 'Why, Dr. Grosvenor, I've taken your magazine for twenty years,' and when we left he handed my wife a box of candy." This perspicacious and influential husband went on to give a historical sketch of the magazine's coverage and the Society's expeditions, including the oceanographic exploits of Captain Jacques-Yves Cousteau ("President Kennedy presented him with the Society's Gold Medal last week"), and concluded with a warm tribute to his father, who, after rehearsing the Society's early days, responded in kind: "To my son I'd like to say, 'A wise son maketh a glad father.' "

We rebuttonholed Dr. Grosvenor in the lounge later on, and asked him about his skin-diving activities. "Oh, my grandson Gilbert M. Grosvenor, who's on our staff, had an article about skin diving in the magazine two years ago," he said, "and soon after that I ran into Tittmann. 'Gilbert,' he said, 'that's the best piece you ever wrote. The older you get, the better you write, but how can you do that skin diving at eighty-three?' "

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WE offer the following note, which arrived in some laundry-sent-home-for-washing, as reassuring evidence that nineteen-year-old college men are still carrying on as they did in the pre-space age:

Dear Mother:

The white (long collar) 15-33 shirt has a hole in bottom front. Didn't count shirts this time. Please return gym equipment when possible. Thank you kindly.

Your delinquent,
John

P.S.
(1) I'm not neglecting my work
(2) I'm in good health
(3) I'm not accident prone, and will be more careful in future
(4) I brush my teeth at nights
(5) I love my parents
(6) I hate sex

PEOPLE LOOK FUNNY IN THE MORNING

ORVILLE DAVIS put his breakfast dishes in the sink, poured a cup of coffee, and took it into the bedroom. Then he started the water for his bath and was about to remove his dressing gown when the doorbell rang, sharply and insistently, several times. Davis frowned as he retied his gown and walked to the door. Whoever is there, I'm going to give him a piece of my mind, he thought. That's no way to ring a doorbell, no matter who it is. He flung the door open and was confronted by the wide-eyed superintendent.

"Fire!" the superintendent gasped. "Get out if you can!" Then he dashed around a corner of the hallway and disappeared.

Davis smelled smoke, and could hear other feet running and people shouting in the corridors. He closed his door slowly, his mind whirling with conflicting thoughts, and then he turned and went back into the bedroom, where the young lady in his bed was slowly groping her way into consciousness.

"You'd better get up," Davis said briskly. "The building seems to be on fire."

The young lady's eyes popped open and she sat up, then pulled the covers around her. "What?" she said. "Where?"

"I have no idea," Davis replied. "The building's supposed to be fireproof, but that is apparently not the case. You can dress in the bathroom, if you like." He turned his back and opened a clothes closet, and he heard the girl's heels thud on the floor and she bounded out of bed, gathered her clothes together, and ran into the bathroom.

Davis dressed hurriedly, trying to do as good a job as possible in the circumstances. He found, to his annoyance, that his hands were trembling so that he couldn't tie his shoelaces, and after two or three attempts he gave up and stuffed the laces into the tops of his shoes. Nobody's going to be looking at my shoes, anyway, he thought. As soon as I get downstairs, I'll be able to tie them, and nobody will know the difference. He brushed his gray hair and straightened his tie, and he was wondering what valuables to take with him, when the bathroom door burst open and the young lady came out. She had put on her makeup with remarkable accuracy, but in spite of a combing there were still a few snarls in her lemon-colored hair. Davis glanced at her quickly, then took his jewel box from the top of the dresser and emptied the contents into his pockets.

"You go first, and I'll follow a little behind," he said. "The stairs are around the corner to the left. When you get to the lobby, just keep going."

She nodded and snapped her purse shut, and as she ran to the door the bell rang again. She opened the door and saw a monstrous policeman, wearing a black waterproof cape and cap cover, his eyes bright with panic.

"Everybody up to the roof!" the policeman shouted. "Come on—quick!"

"The *roof*?" Davis asked incredulously, coming out of the bedroom. "Why the roof?"

"Shut up and don't argue!" the policeman said, taking the girl by the arm and pulling her through the door. "Get moving!" He held out his hand for Davis, who drew himself up with dignity.

"Thank you, I can make it on my own," Davis said. "I am not a cripple."

"Just get the hell moving," the policeman said. "Up the stairs on your left." He rang the bell at Apartment 14-B, next door, and shouted, "Everybody up to the roof!"

Smoke was boiling up the staircase from below, and it had the sour smell of burning rubber. As Davis and the girl started up, they were joined by the couple from Apartment 14-C, whom Davis knew only as Mr. and Mrs. Langworthy. Mrs. Langworthy was in a bathrobe and her hair was in curlers, and she rushed past Davis without appearing to see him, taking the curlers out of her hair as she went. Her husband, in his shirtsleeves and with no collar, followed behind, carrying a dark mink coat and a briefcase. He nodded at Davis and said, "Good morning."

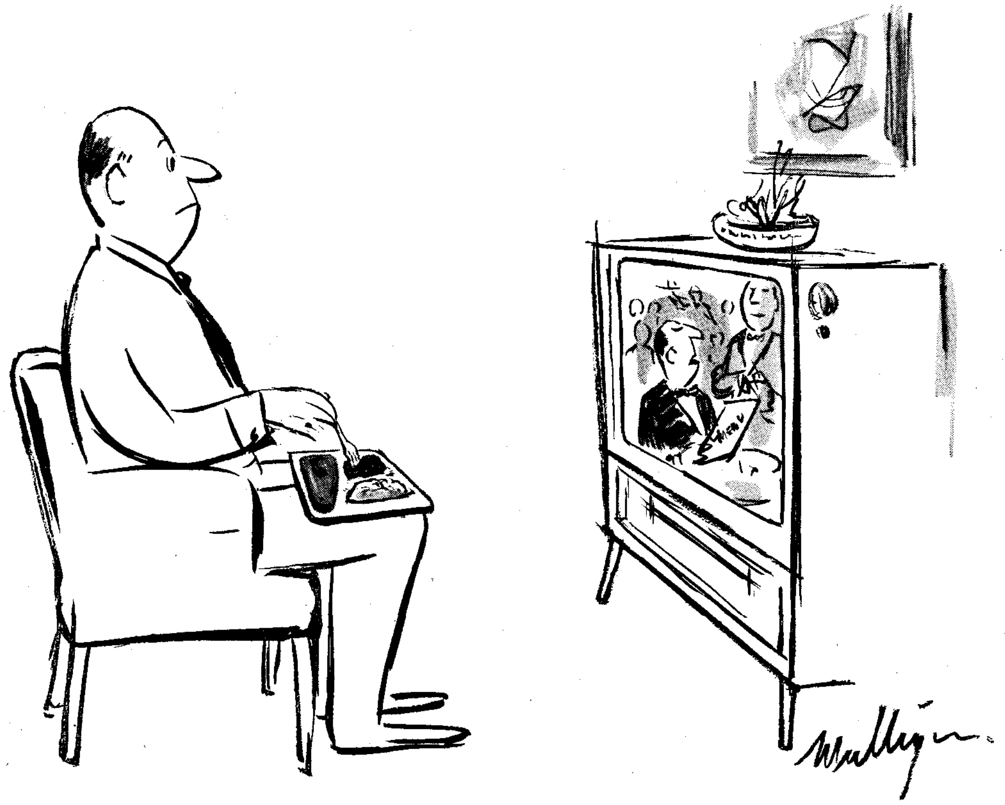
"Good morning," Davis replied. "A fine time to have a fire, I must say."

Langworthy smiled briefly. "I have a dentist's appointment at ten," he said. "It can last as long as it likes."

Davis laughed politely. "After you," he said, and stepped aside to let Langworthy follow his wife.

"It's not a bad report at all, Son, but from now on I'm going to be counting on you not to fidget during Rest Period."

IT was only one flight of stairs to the roof, which was covered with gravel and bordered by a high parapet. Davis, the girl, and the Langworthys came out of a shedlike structure and looked around. Wisps of smoke filtered through one of the ventilators that stood in a tin-hatted cluster, but otherwise the air was clear, and Davis could see the Palisades in one direction and the murky chimneys of Queens in the other. He went to the parapet and peered down at the street, which was clogged with fire engines, people, and police cars. Hoses that looked no bigger than thread wound through the clutter. The girl joined him, and stood on tiptoe to look over.



“I’ll have the shrimps Arnaud; then a sirloin steak, medium rare; a baked potato, lots of butter; asparagus with Hollandaise; and a tossed green salad.”

“Can they get a ladder all the way up here?” she asked.

“I suppose so,” he replied. “But that’s not what I’m thinking about.”

“Why? What else is there to think about?”

Davis glanced at Mr. and Mrs. Langworthy, who were standing in the far corner of the roof, where Mrs. Langworthy was removing the last of her curlers. “Nothing,” he said. “I guess there’s nothing can be done about it. We’ll just stay here for the time being.”

“We got no choice but stay here, do we?”

“I mean on our side of the roof.”

“Whatever you say. I never been in a fire before.” She stood on tiptoe again, and looked over the parapet. “That’s one hell of a drop,” she said. “I hope they get the fire out before we have to jump.” Then she turned from the parapet and laughed. “Well, I guess it takes all kinds to make a world,” she said. She was looking at four newcomers who had just burst from the shed in a cloud of smoke and fluttering clothing. “Did you ever notice how funny people look in the morning?” she asked.

“I haven’t made a study of it,” Davis answered. “What do you mean?”

“Oh, I don’t know. Disorganized, sort of. Like they were about to bump into something. Those people over there couldn’t tell you the time of day if they were in front of the clock in Grand Central.”

Davis recognized Mr. and Mrs. Stone, from Apartment 14-D, and a man and woman he knew only from having seen them in the elevator. Mr. and Mrs. Stone were properly dressed, but they had the stunned look of shock; the other two appeared to have clutched their clothes on the run. The woman was wringing her hands and moaning, and the man was furiously trying to close the zipper on what appeared to be a pair of old work trousers.

“Well, this is an unusual morning,” Davis said. “Not every morning is one awakened by the cry of fire.”

“Still and all,” the girl said, “people look funny in the morning. I wish I knew why.” Then she glanced at him and said, “You look all right, though. You been up long?”

Davis cleared his throat. “Not quite long enough,” he said. “I’m usually in my office by this time, but I seem to have—ah—overslept.”

She smiled. “You’re a riot,” she said, and patted his arm.

“Don’t do that!” Davis snapped.

“Excuse me.” She turned and looked once more over the parapet, and, after staring down at the street for several moments, she said, “How is it you’re supposed to jump—feet first, or head first?”

Davis didn’t answer, because Mr. and Mrs. Stone were approaching. Their recognition of a familiar face had taken them out of their shock, and they were smiling.

“Well, fancy meeting you here!” Stone said, with too much joviality. He was a heavy man with dark eyebrows that met over the bridge of his nose, and his teeth glistened when he laughed. “Long time no see,” he added.

“Long time indeed,” Davis said, and again cleared his throat.

Mrs. Stone, who looked superficially like a consumptive crane, laughed wildly and said, “Imagine the building actually catching on *fire!* Do you think they’re going to take us down in ladders?”

“I doubt it,” Davis replied. “It is, after all, a fireproof building. I imagine the fire is in just one apartment.”

“Somebody smoking in bed, probably,” said Mrs. Stone. “If I’ve told Luther once, I’ve told him a thousand times—‘Smoke in bed if you want, but keep an ashtray handy.’ I mean, it seems the only sensible way, don’t you think?”

“Of course,” Davis replied. “I wouldn’t be without an ashtray beside my bed.”

Stone laughed. “I always say there’s one thing about a fire,” he said. “You get to know your neighbors. You can see people in the elevator every day for a year, but it takes a fire to bring out what they do in the bedroom.” He laughed uproariously, slapped Davis on the shoulder, and looked at the girl. “You must be new in the building,” he said. “What floor are you on?”

With scarcely a second’s hesitation, she replied, “The fifth.”

“The *fifth?*” said Stone. “Boy, you had a long walk up here, didn’t you?”

“Actually, she was on her way down,” Davis said quickly. “I met her as she was coming down from her morning exercises on the roof. She tells me she comes up here every morning for an hour.”

“Well, what do you know about that?” Stone said, looking at the girl again. “I’ll have to start taking some exercises myself.”

“You’ll have to excuse my husband,” Mrs. Stone said. “He’s always vulgar in the morning.”

The girl turned to Davis and said, “You see? That’s just what I was saying.”

Stone’s eyes clouded. “What were you saying?” he asked.

“I was saying that people look funny in the morning. I didn’t say vulgar, exactly, but it comes to the same thing. Odd, like."

"Actually, she was referring to the people over there," Davis put in hastily, indicating the disorganized couple who had come up with the Stones. "She was saying that the morning seemed to have started a little too suddenly for them."

"No, you missed my whole point—" the girl began, but Stone cut her off.

"I'll tell you one thing," he said. "That guy may not look like much right now, but I'm here to tell you he could buy you and I five times over, any day in the week. You know who he is?"

"Who?" asked the girl.

"He's Morgan Proctor, that's who," Stone replied. "The guy that may take over the New Haven."

They all looked at Proctor, who by now had worked out a makeshift arrangement with his trousers and was trying to calm his wife. For a few seconds, nobody spoke, and then the girl said, "Maybe he needs help. I think I'll go see."

"I think you'd better not," Davis said, then realized he was sounding too proprietary. "I don't think he needs any help," he finished lamely.

"I do," said the girl, and left.

"That's some dish," Stone said. "What did you say her name was?"

"I have no idea," Davis replied, watching the girl as she approached the Proctors. "I just met her a few minutes ago. I was on my way to the office, and she was coming down from the roof."

"I think I'll start coming to the roof in the morning," said Stone. "You wouldn't mind, would you, sugar?"

Davis had started to say "It's nothing to *me*," when he realized the question hadn't been addressed to him. For lack of anything better to do, he laughed, and both Stones looked at him curiously.

"You're the only person I know who laughs at Luther's jokes," Mrs. Stone said. "You must be soul mates, or something."

RESCUE WITH YUL BRYNNER

(APPOINTED SPECIAL CONSULTANT TO THE UNITED NATIONS HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR REFUGEES, 1959-60)

"Recital? 'Concert' is the word,"
and stunning, by the Budapest Symphony—
displaced but not deterred—
listened to by me,
though with detachment then,
like a grasshopper that did not
know it missed the mower, a pigmy citizen;
a case, I'd say, of too slow a grower.
There were thirty million; there are thirteen still—
healthy to begin with, kept waiting till they're ill.
History judges. It will
salute Winnipeg's incredible
conditions: "Ill; no sponsor; and no kind of skill."
Odd—a reporter with guitar—a puzzle.
Mysterious Yul did not come to dazzle.

Magic bird with multiple tongue—
five tongues—equipped for a crazy twelve-month tramp
(a plod), he flew among
the damned, found each camp
where hope had slowly died
(some had never seen a plane).
Instead of feathering himself, he exemplified
the rule that, self-applied, omits the gold.
He said, "You may feel strange; nothing matters less.
Nobody notices; you'll find some happiness.
No new 'big fear;' no distress."
Yul can sing—twin of an enchantress—
elephant-borne dancer in silver-spangled dress,
swirled aloft by trunk, with star-tipped wand, Tamara,
as true to the beat as Symphonia Hungarica.

Head bent down over the guitar,
he barely seemed to hum; ended "all come home;"
did not smile; came by air;
did not have to come.
The guitar's an event.
Guests of honor can't dance; don't smile.
"Have a home?" a boy asks. "Shall we live in a tent?"
"In a house," Yul answers. His neat cloth hat
has nothing like the glitter reflected on the face
of milkweed-witch seed-brown dominating a palace
that was nothing like the place
where he is now. His deliberate pace
is a king's, however. "You'll have plenty of space."
Yule—Yul log for the Christmas-fire tale-spinner—
of fairy tales that can come true: Yul Brynner.

—MARIANNE MOORE

• •

THE door of the shed flew open and the policeman emerged, followed by a haze of dirty smoke. "Everybody stay calm!" he bellowed. "Get away from the edge of the roof! Stay in one place! All of you, come right here and don't move! Just be calm!" Then he turned back and disappeared. In the silence that followed, there came the tinkling sound of breaking glass. The people drifted away from the edges of the roof, and as they converged toward the center Davis heard the girl saying to Mrs. Proctor, "This is the third fire I been in, and they're all the same. Stand and wait, stand and wait, and never once do I even get spoken to by a fireman, much less carried down a ladder."

Mrs. Proctor smiled, but continued to knead her knuckles. "I'm sure there's no danger," she said. "Only it's so upsetting to be herded around like a flock of sheep. I hate it."

"It's a goddam outrage is what it is," Proctor muttered. "I'm going to call the Commissioner the first goddam minute I get to the office."

"You can say that again," said Stone, holding out his hand. "My name is Luther J. Stone, and this is my wife, and Mr.—uh—Davis."

"How do you do," Proctor said, limply taking Stone's hand and nodding to the others.

To the girl, Stone said, "I'm afraid I didn't catch your name."

She looked at him evenly. "Sturdivant," she said. "Harriet Beecher Sturdivant."

"That's a nice name," he said, and then, turning to Proctor, he went on. "Miss Sturdivant does exercises up here in the morning. That's how she bunked into Mr. Davis."

"I wasn't exercising," Davis said. "I was on my way to the office, and she was coming down. I haven't done any exercise in thirty years."

"But we're all going to start now," said Stone. "Now that we know what's on the roof in the morning." He nudged Davis and laughed.

"You know what's on the roof in the morning?" the girl said, with a faint edge to her voice. "Sea gulls. Sea gulls and pigeons, they come and roost here by the millions, all over the place. There are so many sea gulls and pigeons you can hardly breathe."

There was a short silence.

"Mr. Langworthy here has a dentist's appointment at ten," Davis said briskly. "As far as he's concerned, the fire can go on all day."

They all looked at Langworthy, who was still holding the mink coat and the briefcase, but before he could say anything the girl raised her voice and said, "And I'll tell you something else that's on the roof in the morning, and that's—"

"Please," Davis interrupted. "Let's change the subject, shall we? I don't mean to be rude, but I have an aversion to birds. The mere mention of them makes me sick."

"I'm sorry," the girl said, looking at Stone rather than Davis. "I got carried away." Then, to Proctor, she said, "It's a fascinating study. If I could afford to, I'd write a book about it, but I'm told you need a great deal of money before you can write a book. I mean, it takes so much time, and all that."

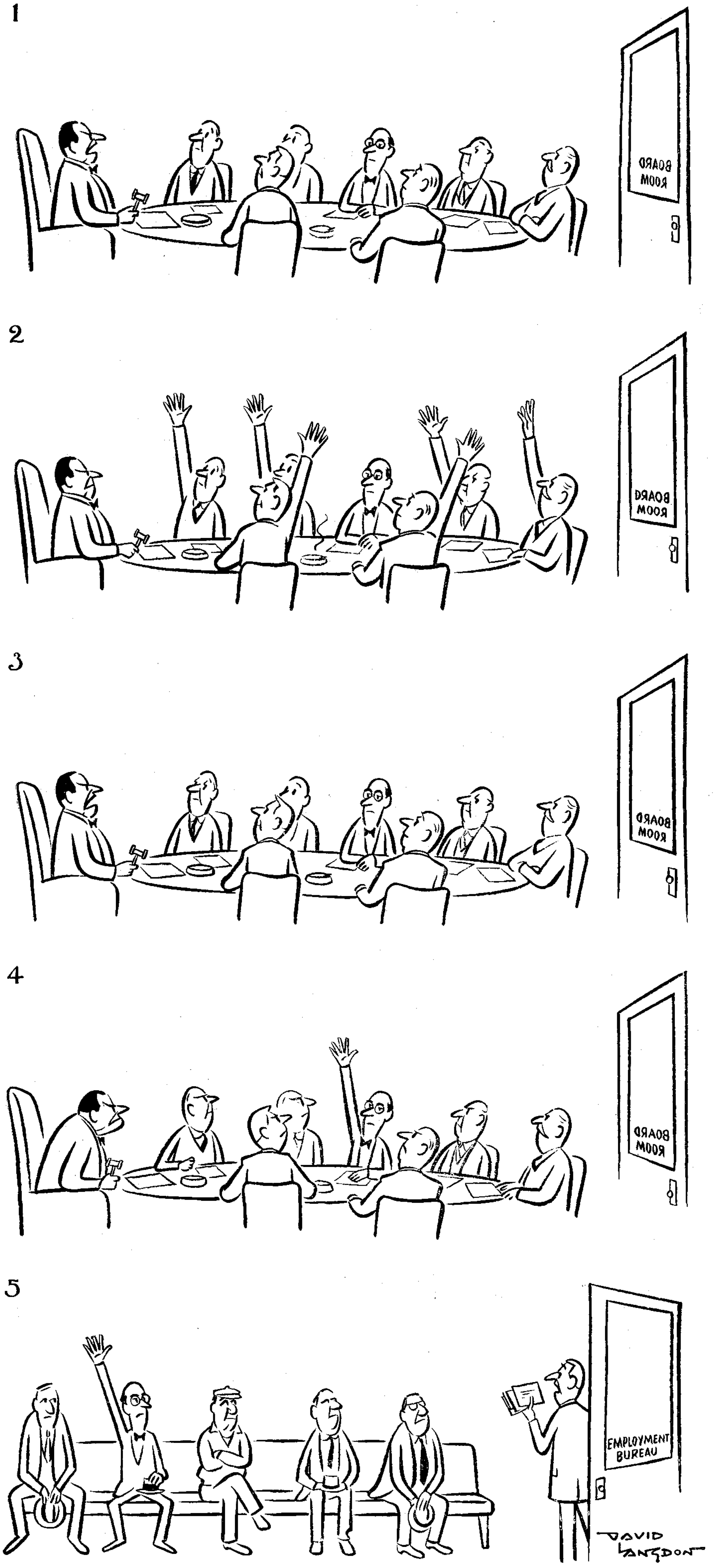
"I don't write," said Proctor. "I dictate."

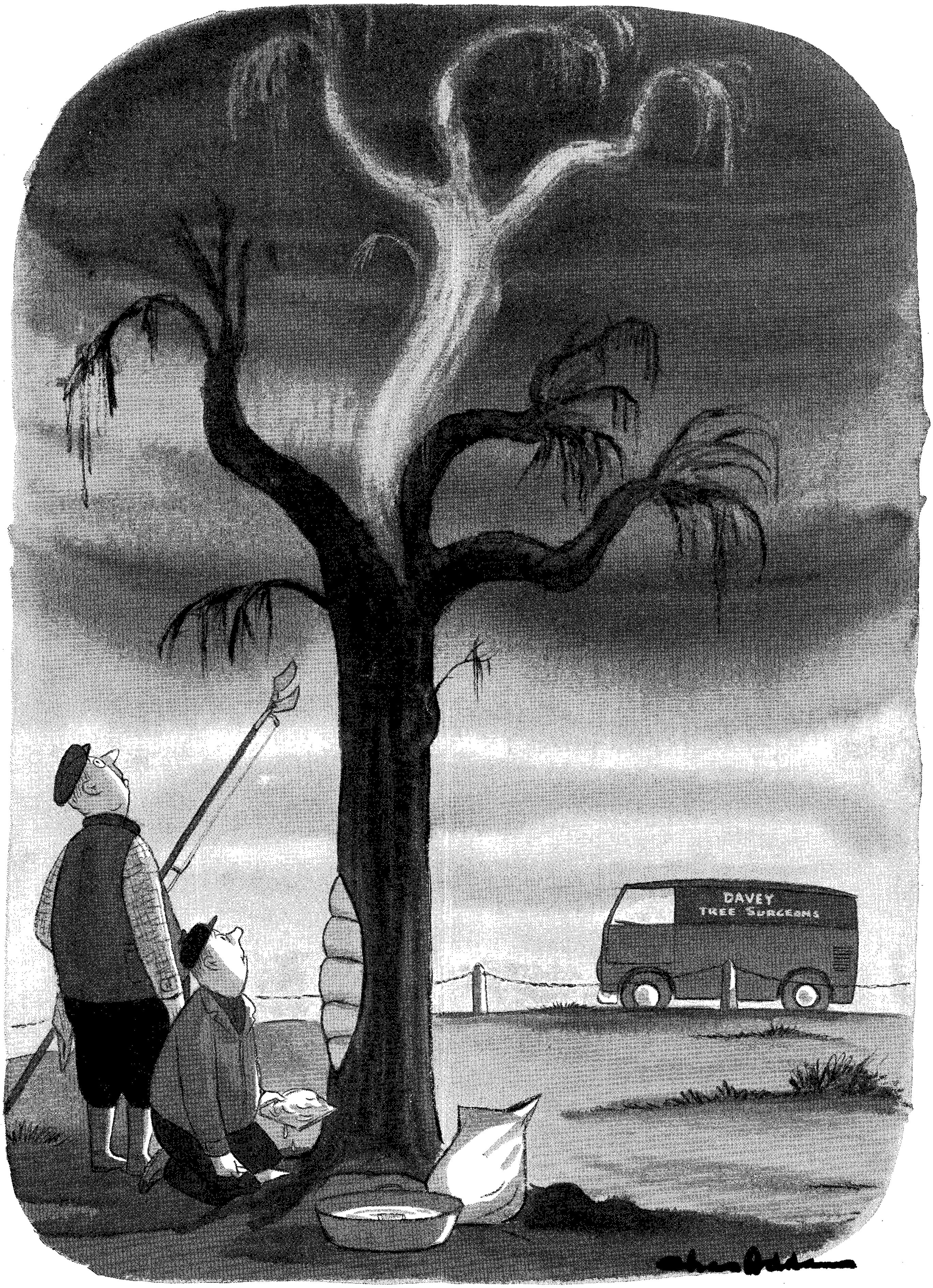
"Yes, I suppose that's quicker," she replied. Suddenly her eyes widened and she laughed and pointed at Davis's feet. "Hey, look!" she said. "You forgot to tie your shoes!"

Everybody looked, and Davis saw that his laces were still stuffed in the shoe tops. "So I did," he muttered, and kneeled down and hurriedly tightened the laces and tied them. The others were quiet, and Davis could almost hear their minds working. It was Stone who spoke first.

"Like I was saying," he said, and began to laugh, "one thing about a fire, you get to know your neighbors."

—NATHANIEL BENCHLEY




DAVEY
TREE SURGEONS

"I'm afraid we're too late."

A DRESSMAKER

Madame Cleaver, late of Bond Street. Modiste and Dressmaker. Evening Gowns, Tailor-Mades, etc. Ladies' own materials made up. Re-modelling a Speciality. 29 C, Mill Lane. Dumbridge. By Appointment.

THOUGH these last two words, "by appointment," suggested something mysteriously grand and official, as though Madame Cleaver had been appointed by Royal Letters Patent *Modiste and Dressmaker* to the ladies of the Lord Lieutenant of the County, they meant in fact that she preferred intending customers to write beforehand—and were generally read as such. As for the Bond Street boast, there was a degree of truth in it. Many years before, she had worked in the sewing room of a real Bond Street establishment, hemming and felling acres of handmade underclothes for the trousseaux of country-bred brides, whose mothers went to Langridge & Harmony because their grandmothers had done so. Later, she returned to her native town, where she married a Dumbridge man, a knacker, and bore him two sons. He died, and the business passed to them. The elder married, the younger took a religious turn and went into an Anglican friary. He was her favorite son, and she was more widowed by his departure than by her husband's death. Yet she lived on in her old home, being useful where she had formerly been essential; for though she knew her daughter-in-law wished her away, she could not think how to comply with that wish. One day as she sat turning a grandchild's overcoat it occurred to her that she might be doing much the same work and getting paid for it. She drew out her savings, rented a small flat in the center of the town, and put her first advertisement in the Dumbridge *Weekly Echo*. Within a week, it had brought her three customers.

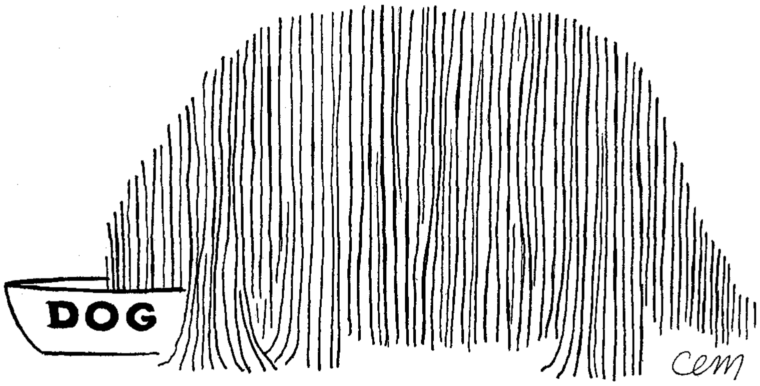
To sit undisturbedly at her task, hearing motor horns and the voices of strangers, instead of the lowings of wretched animals brought for slaughter, made her feel so stately and competent that she never doubted but that work would come and that she would be equal to it. When she received her first commission for a tailored suit she felt no particular trepidation; and when the suit was finished and the customer went away delighted with the fit and charmed by the little piping that gave such an elegant finish to the lining, she was not particularly elated. By studying the fashion papers and somewhat enlarging a good paper pattern she had managed it, just as by studying the cookery book and taking pains over the flavoring she had managed the far less congenial exploit of making black pudding for her husband. Mrs. Jameson's tailor-made brought three more commissions within a month. It was a pity that they were all for suits. Wool is not a very interesting subject. But after the third suit came a most enjoyable dressing gown—purple velours with angel sleeves; and the following year, when the Bishop visited Dumbridge for a confirmation, Susie and Moira Jameson, Anne Nobbs, and Dawn Pulliblank were dressed for the occasion by Madame Cleaver. Such dresses, with their pin tucks, their organ pleats, their little touches of hand embroidery, were a real pleasure to make; nor would her skill be wasted on a single appearance before a bishop, since afterward they could be secularized with colored sashes and necks scooped out, and gone to parties in.

She would have liked to make more dresses for young ladies, dresses that could be dainty, light-hued, silken, and a little fanciful. Unfortunately, the young ladies of Dumbridge preferred to buy what they admired on the improbably ideal contours of the dummies in Wadman's windows, or Sylvester's, or in that new shop on Cornhill called Au Paradis—odd that this should be the French for "paradise," when as a rule words became French by adding an "e," not lopping one off. Her few youthful customers were poor, or prudent, or both; they wanted a skirt to go with a jumper they'd knitted themselves, old coats refurbished, bargain lengths, never long enough, made up. And though her clientele of matrons had come to include several ladies who required something handsome for a formal occasion and would pay anything in reason for it, they preferred colors that would not show the dirt, and styles that would not create remark. As for those evening gowns that still haunted her advertisements, in the course of ten years she had not made as many, and of these five were black, because black does not go out of fashion. But clouds have silver linings; and if Miss Hartley, in black velvet with her real guipure, resembled, try as you might, nothing so much as a first-class railway carriage for royal mourners, she was atoned for by Mrs. Jelks, who twice sang the contralto solos in the Dumbridge and Westpool Choral Society's yearly performance of Handel's "Messiah"—once in shades of heliotrope, once in electric blue. Mary Cleaver attended on both occasions, of which the second was by far the more fulfilling. Like the note of a trumpet, the electric blue dominated the scene, more shimmering than the violins, more imposing than the organ. Bright, and never to be forgotten, was the vision of Mrs. Jelks, her bosom swelling, her skirts unfurling, rising in a torrent of electric blue satin to sing "He Was Despised." But all this was a long time ago, and never to be repeated, since Mrs. Jelks was now singing elsewhere. In Ealing, to be exact, for her husband, a bank manager, had been transferred to the Ealing branch.

At first sight, there was no hint of promise about Mrs. Benson. She did not come by appointment. She did not even ring the street bell. Somehow wandering her way upstairs, she knocked. A certain class distinction attaches to those who knock, and Mary Cleaver, busy just then with a gusset, did not open her door immediately. Admitting an unusually tall woman in a whitey-brown mackintosh with a parcel under her arm, she saw that here was a new customer—but, from the look of her, a customer who would want only a remodelling, of which, at the moment, Mary had more than enough.

"Are you Madame Cleaver?"

The voice was low and slightly gruff. The manner of speech seemed aloof from any real need of a dressmaker, or indeed of any form of clothing other than the whitey-brown mackintosh. But voice and manner established that if this lady knocked it was with no acknowledgment of social inferiority, and that if all she came for was a remodelling the



dressmaker might still feel aggrandized by her coming.

"I want you to make me a dress."

"For afternoon wear? Certainly, Madam. Pray come in."

"My name is Benson, by the way. Mrs. Benson."

It seemed a casual way to introduce a married name.

Mrs. Benson sat down and began to untie the string round her parcel. The sight of her hands startled up an old woe in the dressmaker's heart. When her younger son became a friar, the thought of his poor bare unsheltered feet in sandals had cost her many tears. Mrs. Benson's hands, still parched with last summer's sunshine, with the enlarged joints of those who develop chilblains in the cold months after Christmas, with the unvarnished nails of those who have grown disheartened and let themselves go, reminded her of Reggie's feet.

"I've got the stuff here. Your advertisement said that would be all right."

"Of course, Madam. Ladies naturally prefer their own choice."

Probably some sort of lightweight tweed, or a wool jersey. She would need the comfort of wool, poor lady, as she went up and down, to and fro, in a drafty old house with stone floors. Her hands proclaimed such a life—married, maybe, to one of those gentlemen farmers who were making, or not making, ends meet by Jersey cows, battery hens, foreign pigs; a hard life, somewhere away on the downs, far from Dumbridge and civilization. Whatever the material, it must be good of its kind. No cheap draper would use such quantities of the best tissue paper.

The tissue paper rustled to the floor. Mrs. Benson unfolded a silvery-blue brocade, the color of a winter sea; the color, too, of her eyes, though until the brocade was unwrapped they had not seemed to be of any color at all.

"An evening gown, Madam!"

She unfolded more and more. "Do you think there will be enough?"

"Oh, ample, Madam. I don't know when I've seen a lovelier brocade."

Mary Cleaver went down on her knees to it, as though before a shrine. Piously revelling in its intact beauty and abundance, she longed to get her scissors into it, to transform it into something really stylish. She brought out her fashion books. Mrs. Benson turned the pages like a polite child but without the concentration one would expect of a lady making up her mind on the grave matter of an evening gown. When she spoke, it became clear that her mind was already made up. She knew exactly what she wanted. It was as though the dress were already shaped and tacked and she were describing something before her eyes. And though she seemed ignorant of the commonest dressmaking terms, it was impossible to misapprehend her.

"Yes, Madam. I quite see. What one might call a classic. Now, about the trimming? Some silver lace, perhaps, put on in a formal design. Or do you think it should be sequins? Sequins catch the light so gracefully, I always find."

"I've brought that, too."

She displayed a shell-pink net, crisscrossed with silver, and a brown net of coarser mesh veiling it.

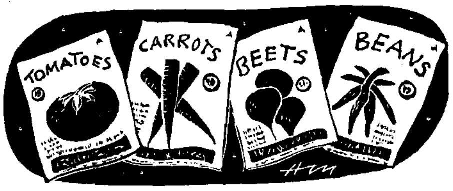
"So! I don't know whether you'd call it a scarf or a drapery. Over the left shoulder—not bunched, though; almost floating. And tied in a large bow with long ends on the right hip."

"Quite unusual."

"Yes."

She took off her raincoat and stood up to be measured. She stood unnaturally erect, as every woman does who is being measured. But in her case, the difference it made was astonishing. Six foot to an inch when she doesn't sag, thought the dressmaker. A minute later, she was thinking that Mrs. Benson's bust was too low, and should have been supported by a firmer bra. It was a curious thing; she couldn't really account for it. Here she was, with an evening gown, fallen from heaven, as it were, when she had been expecting a remodelling, or at best a lightweight tweed; and instead of feeling thrilled and delighted, instead of warming her fancy at this rich blaze, she was picking on every opportunity to be censorious. This was no frame of mind in which to undertake an evening gown.

The loveliness of the blue brocade mitigated her doubts as soon as she was left alone with it. And when Mrs. Benson came for the final fitting, and stood arrayed before the cheval glass, Mary Cleaver had no doubts at all. The dress was downright beautiful, a picture! Even that queer trimming was justified, clouding Mrs. Benson's shoulder and bosom like a vapor, emphasizing that milk-white skin. If only the poor neglected lady could have left off at the wrists and at the base of the neck! But with such a gown, she would of course be wearing long gloves, and on



SUNDAY FISHING

Another minor jungle has been cleared—
tenuous lattices of light and shade
bulldozed from memory, shy things expelled
toward a stopgap refuge, some last ditch
of secrecy—so we may park and pay
for public leisure under blasts of sun
in a brand-new, two-acre wonderland
where red and yellow candy wrappers toss
in the displeasure of a dirty wind.

Even the bite is fixed. The trout that stock
the baby blue of these invented streams
know better than to try and get away;
they shame us by compliance, come in droves,
as if to mock the old prerogatives
which used to let us gamble on our luck
and test our patience under willow trees
while watching all the humors of the sky;
in on the game, these creatures gulp and die.

Tires spin and screech, as bright, insensate fins
threaten each other in their push to church
along the highway, a few feet from us.
What fool thought he could give us Paradise
with gravel walks and whittled redwood signs
and paid-for guarantees? Already flawed,
this garden galls what innocence we have.
Let's throw the rainbows back and take a chance
along some Godforsaken country creek.

—LISEL MUELLER

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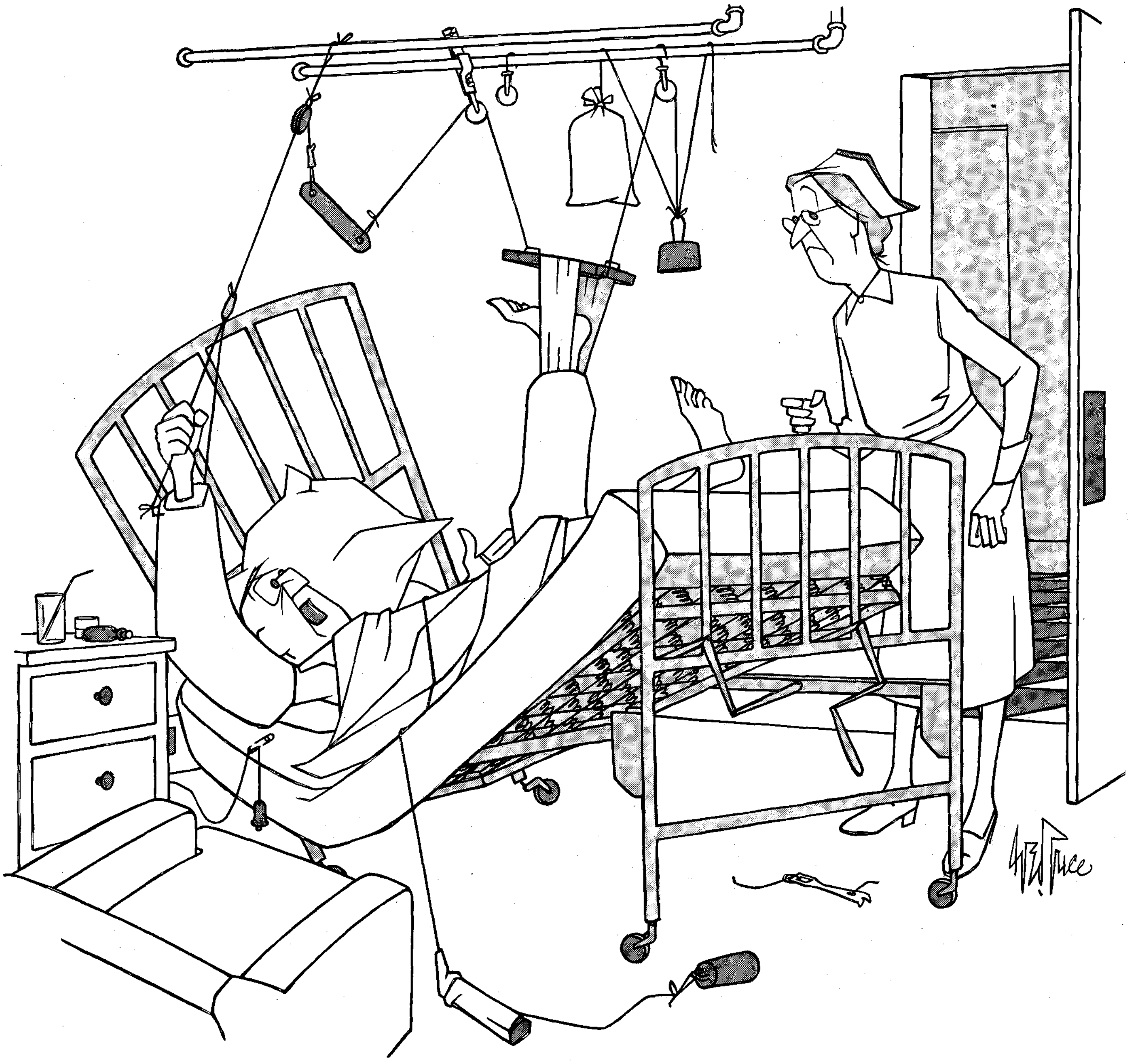


"Something suddenly just went BOING*!"*

• •

the occasion for wearing it a facial and a perm would help surprisingly.

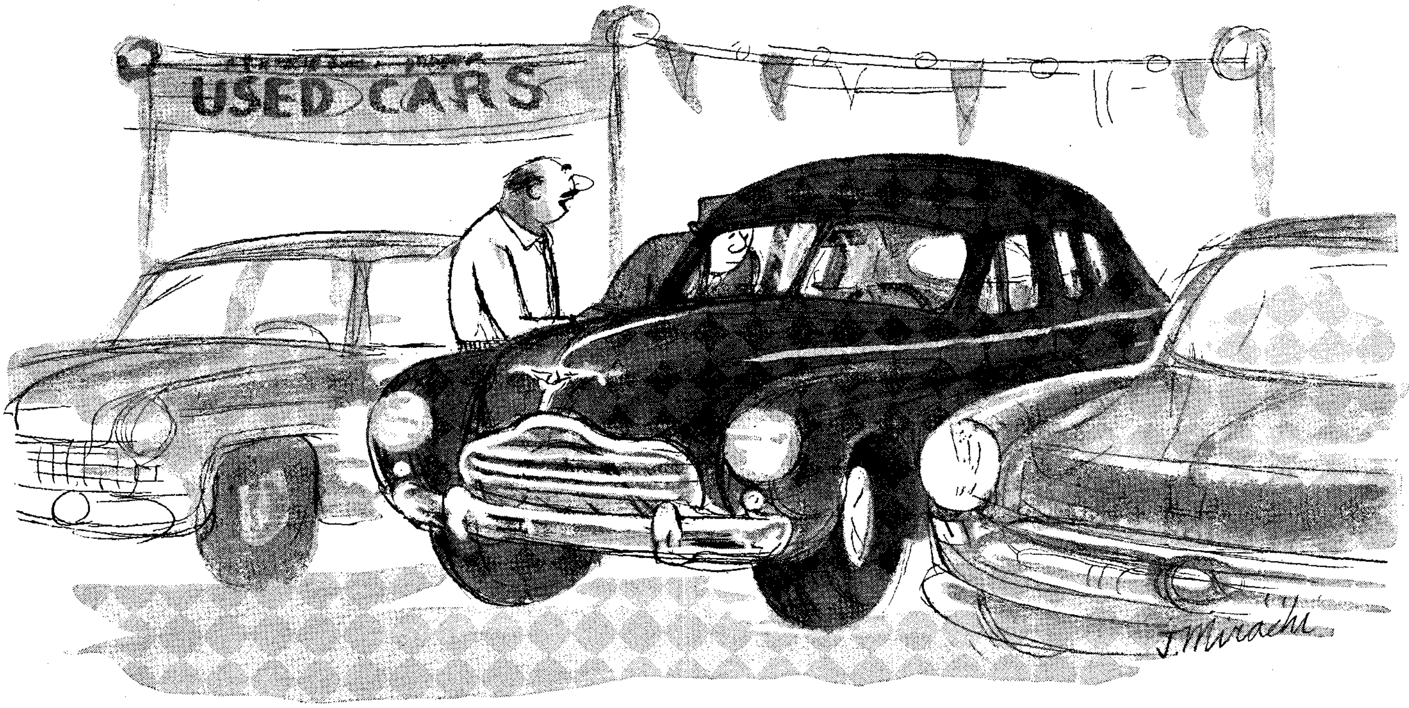
"Where would you wish me to send it, Madam?" Mary had a vision of herself entering the Dumbridge Central Post Office with an arrestingly large parcel addressed to Mrs. Benson, The Ritz, Piccadilly, London.

"I'll call for it next market day."

So might a servant girl have replied.

A week later, she called for it, saying, still like a servant girl, that she would pay now—only she paid with a check, and a bold strong signature. "Georgina Benson."

Small-town dressmakers, dentists, chiropodists, hairdressers—people whose trade lies in individual contacts—practice, from motives of discretion, the secrecy sworn by priests and doctors. Mary Cleaver did not speak of her new client; she did not even mention that she had been making an evening gown. The ambition had been satisfied. The blue evening gown had expanded in her charge like some shining exotic flower; then the flower had been picked, and paid for, and carried away. She would not see it again, and those who saw it would not know it was hers—at least, she supposed not. Mrs. Benson did not seem a particularly acknowledging lady; she was not like Mrs. Jelks. Considerations like these presently accumulated into a slight sense of grievance. Having decided that Mrs. Benson would not come again, the dressmaker found that she was glad of it. It had been too much of a responsibility to handle that expensive brocade, to carry the burden of it unencouraged by any token of appreciation. Her other customers did not think it beneath them to consult her taste, to be guided by her knowledge of what was chic and becoming. With Mrs. Benson, it was more as if a possessed dummy had come to her for clothing, a dummy whose narrow mind knew what it wanted and knew nothing else. Had Mary Cleaver known the word "arbitrary," she would have used it; as it was, she said to herself, "Rather too hoity-toity." And besides, the discrepancy between the shabby lady and the sumptuous apparel shocked her sense of decorum—her sense of decency,



"... and it has all the latest features for that year."

• •

even. How could one be sure that Mrs. Benson would have her hair properly permed and tinted, and remember to buy new shoes, and to hide those battered hands under kid gloves? When Mrs. Arthur Nobbs, arriving by appointment, asked her opinion as to what would be both suitable and practical for the Nobbs Seniors' golden wedding and afterward for sherry and television gatherings, and was so tractably persuaded to renounce an old-gold taffeta in favor of a neat floral-patterned crêpe—the compelling factor being that taffeta cannot stand up to watching television, it rends at the seams—Mary Cleaver felt as if she had woken up in her own bed after a nightmare.

The tacking threads were not out of the neat floral pattern before Mrs. Benson was back again, for another evening gown. This time it was a satin, mahogany-colored. The skirt was to be draped to show a lead-colored petticoat, the trimming to consist of a few lead-colored bows. Three sets of bows had to be made before Mrs. Benson was satisfied with them. It was a cruel gown to make, and would be even crueler to wear. But it was what Mrs. Benson wanted. She said so, standing in front of the glass, intent and motionless. It was as if she would stand there forever, like a tree in a landscape, like an effigy of dark marbles in a church. It needed several recalling fidgets to dislodge her from her dream.

This was in early November. Five months later, she reappeared, and once more it was an evening gown she wanted. Winter had done its worst to Mrs. Benson, but had not tamed her ambition. She brought billows of glistening white gauze, splashed with vermilion and rose and lemon yellow, together with a wide ribbon of mignonette green for a sash—"like an azalea bed," she remarked. Mary was about to ask if Mrs. Benson was fond of gardening—many ladies were, and looked the worse for it—when Mrs. Benson went on, "And after this, there is something else I've been thinking about, something quite different."

"A spring tailor-made, Madam?" Mrs. Benson's daytime appearance made this a natural assumption.

"For sad evenings."

The word "sad" has secondary meanings. It can be used for cakes that have failed to rise, for overcast weather. Mary supposed that the next dress she would make for Mrs. Benson would be for those dusky, clammy evenings when one almost lights a fire but instead puts on a shawl, and she was glad to think that for once Mrs. Benson was facing realities. Mrs. Benson was doing no such thing. The silk she brought, patterned in cloudy arabesques of brown and mulberry and a curious dead slate, was fine as a moth's underwing. Held against the light, it was almost transparent, like a film of dirty water.

"You'll have a slip underneath, of course, Madam. What shade were you thinking of?"

But for once, Mrs. Benson had not got it all planned and settled. She stared at the stuff as people stare at slowly running water, and said nothing.

"It's really quite a problem to know which tint to bring out. Perhaps something quite a contrast . . ."

To aid her decision, since the decision was apparently going to be left to her, Mary Cleaver began to pass the silk through her hands.

"Oh, Madam, look here! I'm afraid it's past making up. It's been left in its folds so long it's quite perished. Look, here's a fray, and here's another. Right across the breadth, you see. I couldn't in honesty undertake it; it would fall to pieces before you'd put it on. What a pity, Madam, what a pity!"

Her concern was professional and genuine, though mixed with some anxiety as to how Mrs. Benson would take this blow.

"So it is. It's been left in its folds too long, just as you say, and now it's perished."

Her tone of voice was airy, serene, a little singsong; false, because the situation demanded a false detachment from a true misfortune. She's taking it so well, thought the dressmaker, abashed to have been in doubt as to how Mrs. Benson would take it. But the gentry are brought up that way, generations of them, taking snuff one moment and having their heads cut off the next. She stole a respectful glance of compassion at this heroine. Mrs. Benson had repossessed herself of the silk, and with an expression of gleeful malice was poking holes in its ruined web. Mary Cleaver blinked and looked away, and afterward tried to convince herself that what she had seen was nothing out of the common, and not in the least horrible. But though nothing more upsetting had happened than the natural decay of a curiously patterned silk, and the silk's lady taking it lightly and as a lady should, Mrs. Benson did not visit Mary Cleaver again. And though they met once more, the meeting was accidental.

IT was in August of that same year. The holiday season had begun, and the weather had broken. Dumbridge was crowded with holidaymakers, who came up from Westpool in search of something more diverting than its wind-beaten esplanade and sodden bathing tents. Not finding it, they cluttered the pavements and swarmed in and out of the shops, listless, irritable, and impeding as wet wasps. Mary accordingly did her household shopping early in the day, while the pavements were still passable and the produce unfingered; but on this particular afternoon she was overtaken by a craving for cucumber sandwiches. She had edged herself through the clot of people who were sheltering from a thundershower under the greengrocer's awning, she had got her cucumber and was making her way out, when she heard a sudden fusillade of titters, exclamations, and guffaws.

"Look at her! I ask you! Did you ever see such a scream? Well, of all the sights! Going to the opera, ducks?"

Other voices, farther along the street, took up the view halloo, and a child cried out, "I don't like her! I don't like her!" and began screaming.

Two nuns came into the shop, one saying to the other, "We must get whichever's cheapest." The crowd made way for them, and through the gap this created Mary caught sight of Mrs. Benson on the opposite side of the street. She was walking slowly along, looking neither to right nor left. There were people on that pavement, too, but they were silent, and shrank back as she passed them. She was bareheaded. She wore her old mackintosh. Below the mackintosh the blue brocade dress hung glittering to the ground and trailed after her.

Mary jostled a nun, elbowed the gapers and jeerers aside, and ran across the street. Old Mr. Bethel, the glovemaker, had come out of his shop and stood wringing his hands. Seeing Mary, his face cleared. "That's right, you go after her, Mrs. Cleaver! I kept her in my shop as long as I could, hoping that someone would come. You're a good woman, God bless you, you'll know what to do. She's the Honorable Mrs. Benson, poor thing!"

As Mary caught up with her, Mrs. Benson began to walk faster, paying no heed to Mary's breathless civilities.

"What a dreadful day, isn't it, Madam? I don't know when I've seen a worse August. Shocking for the harvest, too. Fortunately, I brought my umbrella. It really doesn't do to go out for a moment without one's umbrella, with the weather so changeable."

Making conversation with a dry tongue, and attempting to hold the umbrella over a woman so much taller than herself who persisted in ignoring the attempt, Mary bobbed along beside Mrs. Benson. All very well for Mr. Bethel to say she'd know what to do. Knowing is one thing, doing quite another.

"Dear, dear! Another of these puddles! The Town Council lets everything get into such a state, I don't know what we pay rates for, I'm sure." But Mrs. Benson had set her brogued foot straight into the puddle.

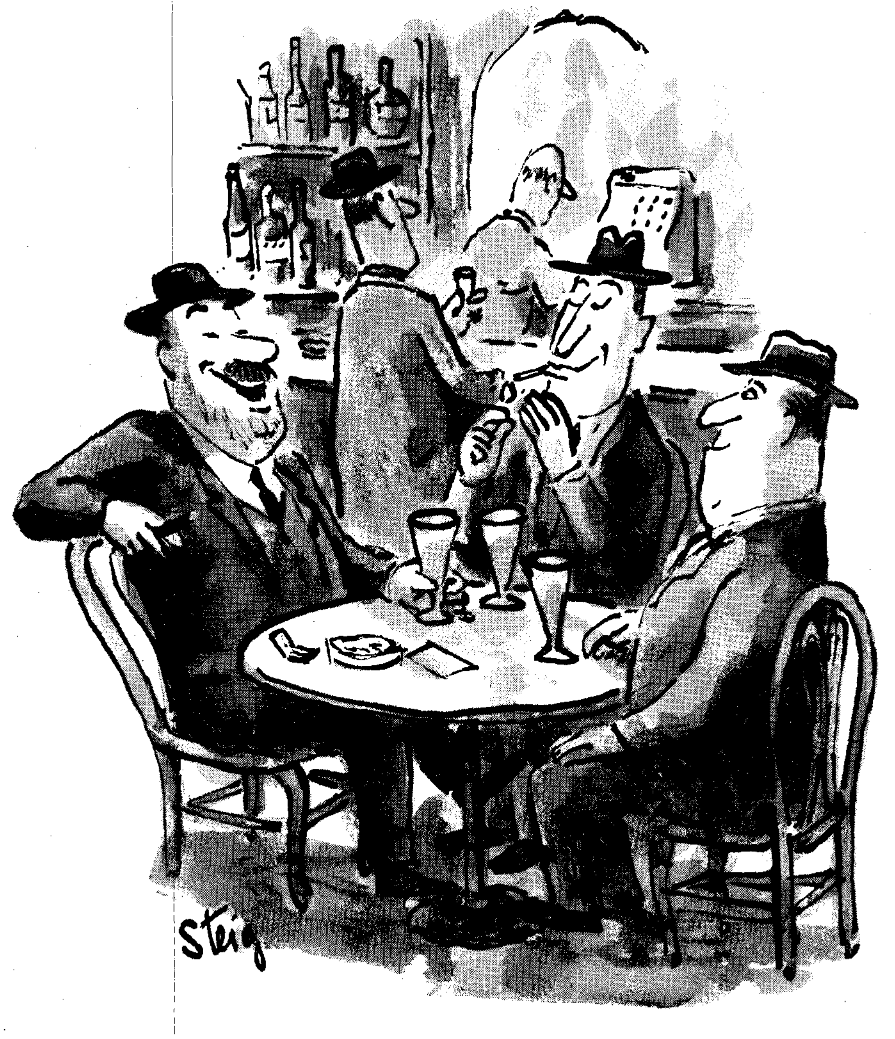
Grieving over Mrs. Benson's hem, Mary forgot Mrs. Benson's head. The umbrella tilted, caught, and unloosed a lock of hair. Three holiday girls, looking silly enough themselves, God knows, with transparent showerproofs over their bikini'd nakedness, tittered. But Mrs. Benson laughed outright, a spontaneous, carefree laugh.

"Now what have you done to me?" she asked, smiling down on Mary's distress.

"Oh Madam, if you'd come home with me, I could set you to rights in a minute. And if—don't think me impertinent!—if you'd stay for a cup of tea, if you would overlook . . ."

"I should be delighted. I adore going out to tea."

She had emerged from her madness like the moon from a cloud. Shedding romance and serenity like the moon, she drank three cups of tea and ate all but one of the cucumber sandwiches, talking of the price of vegetables, and the convenience of gas fires, and of Venice, and Madrid, and Brighton. Discovering that Mary had worked for Langridge & Harmony, she told how she used to go there as a little girl accompanying her mother, to sit watching the fitter, and wishing for a little black



"I ain't got much money, but I ain't got ulcers, either."

velvet pincushion to bob at her waist.

"Miss Dent. I expect you knew her."

"Only by name, Madam. I was a sempstress, making underwear."

"Oh, then no doubt you made all my mother's nightdresses. She was intensely particular." She glanced down at her draggled blue skirts. "I'm afraid you won't think that I am intensely particular."

On the plea of a stitch in time, Mary got Mrs. Benson out of the blue brocade and into a borrowed skirt and pullover. The skirt was too short, the pullover too wide, but the mackintosh covered these defects. Then she accompanied Mrs. Benson to the bus depot, saw her into the bus, and stayed till its departure.

"Goodbye, goodbye! Please ask me again."

The blue dress had been left hanging on the dummy. On her return, Mary's first impression was of something invincibly beautiful and sumptuous; but in fact it was past praying for, mud-stained and cockled with wet from hem to knee. This much was the day's doing, but not all the ill-usage it had suffered. Mrs. Benson must have walked over heaths in it, and through thickets. Burs and sharp grasses were embedded in it, strands of silk had been clawed out by brambles, the delicate net was in shreds and tatters, and dry holly leaves had collected in one loop of the bow, as in a last year's bird's nest. She sponged and pressed and mended it as best she could, made sure of the address from Mr. Bethel, and posted it. Mr. Bethel's mood had hardened. He hoped there was no money owing.

No acknowledgment came, and her skirt and pullover were not returned.

WHEN the street bell rang and the man on the threshold said, "Are you Mrs. Cleaver? I am Dominic Benson," she could only just stop herself from replying, "Yes, I know." Some months had gone by, and she was certainly not expecting him, but she knew him instantly, because in the husband she recognized the wife. It was not merely that he was tall and thin and weather-beaten, and spoke with the same mumbling aloofness. There was a deeper, more inflexible likeness, as if through the years of their married life they had been enforcing that look of fatigue and devil-may-care patience on each other. In silence he followed Mary upstairs and into her sitting room, where the cat gave one glance at him and went out with a blank face, as though he smelled of fever.

"I'm here as my wife's man of business," he said. "I know you did some work for her. Does she owe you anything?"

"No, nothing at all. I hope Mrs. Benson is well."

"She can't have paid you for that last job, I *think*—a dress that came by post."

"It only needed a few repairs, and that was settled in advance. Mrs. Benson owes me nothing."

He pulled out his pocketbook, and cancelled an item in a list.

"I suppose it was because you were cheap."

"I beg your pardon!"

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be rude. But the checks she made out to you are for very small sums compared to the bills she didn't pay. Well, if you're sure it's all right, I'll be going. Goodbye."

"I hope Mrs. Benson is well," she repeated.

He turned back with a movement of his shoulders that was at once exasperated and fatalistically acceptant. "Mrs. Cleaver, did it never occur to you that my wife was not in her right mind?"

"Oh, no! I never thought of such a thing."

"Not even—" He broke off, gave her a furious glare, and continued, "Not even when you met her trailing through Dumbridge in an evening dress? Yes, I know all about it. I got it out of Bethel. And you were very kind to her, and I am very grateful. But why did nobody tell me?"

As though recognizing the futility of this question, he put on an air of cross-examining composure. "When did she first come to you?"

"A year ago. Almost to the day."

"Exactly. By then the others must have been dunning her, so that she was afraid to go back to them. She'd been buying things all over the place—London, Bath, Cheltenham. How was I to guess?" His cross-examining mask had fallen off. His glance stumbled about the room, as though in search of some other listener. "How was I to guess? She always looked so shabby. And when I begged her to get herself something new, something fit to be seen in, she'd put me off with not wasting money. But all the time, she was getting these fantastic fineries."

"One could see she was used to the best."

"I never saw her wearing them, but the milkers did, and the postmen. She used to go out early in the morning and wander for miles. How was I to know? I was at work then, packing eggs to go off in the van. If she was late with breakfast, I supposed she'd overslept. I knew nothing till the morning they pulled her out of the river and brought her home dripping in white satin. Couple of days later—Sunday—she went off again, walked over the downs to Epworth, and turned up at the Wesleyan Chapel in a yellow ball dress. But one can't keep one's wife under lock and key." It was to himself he was talking, reiterating a familiar, hopeless rationalization of his calamity, as an animal in a cage trap turns round and round, unable to remember where it got in, unable to find a way out. "I had her certified."

"Oh, *no*!"

So might a farmer speak of a cow. *I sent her to the knacker.*

Hearing Mary's exclamation, he seemed to catch sight of her. Frowning, and quickly averting his glance, and exaggerating his mumbling aloofness of manner, he said, "They say she'll recover in time, with rest, and proper meals, and warmth, and all the things she didn't have at home. That's what they hope. Meanwhile, I'm trying to clear things up, deal with the debts, deal with those wretched garments—for she mustn't see them again. They'll make an expensive bonfire. I don't know whether you'd be able to do anything with them. Sell them on commission, you know, or buy them outright. I'd be thankful to get something for them, however little."

"I'm afraid you are quite mistaken."

Shock, disapproval, compassion for the woman she had succored, mortification because that same woman had only resorted to her when she could go nowhere else, injured professional pride, a belated, violent realization of the horror she had felt at her husband's trade—all these elements, jostled together, exploded in Mary Cleaver's wrath.

"Yes, Mr. Benson, quite mistaken! I am a dressmaker. I have earned my living as a dressmaker for the last twelve years, and this is the first time anyone has insulted me by taking me for an old-clothes woman. Good morning to you!"

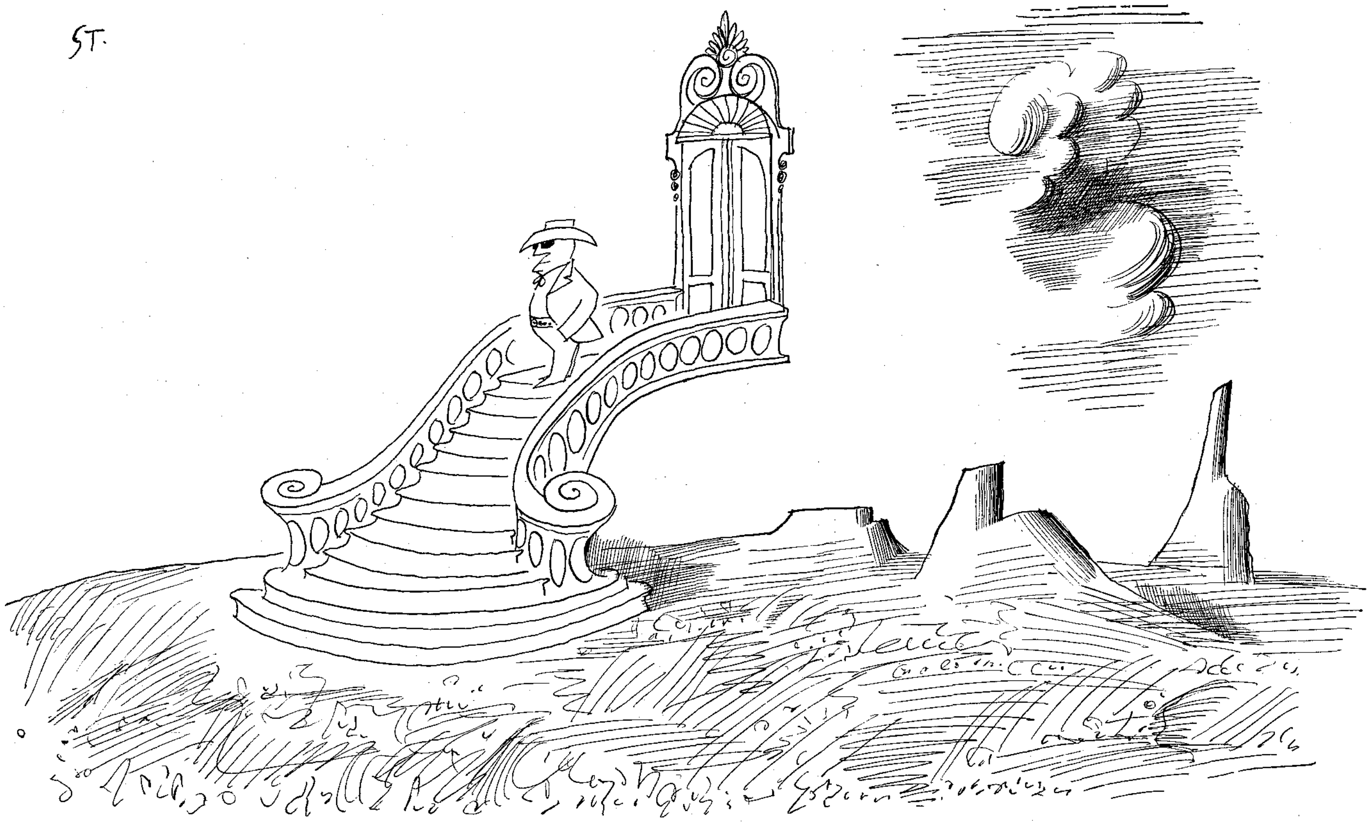
The door slammed to behind him. He was out on the landing, in the company of several empty milk bottles. He noticed them sharply, and thought, These people seem to drink a lot of milk. By the time he reached the street he was shaking with rage, while at the same time waves of self-pity swept over him. Such was his state of mind that he had to spend several minutes looking in at the saddler's window. Leather to leather. Leather suffers long, and is tough. He had endured worse things than being stormed at by an elderly dressmaker standing on her dignity.

—Sylvia Townsend Warner

PROFILES

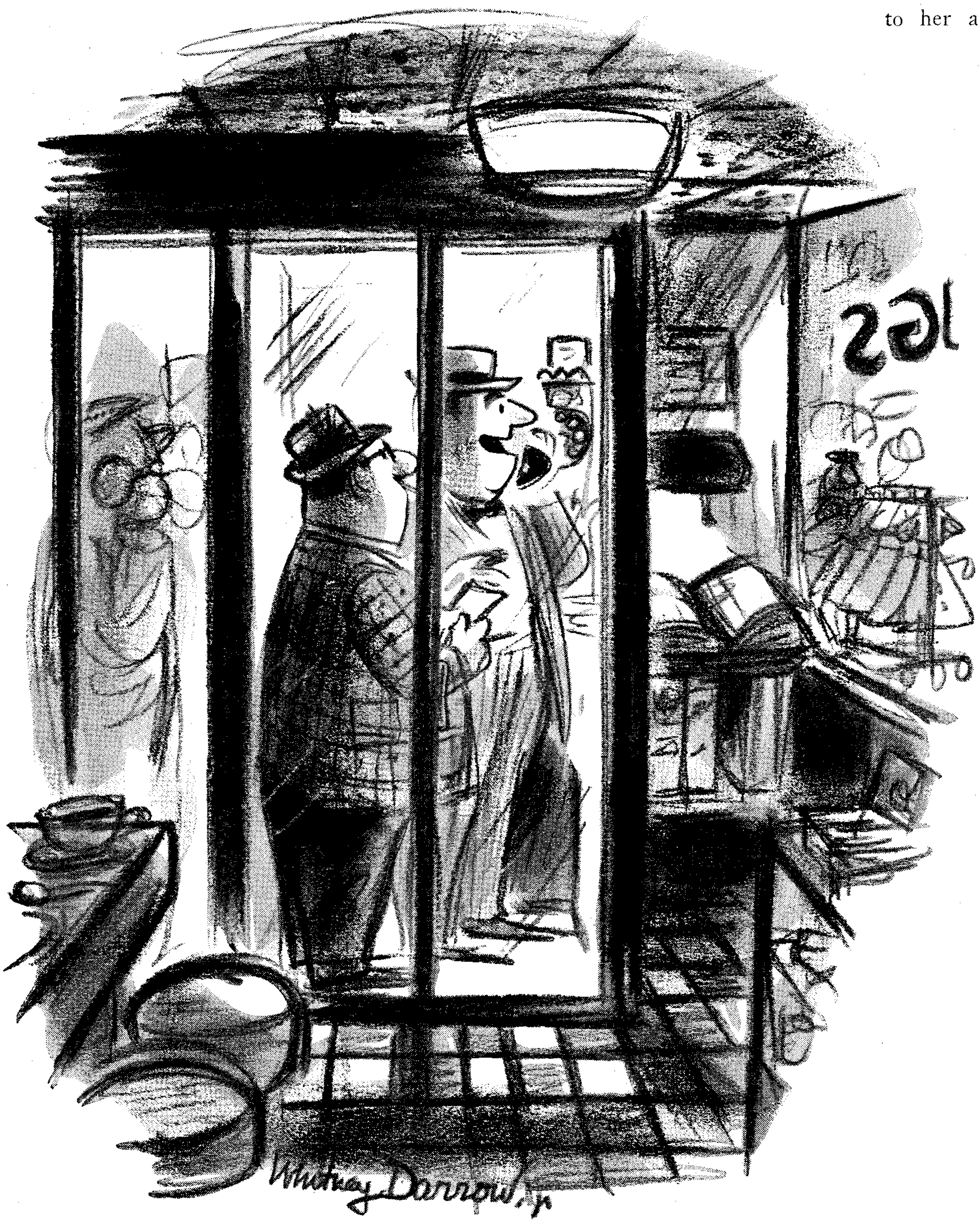
THE SUPER-AMERICAN STATE

VII—PROSPERITY IN THIS



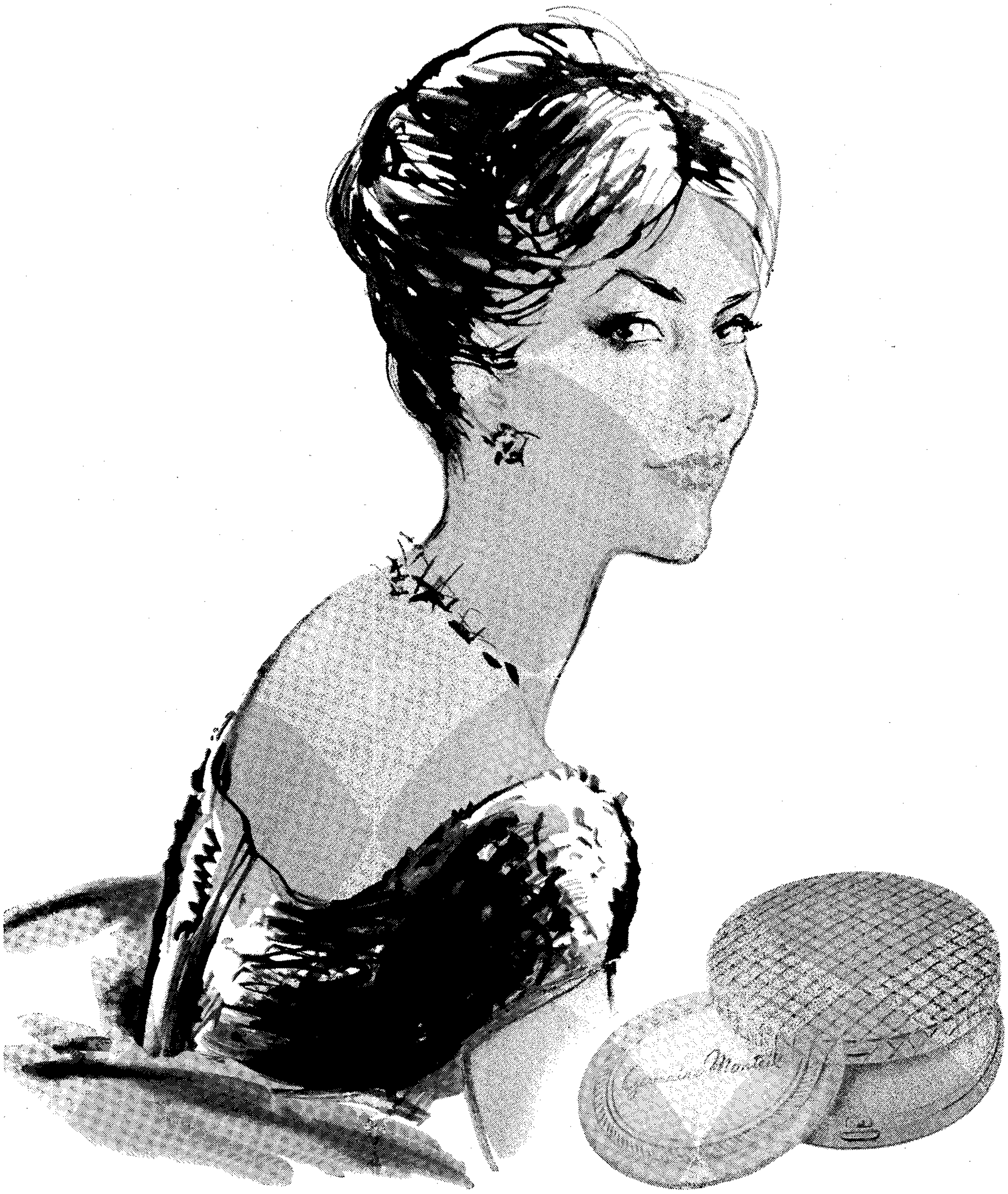
IN Texas—that other America, where everything appears in extra-high relief—there are probably more millionaires than anywhere else in the country who have achieved that nice balance between worship of the golden rule and of the golden calf that is the hallmark of the American rich. Spiritually, Texas millionaires derive from a distinguished line of money-making churchgoers originating in the sixteenth century. Their inspiration was John Calvin. According to the historian Herbert J. Muller, Calvin "made the pursuit of wealth and preservation of property a Christian duty, calling for the same arduous discipline as the warfare against the temptations of the flesh. He exalted the acquisitive virtues of enterprise, diligence, sobriety, frugality, thrift. He invented an ideal type hitherto unknown to religion and culture, a type neither humanistic nor ascetic—the God-fearing businessman." Two centuries later, this novel type came under the shaping influence of John Wesley, who also labored hard to justify the economic ways of man to God. "We must exhort all Christians to gain all they can and to save all they can; that is, in effect, to grow rich," Wesley proclaimed. Nowhere has this punchy doctrine been more enthusiastically embraced than in America, where, as we have more than once been told, a profit has never been without honor. "Let your *Business* ingross the most of your time," Cotton Mather advised the Puritan merchants. Their successors have never wanted for similar welcome encouragement from latter-day shepherds. "The American ministers of the Gospel do not attempt to draw or fix all the thoughts of man upon the life to come," de Tocqueville remarked, adding that "it is often difficult to ascertain from their discourses whether the principal object of religion is to procure eternal felicity in the other world or prosperity in this." The difficulty lingers on. For the benefit of reporters meeting him at the Dallas airport last year, Dr. Norman Vincent Peale delivered a sermonette in which he said, "Success isn't the thing we should aim at—not material success. But if we become a success with ourselves, then material success may follow as a result of our changed outlook." Though the object of our religion has often induced perplexity in visitors, none has failed to be impressed by its ubiquity. "On my arrival in the United States, the religious aspect of the country was the first thing that struck my attention," wrote de Tocqueville, who went on to note that in this country religion is "mingled with all the habits of the nation and all the feelings of patriotism, whence it derives a peculiar force." Anybody who thought we had religion back in those days ought to see us now, when we are enjoying what Dr. William Franklin (Billy) Graham has called "the greatest religious revival in American history." The so-called "surge of piety" began during the Second World War, and at present a hundred and twelve million Americans, or better than three out of every five, are church-connected, to use a trade term. That is the highest ratio to population in our history; a hundred years ago it was about one in five. A Gallup Poll taken in 1960 revealed that although only fifty-five per cent of us believe that Christ will return to earth, we are considerably more optimistic about our ultimate personal future. Of those who were asked the question "Do you believe there is, or is not, a life after death?," seventy-four per cent answered affirmatively and only fourteen per cent negatively; the rest replied, with a certain air of reasonableness, "Can't say." It is likely that believers in the life to come will increase in the next generation, since our Sunday schools now have an enrollment of forty-two million and are steadily expanding. In an effort to keep pace with the piety explosion, Americans in 1960 poured a billion dollars into the construction of new churches—more than thirteen per cent of the total spent on public building in the country.

Yet the statistics, however engrossing, can barely indicate the dimensions of the religious boom, which has become so much a part of daily life that we tend to overlook its scope and excitement. By now, we have become accustomed to best-sellers written by ecclesiastics; to the monthly distribution of suitable volumes to members of the Religious Book Club; and to the popularity of titles like "Peace of Soul," "Peace of Mind," "The Day Christ Was Born," "The Day Christ Died," "God Our Contemporary," "God Keeps an Open House," "Pray Your Weight Away," "The Power of Prayer on Plants," and other inspiring works. We expect to find clergymen performing on radio and television; pious tunes in the jukeboxes (Eric Goldman has noted such favorites as "Big Fellow in the Sky" and "The Fellow Upstairs"); billboards and other mass media being used to urge us to stay together by worshipping together; and acceptance of the fact that to be properly church-connected is a must for those on the way up. "In today's resurgence of religion, the churches are more important to the rising socialite than ever before, and clients are usually advised to become active in theirs," a New York woman who specializes in press agentry for social aspirants is quoted as saying in "The Private World of High Society: Its Rules & Rituals," a new handbook by Lucy Kavaler, who supplies chapter and verse: "The only note I must add to her advice is that it presupposes membership in the 'right' faith. North, South, East, West, members of the Episcopal Church are best—in terms of social ranking. Next come the Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Unitarians, Methodists, Lutherans, and Baptists, in just about that order. . . . In New York, public-relations firms guide their clients to such top-ranking churches as St. James Protestant Episcopal Church, St. Thomas Protestant Episcopal Church, St. Bartholomew's Church (Episcopal), Holy Trinity Church (Episcopal), Brick Presbyterian Church, Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, and Central Presbyterian Church (not so widely known as the others, but extremely fashionable)." Religion has become so important in Hollywood that the fan magazine *Modern Screen* was able to please its readers with a series of articles soberly titled "How the Stars Found Faith." Piper Laurie, it was revealed, has reached the place in her spiritual development where she refers to the Almighty as "Good Old God," and Jane Russell has a similar crush. "I love God," Miss Russell has declared. "And when you get to know Him, you find He's a Livin' Doll."



"Now, if you'll just hold on a minute, sir, I'll have my secretary switch you over to my partner."

If Americans are the world's "churchgoingest" people, as the Reverend Granville T. Walker, pas-



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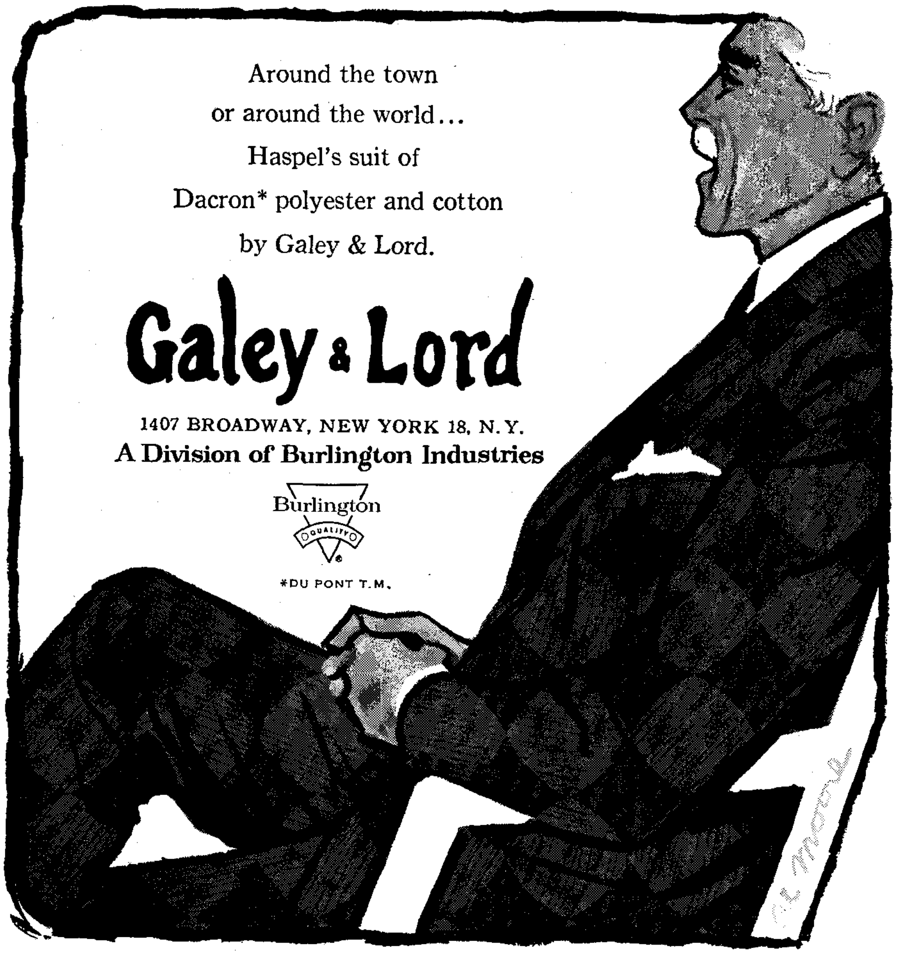

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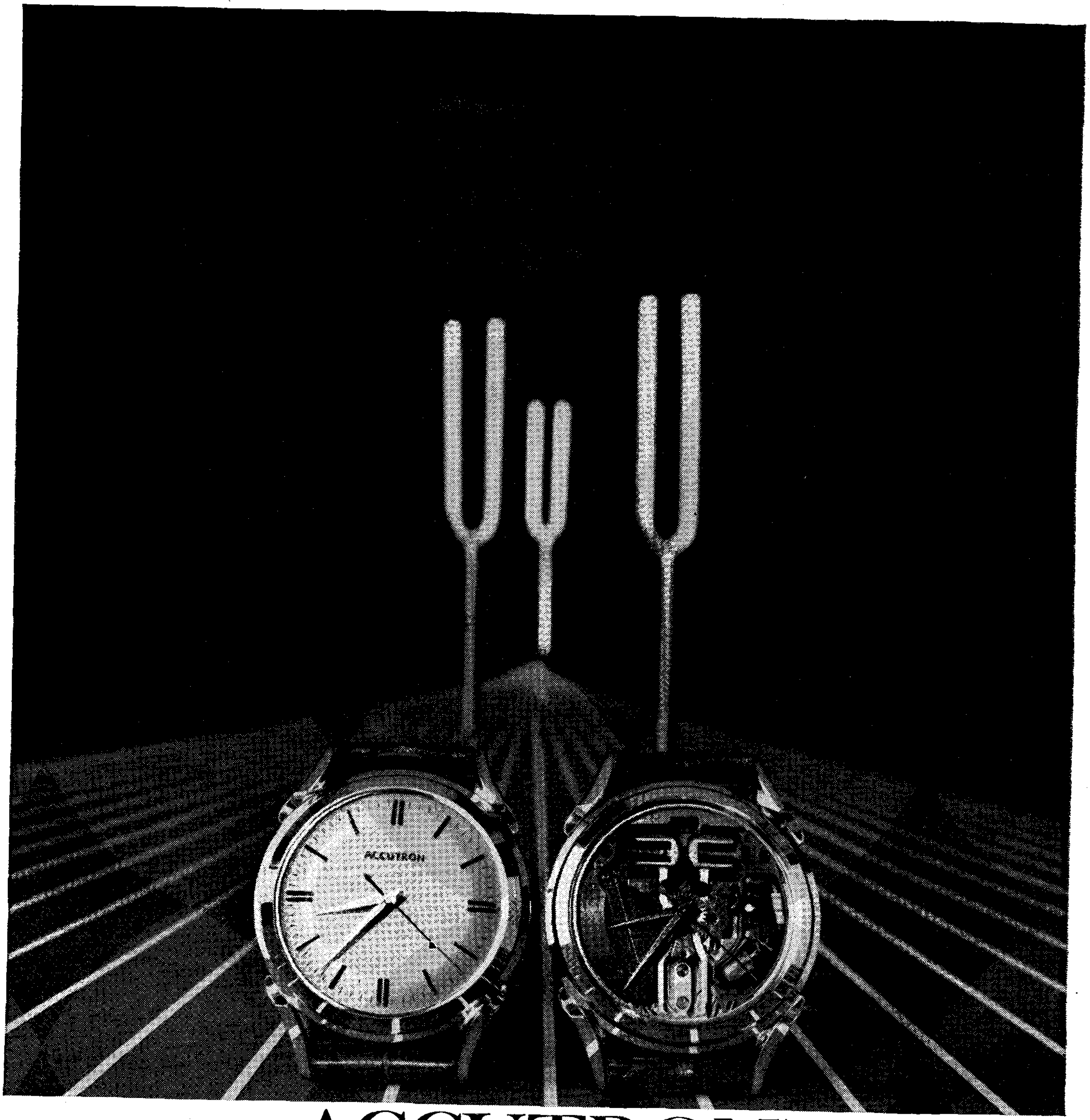
tor of the University Christian Church, in Fort Worth, said in 1960 after returning from a tour of Europe, they must give an extraordinary share of the credit for the achievement to Texans like those in Reverend Mr. Walker's own flock. "On any average Sunday," he has remarked, "I have more people in my congregation than worship in Westminster Abbey or Notre Dame." The same statement could be made by scores of other clergymen throughout the state, and would not be doubted by any visitor who has tried to reach Texans at home between around ten o'clock and one o'clock on Sundays. During those hours, crowds and traffic jams mark the sites of churches, which are, as elsewhere in the United States—only, as might be expected, more so—predominantly Protestant. In Texas, eighty per cent of the churchgoers belong to one of several Protestant denominations, nineteen per cent are Catholic, and one per cent are Jewish. The Baptists, with thirty-nine per cent of all adult church members, are by far the largest faith in Texas. They are also the richest. The Baptist General Convention of Texas conducts its far-ranging affairs on a yearly budget of some thirteen million dollars, which is approximately three times as much as the state spends annually to operate its judicial system. Whereas most Texas communities have but one courthouse, the churches seem as plentiful as filling stations. Waco, for example, has some hundred thousand residents and a hundred and twenty-two churches—a ratio between population and places of worship that, Séan O'Faoláin was surprised to discover, is even higher than in his native Ireland. Waco is no exception; Tyler, with fifty thousand citizens, and Midland, with sixty-eight thousand, have ninety-four and eighty-two churches, respectively. Appropriately, Dallas, the banking capital of the state, is also its religious capital. In addition to being a diocesan seat of the Roman Catholic and Episcopal Churches, Dallas supports the largest Southern Baptist, Methodist, and Southern Presbyterian congregations in the United States. Citizens of Dallas can choose among some eight hundred churches. The biggest—the First Baptist Church, situated in the downtown area—has twelve thousand members, including Billy Graham; employs a staff of fifty; maintains a Sunday school of eighty-seven departments and more than six hundred classes; owns, in addition to its edifice, a seven-story parking and recreational building, containing a university-sized gymnasium, four bowling lanes, and a skating rink; and has an



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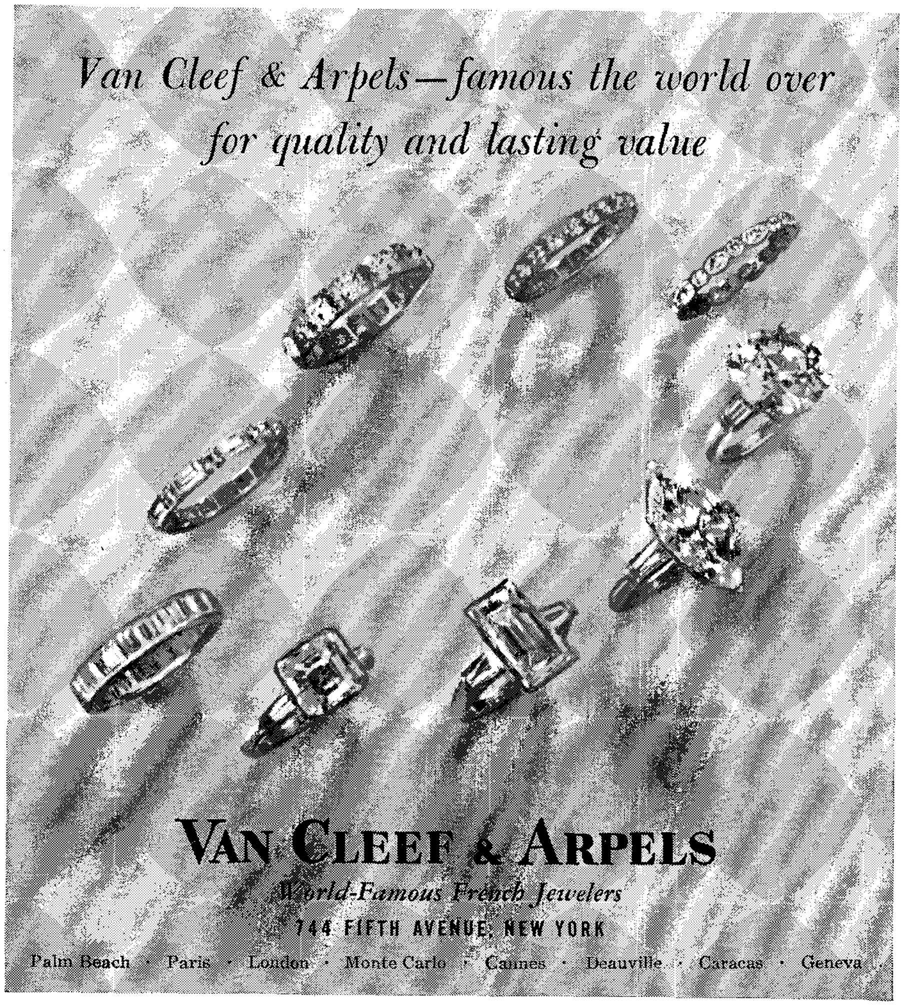
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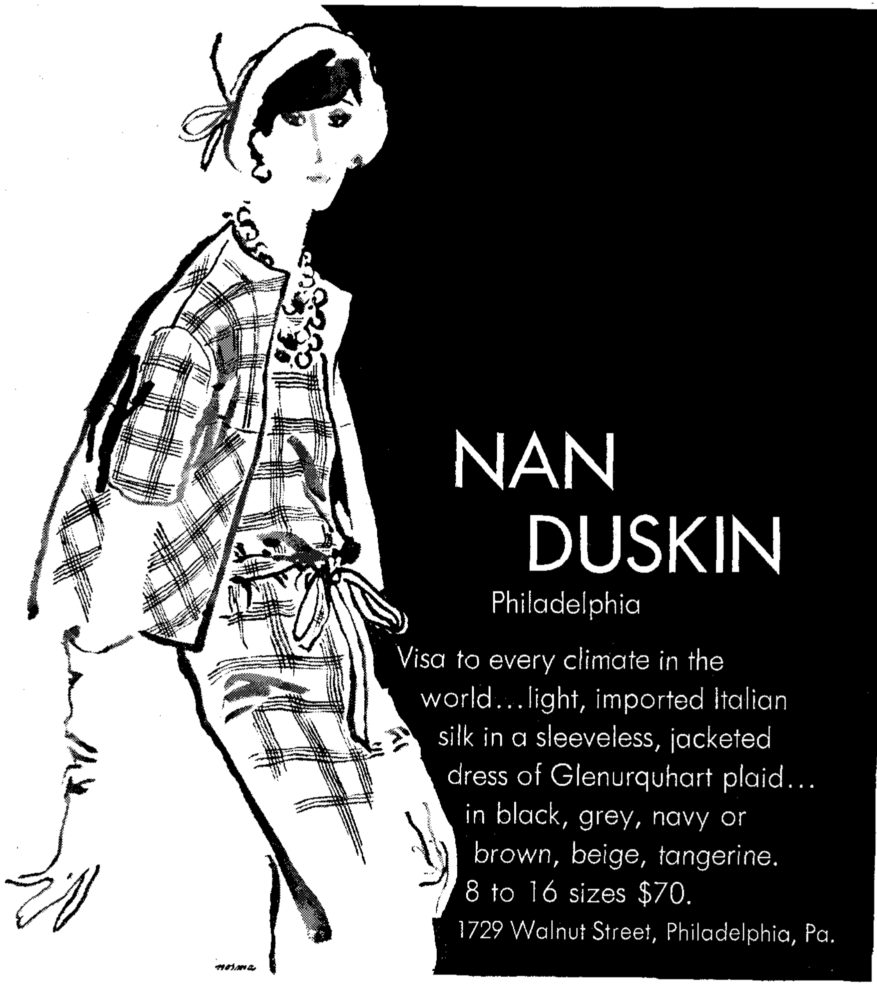
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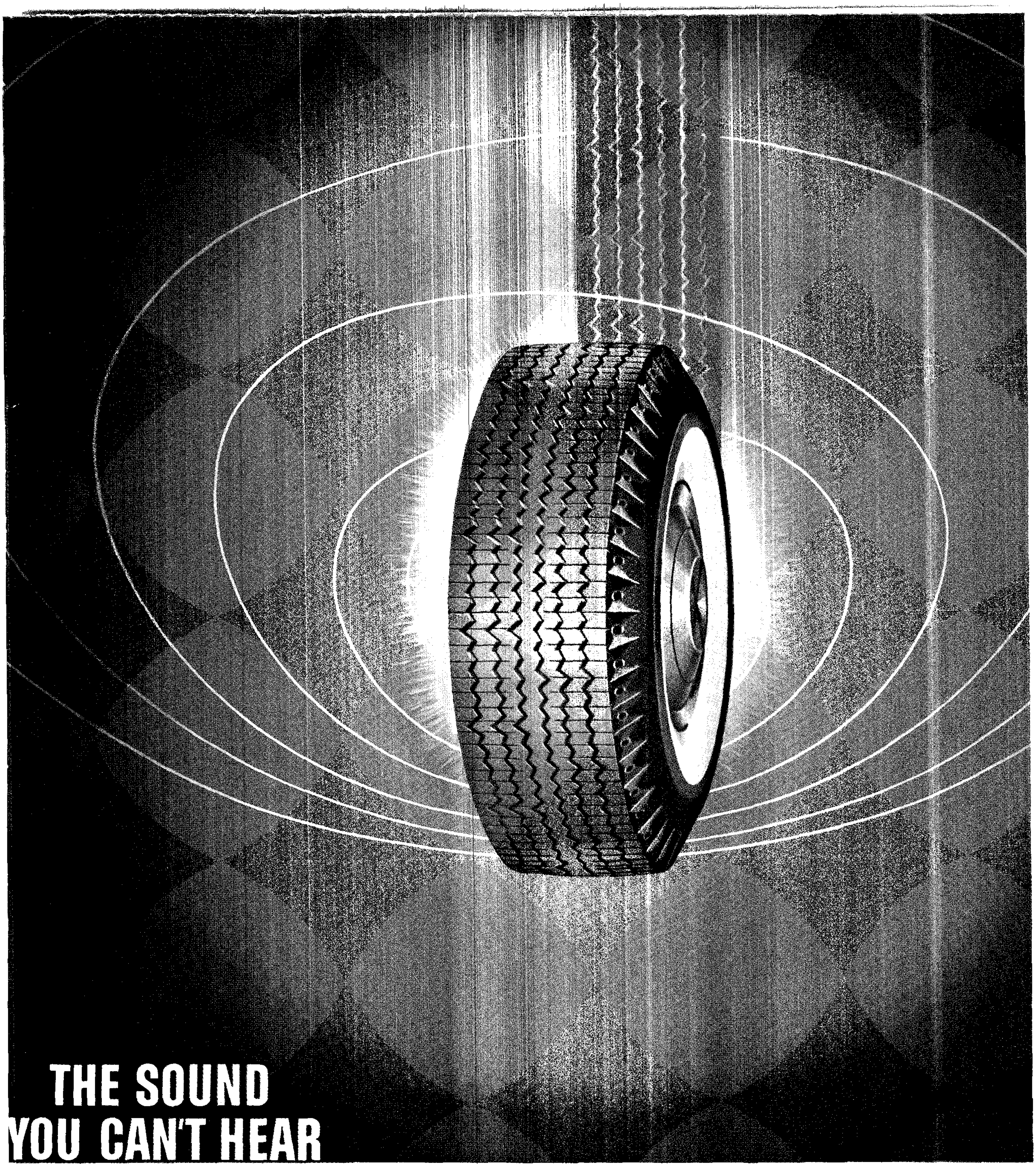
operating budget for the current year of a million one hundred and ninety-five thousand dollars. "This is probably the most stupendous financial program ever undertaken by any church in the history of Christendom," the Reverend Dr. W. A. Criswell, pastor of the church, told his congregation in presenting the 1961 budget. Undismayed, they promptly oversubscribed it, thus recording their customary annual vote of confidence in Dr. Criswell, a firm-jawed fifty-one-year-old native of Oklahoma who was called to the ministry at the age of six. During his student days, he served as minister in the small Texas community of Pulltight, and for the past seventeen years has been making a name for himself by rapping Roman Catholicism (the election of John F. Kennedy, warned Dr. Criswell during the campaign, would "spell the death of a free church in a free state"), integration ("a thing of idiocy and foolishness"), and evolution ("a hoax perpetrated by the wild imagination of blind, misguided scientists"), and in other ways fighting the good fight, as he sees it. The Highland Park Presbyterian Church of Dallas, though small by Baptist standards, has some five thousand members (making it the largest Southern Presbyterian congregation in the country) and uses a card-indexing system to record vital information about each parishioner, including talents and hobbies. On a typical Sabbath in Dallas, around seventy-five thousand people turn out for Sunday school. They are by no means all youngsters, since in Texas attendance at Sunday school ceases only with death, and classes for grownups are taught by many of the state's leading citizens, including the Governor.

In addition to the abundance of churches, which provides the most obvious evidence of the importance of religion in Super-American life, exhibits of a similar nature, large and small, steadily confront the visitor from the moment he enters the state. Driving in from the west on a summer night, he may pass, on U. S. Highway 62, near El Paso, an illuminated sign of the dimensions used by drive-in movie theatres, which asks, courtesy of the Assembly of God Church, "YOU THINK IT'S HOT HERE?" As he proceeds eastward, he is everywhere struck by the number of church-supported colleges, universities, hospitals, and bookstores, as well as by the amount of new-church construction and old-church expansion, to say nothing of religious installations of a more novel nature. Perhaps the most attractive of these is the Chapel in the Sky,



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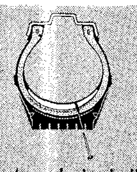

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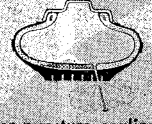

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IF, as the British novelist Walter L. George once remarked, "the newspaper exhibition of the national character is the national character seen under a magnifying glass," the newspapers in Texas might be expected to bring out, perhaps better than anything else, the religious temper of the community. They do, daily and Sunday, in the news and editorial columns and also on the advertising pages. On Saturdays, the newspapers usually contain, in addition to notices placed by individual churches, full-page institutional-type spreads bearing a Biblical message and an exhortation to go to church. ("A Church-Going Family Is a Happier Family"—Tyler *Telegraph.*) These are jointly paid for by a number of local business concerns and individuals, whose names are listed but, as the sentiment is phrased in the Waxahachie *Daily Light,* "Who Want as Their Only Return to See a Greater Church Attendance." From time to time, religious matters are

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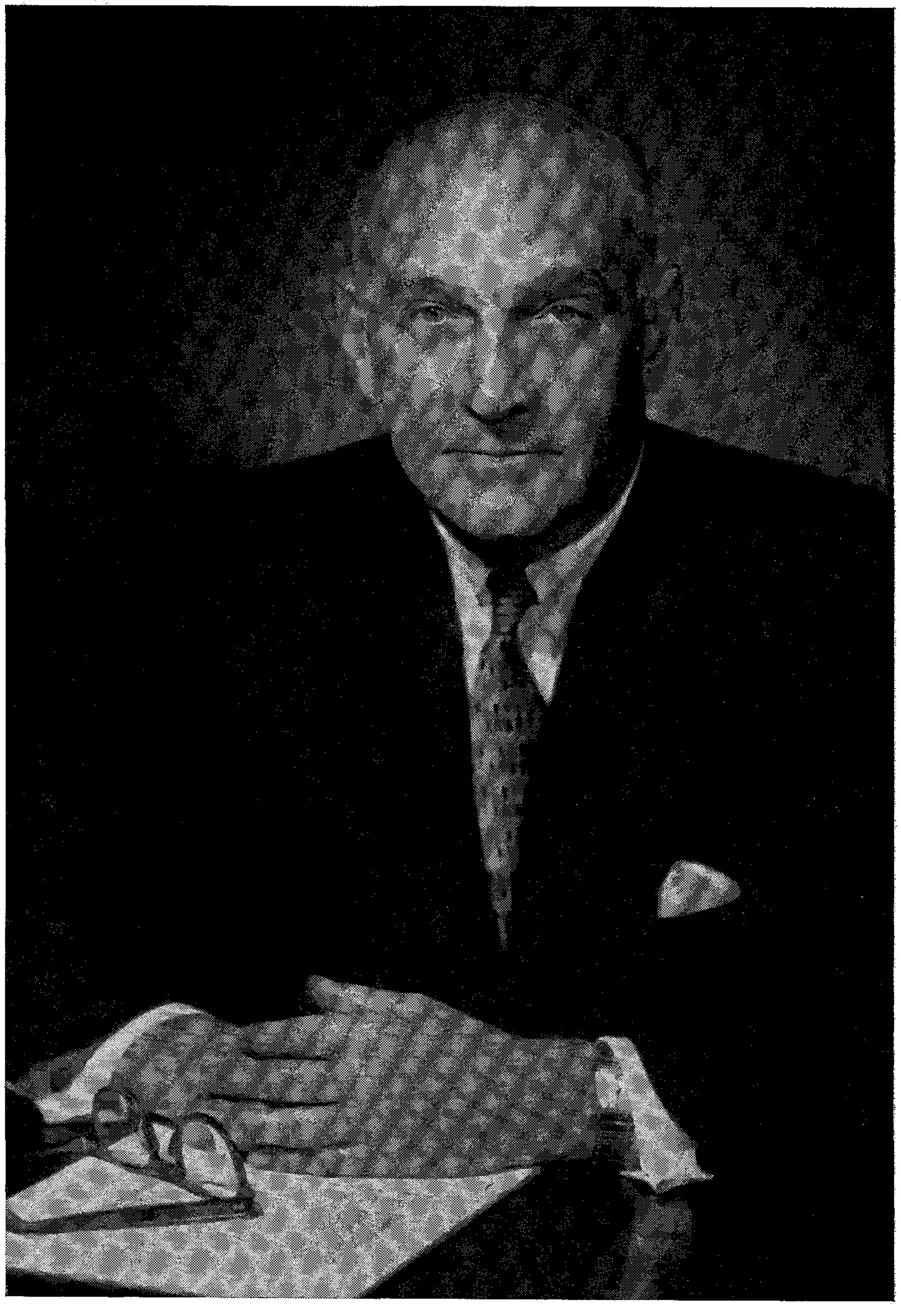

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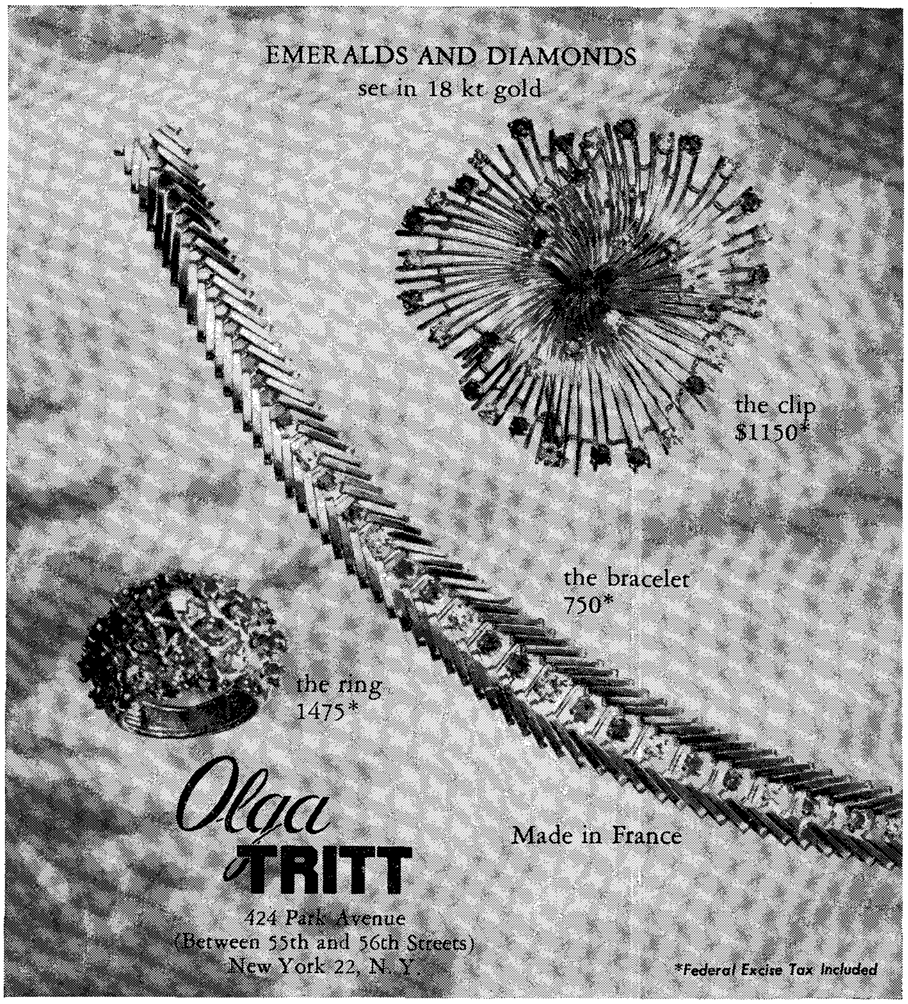
discussed in editorials, such as a recent one in the Dallas *News* titled "Pulpit Technique" ("Results come from simplicity, sincerity and inspiration . . . the Bible has few six-bit words"), and obituaries in Texas newspapers give prominence to the religious affiliation of the deceased by stating it near the beginning of the story. It is the columns of general news, however, that offer the most rewarding coverage of the religious front, concentrating on men of the cloth, both local and national. Among the latter, perhaps none enjoys greater popularity in Texas than Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, whose books and weekly column are syndicated in many Texas newspapers and who is also in wide demand as a speaker before large groups, such as the convention of the Southern Gas Association. On his latest speaking trip to Dallas, eighty-five hundred people turned out to hear "the internationally known author, philosopher, and humanitarian," as Dr. Peale is customarily referred to in the local papers, who stated positively that the world's chief problems today stem from a lack of enough "tough-minded" people to solve them. "A man with fifty problems is twice as alive as a man with twenty-five," he explained. "If you haven't got any problems, you should get down on your knees and ask, 'Lord, don't you trust me any more?' " Whereas Dr. Peale is ordinarily news in the Texas papers only when visiting there, Billy Graham, another newspaper pet, is seldom out of print, even when out of sight. When he went to Africa last year on a two-month "Safari for Souls," the papers reported his progress in almost daily stories and photographs, including one showing him being kissed by a camel.

To supplement the straight religious news, Texas papers print an imposing volume of syndicated religious columns and similar features, including, besides Dr. Peale's "Confident Living" and Billy Graham's "My Answer," the commercially marketed works of such nationally known churchmen and part-time writers as Father Keller and Bishop Fulton J. Sheen. Other popular syndicated features include "The Power of Faith," "The Shepherd," "Children of the Bible," "Bible Digest," and "The Country Parson," the last consisting of a drawing of a bespectacled clergyman in a broad-brimmed hat, a frock coat, and a string tie who makes pithy comments, such as "Two half-truths don't make a truth," or "We live in an age of plenty—plenty of goods and plenty of bads." A feature that appeals to the local cognoscenti, "Instant Bible Quiz,"



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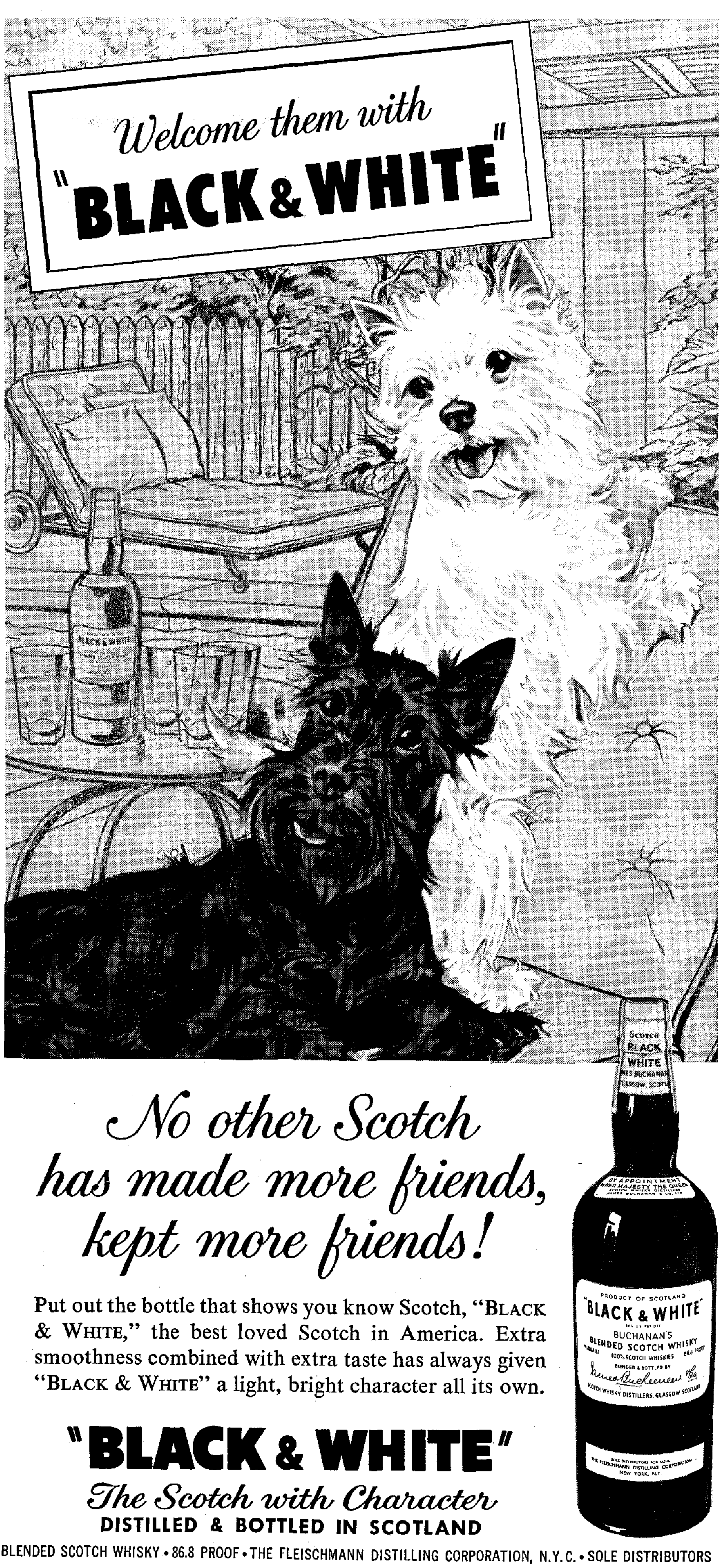
gives them a snappy mental workout: "Stunned by the refusal of his queen to appear at his royal cocktail party, what Persian king sent out a decree against 'henpecking'? Esther 1:2-22." Supplementing the syndicated features is an impressive amount of locally produced religious material. The Houston *Post*, for example, every day prints a boxed item on page 1 called "Today's Prayer." Contributed by readers, the prayers as a rule are quite simple ("O Lord, help me to understand that You're not going to let anything come my way that You and I together can't handle"), though some are quite stylish ("The sky is blue, the sun is bright, Thou, Lord, has kept me safe all night. Help me, by all I do or say, to make today a happy day"). The high seriousness with which readers regard "Today's Prayer" is revealed in a recent exchange in the *Post's* letters-to-the-editor department. A reader named Mrs. Earl Davidson complained, "I have sent in twice two original prayers and one copied, with my name and address; but they prefer to print those sent in by unsigned readers who are ashamed to admit that they believe in God or prayer." She received this soothing reply: "The prayer editor says he prefers to believe that some prayers come in unsigned because of Christian humility rather than shame. He says prayers are used in the order received."

IN addition to the great spiritual progress implicit in the religious boom that has swept Texas and the rest of the country, the movement has brought a mundane but not unwelcome increase in religious giving, which, according to a report of the National Council of Churches, has now reached the record peak of four billion dollars a year. This sum, substantial though it is in the aggregate, represents, as church people like to point out, a per-capita contribution of only forty-three cents a week, or less than the price of a movie. The national average would be noticeably more modest were it not for the God-fearing millionaires of Texas, who are possibly more stalwart in their financial support of religion than any other group to be found here below. A great many of them make a habit of tithing. For example, when Toddie Lee Wynne, a Dallas oilman and Presbyterian, sold his American Liberty Oil Company, in 1957, for a net profit of twenty million dollars, he promptly gave the Texas Presbyterian Foundation a check for two million. In 1958, a Houston builder and sub-



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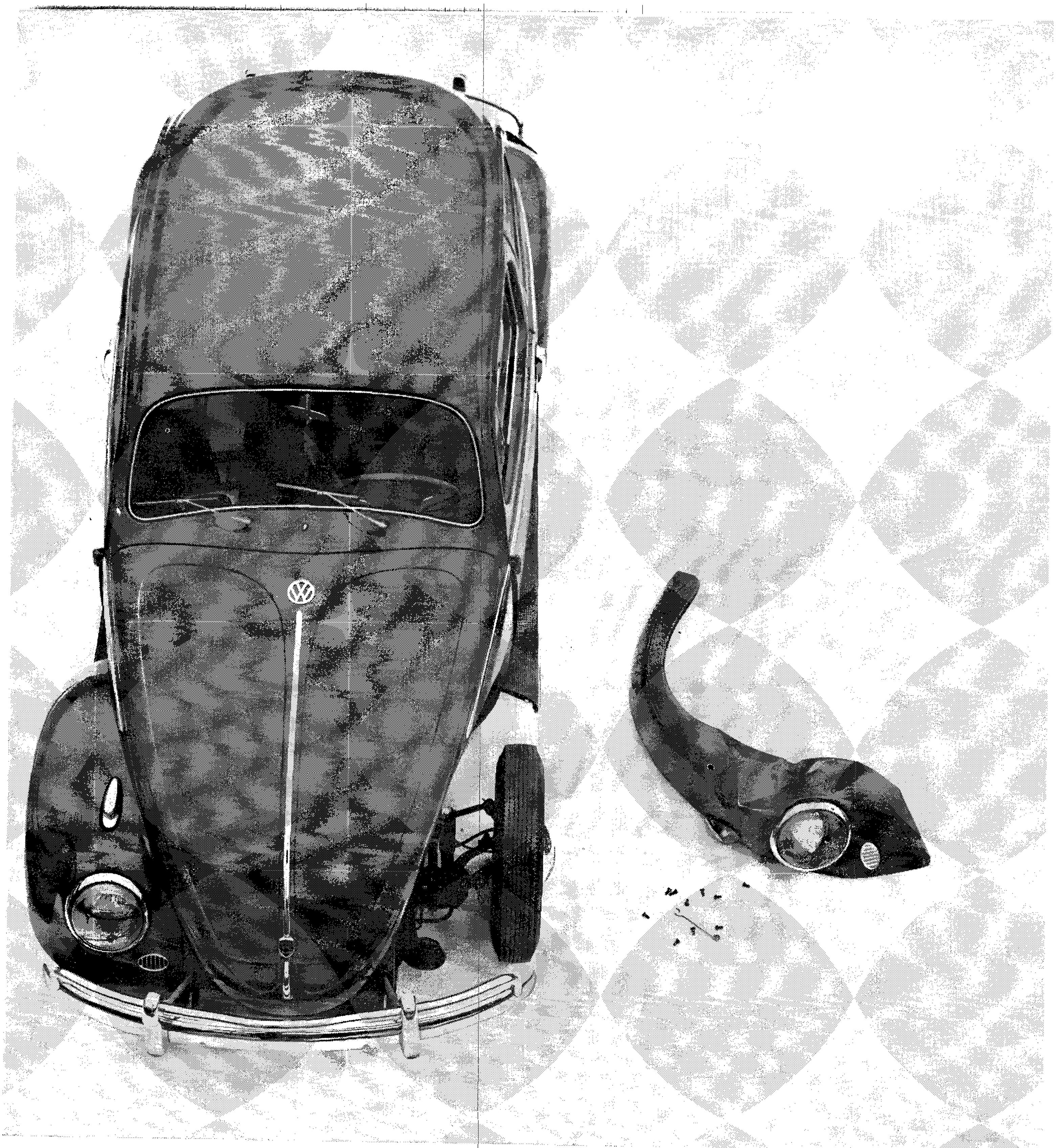
divider named Fred McManis, Jr., who was then thirty-six, and his wife presented the Foundation with property worth approximately a million dollars. "I'd rather build up something for the Presbyterian Church and for religious and educational facilities than for my personal gain," McManis said at the time. Many other Texas millionaires—notably the late W. W. Fondren, an orphan who as a boy went to work in an Arkansas sawmill, entered the oil business as a driller, and later became one of the founders and the first president of the Humble Oil & Refining Co., and his widow—have been just as interested in building up something for the Methodists. The Fondrens' donations to Methodist institutions may have already exceeded twenty-five million—more than eight million to Southern Methodist University alone—and are continuing. A prominent benefactor of the Catholic Church has been George W. Strake, of Houston, who was also an orphan and made his fortune by finding oil—the fabulous Conroe Field—where experienced geologists said it couldn't be. "If we had drilled fifty yards away, we would have missed the field," Strake recently told the writer Jim Clark. "I didn't even know what I was doing, but the Lord did."

As for the Baptists, they plainly did not achieve their comfortable financial situation without a sizable army of benefactors, of whom perhaps none has been as consistently generous for close to half a century as a Fort Worth oilman named William Fleming. At the close of services at the Broadway Baptist Church, in Fort Worth, on the first Sunday of 1939, Fleming arose and announced that he was giving his entire income that year to the church. "Mrs. Fleming and I have been thinking about this thing for some time," he remarked offhandedly. What "this thing" would come to in actual cash was not suggested, but, considering Fleming's resources, the congregation had reason to rejoice. Since then, Fleming has given the Baptists so many more millions that, his associates say, he has probably lost track of the total. Like his close friend Billy Graham, Fleming has a strong evangelical streak; no visitor leaves his office without being asked whether he has made "a personal acceptance of Christ as Saviour." No doubt the most unusual of Fleming's contributions to the religious culture of Fort Worth was made in 1956, when he presented "as a gift to all Christians" a permanent exhibit consisting of life-size wax figures of Christ and the Twelve Apostles as depicted in Leonardo da Vinci's "The



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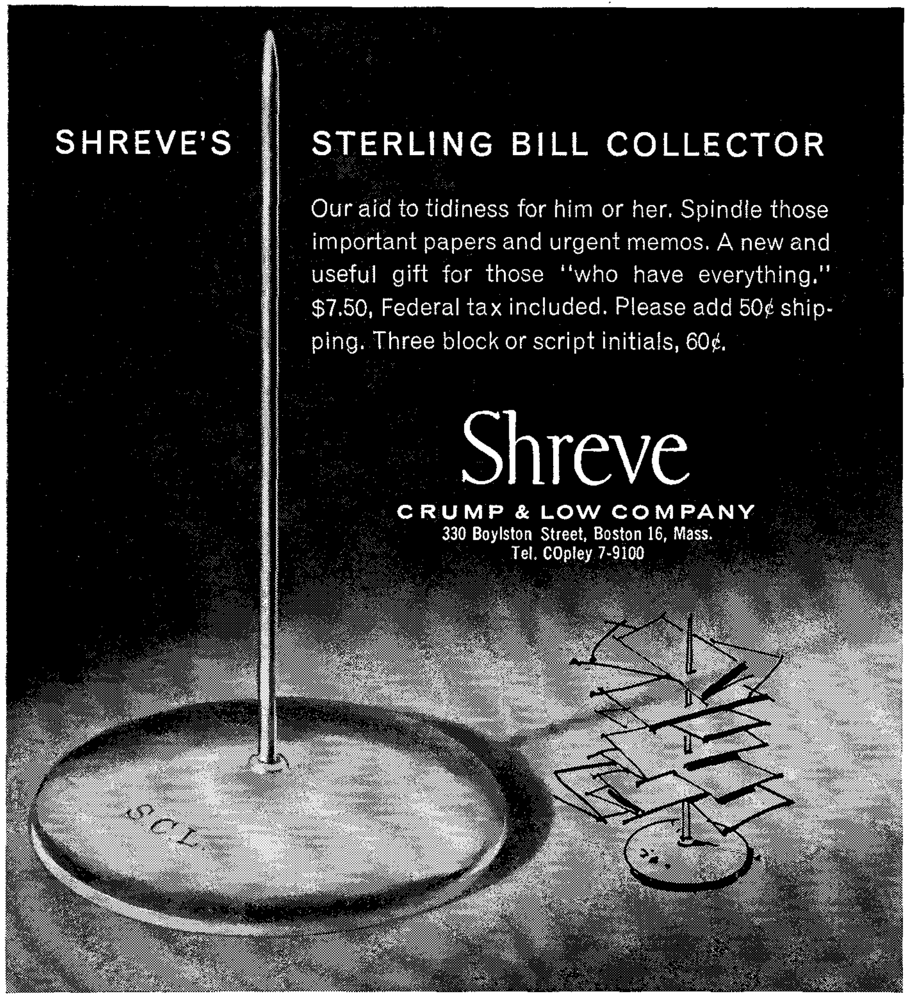

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Last Supper." Every year, several thousand Christians make a pilgrimage to the exhibit, which is housed in an air-conditioned store in the Ridglea shopping center. The vividly clad figures, arranged against a background corresponding to the one in the painting, are startlingly lifelike, a result achieved in part—as visitors learn from a recorded commentary spoken by a woman with a mellifluous voice against a background of organ music—by the fact that "human hairs were used in the scalps, beards, and mustaches" and that "untold hours were spent placing the hairs, one at a time, in each head—some forty thousand individual strands in each."

Notable and varied though the religious philanthropies of Fleming and many other Texas millionaires have been, perhaps none quite measures up to those of the earth-moving-equipment manufacturer Robert G. Le Tourneau, of Longview, who is known as "God's Businessman." Le Tourneau's version of tithing is novel: he keeps ten per cent of his income and gives ninety per cent to spreading the Gospel through the Christian and Missionary Alliance, a religious organization that supports missionaries throughout the world. The Alliance has benefited rather handsomely from many of Le Tourneau's business operations, such as the sale, in 1953, of one of his companies to the Westinghouse Air Brake Company for twenty-six million dollars. After a five-year absence from the field, required by the terms of the Westinghouse transaction, Le Tourneau is again going strong in the manufacture of heavy-duty equipment. He stops work at his plants for an hour twice a month so that employees may attend chapel services held on the premises, devotes one or two nights a week to serving as a lay preacher, and spends practically every weekend travelling to all corners of the North American continent "to give his testimony for Christ," as he describes the speeches he delivers before various groups. Le Tourneau's explanation of his religious giving is matter-of-fact. "It's not how much of my money I give to God," he says, "but how much of God's money I keep."

To affix the epithet "materialistic" to a people as indefatigably religious and as abounding in examples of latter-day Christian stewardship as the Super-Americans would seem, on the face of things, downright preposterous. Yet it is done all the time, and not only by alien journalists. "People here are a little more materialistic, I suppose," Dr. Perry Talkington, a Dallas psychiatrist,

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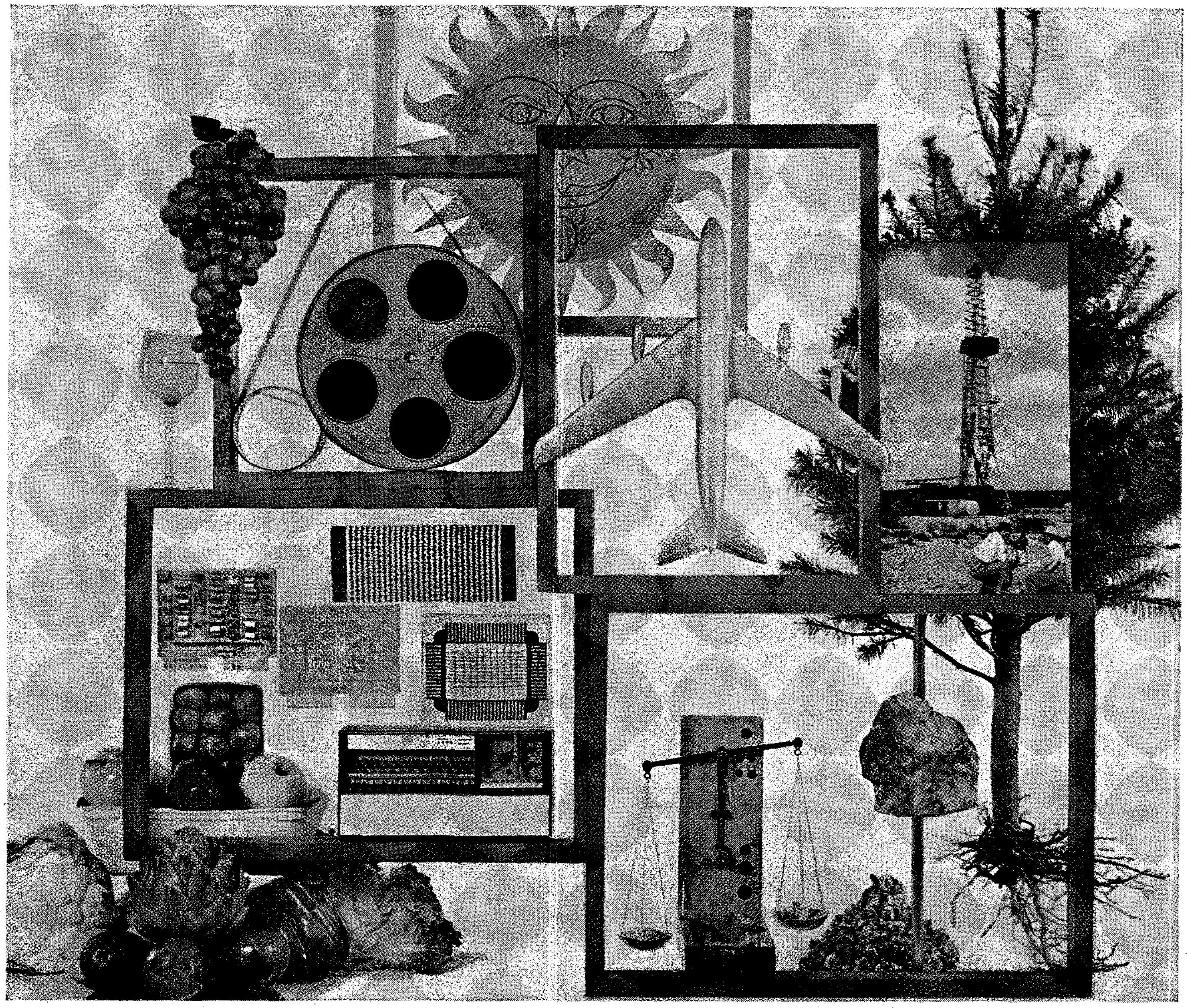

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said not long ago. "But that's just a phase. All great civilizations—the Egyptians, the Greeks, the Aztecs—passed through a similar period." If Texans, in the present state of their civilization, are indeed more materialistic than their countrymen, that's going some, for Americans are materialists beyond compare—or so, at least, we have long been told. It is doubtful, in fact, whether any other aspect of the American character has got the wind up in foreigners as often, or foxed them as frequently, as materialism on the American plan. "It would be well, there can be no doubt, for the American people as a whole if they loved the Real less and the Ideal somewhat more," Dickens observed a century ago, and every once in a while since then something has come along to make his spiritual descendants think he was right. In 1959, for example, Raymond J. Saulnier, chairman of President Eisenhower's Council of Economic Advisers, came along and told the Joint Economic Committee of Congress, "As I understand the economy, its ultimate purpose is to produce more consumer goods. This is the goal. This is the object of everything we are working at, to produce things for consumers." Immediately, it became stylish among foreign and domestic intellectuals to pick on Saulnier, as if he had said something wrong. Though the national goal, in his words, may not sound like one to stir men's souls, it has the solid underpinning of historical necessity; the American passion for things is a natural result of the fact that in this country there are plenty of things to be had, and have been since the beginning. Though signs of our unparalleled abundance are hard to miss, we apparently require constant reassurance that nobody else has it so good, for it is next to impossible to read through a popular American periodical without being reminded of some aspects of our solid-gold state of grace, as when the *Saturday Review* reports, "We Americans own 50 per cent of the world's wealth, yet we account for little more than 6 per cent of its population. We own 29 per cent of the world's railroad mileage, 71 per cent of its automobiles, and 52 per cent of its radios." If the abundant way of life is now taken for granted by most Americans (who, thanks to Professor Jessie Bernard's new terminology, can be conveniently classified into two groups, the Haves and the Have-Mores), our spectacular plenty continues to make a strong impression on visitors, among them the urbane French author and consular official Romain Gary, who said,

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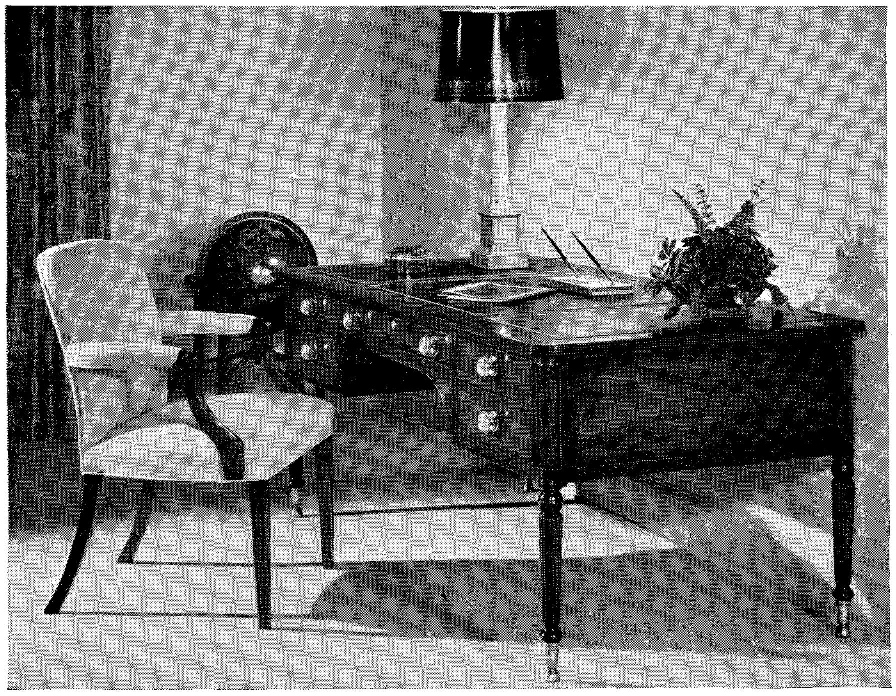

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shortly before being transferred from his post here, "I will be sorry to leave America. This is one place where you don't have the feeling you have taken the food you are eating from somebody else's mouth."

This is also the place, according to that earlier French visitor de Tocqueville, "where the love of money has taken stronger hold on the affections of men" than in any other country he had known. It could hardly be otherwise; men who are brought up to treasure things are apt to develop an affection for what it takes to get them. Americans, as Jacques Maritain has remarked, "are neither squeamish nor hypocritical about the importance of money." On the contrary, he adds, "money is cared for openly." Nowhere more so than in Texas, where the very sight of money apparently provides aesthetic pleasure. The most prominent piece of furniture in the lounge of the Dallas Petroleum Club is a long, custom-made ebony table, the surface of which is inlaid with coins from all over the world. As one arrives by escalator on the executive floor of the First National Bank, in Dallas, the first thing one sees is the "Money Tree," a twenty-foot-wide, three-dimensional mural depicting a tree whose branches bear 7,819 pieces of currency, ancient and modern. When the First State Bank, in Port Lavaca, celebrated its fiftieth anniversary a couple of years ago, its president decided that the most crowd-catching attraction the bank could display in its lobby to commemorate the occasion would be a ten-thousand-dollar bill, the largest in public circulation. He was right. Early this year, the thirty-one sixth-graders at the William B. Travis School, in Dallas, completed an absorbing class project, which consisted of cutting a million pieces of paper in the size and shape of dollar bills. Whatever else the exercise, which took a year, may have accomplished, it showed the students in graphic (if simulated) form what they were after. As a reward for their industry, they were invited by the president of the Republic National Bank, who had learned of the estimable project, to visit his premises, where he arranged for them to have a look at the real thing—one million dollars' worth of genuine bills. The Super-Americans' frank regard for money, besides finding expression in the actual viewing of it and in the traditional forms of Cadillacs, mink coats, diamonds, and other necessaries of the soul, is also pointedly reflected in the loving care they lavish on the places where money is kept and changed. In size, cost, architectural excellence, interior elegance, and over-all commanding grandeur, no group of structures in Texas can compare with its bank buildings—in particular the new ones, which may be useful to archeologists of some future civilization trying to discover what was worshipped in Super-America.

What is honored in a country will be cultivated there, said Plato, and it is therefore appropriate that all Americans feel, if not reverence, at least respect for money. In our country, dollars are the patent of success. As we use the standard inch to denote length, so we use the standard dollar to appraise accomplishment. The beauty of this system is its adaptability; it can put a dollar value on practically everything. On knowledge, for instance. "In terms of money, a college education is worth $113,000 more in lifetime earnings than a mere high-school diploma, the United States Department of Labor has calculated," the New York *Herald Tribune* said not long ago. Other calculators, working in broader fields, have succeeded in putting a price tag on human beings. " 'The economic value of a man in the United States,' says the Institute of Life Insurance, 'has reached the $200,000 level,' " the Dallas *News* recently reported. (That figure, the article explained, applied to the average man; others may be worth up to $350,000. "And, of course, there are the exceptions—the millionaires.") Actually, as all but a few soreheads recognize, these standards are as democratic as death. In this country, everybody—painter, lawyer, businessman, poet, architect, scientist, athlete—has to prove himself in the market place. That, of course, is the essence of the American Way, and it imbues life in the United States with such a pervasive and refreshing simplicity that an American can tell how good he is by just counting his money.

If "poverty now makes a man ridiculous," as Juvenal remarked after the triumph of money in Roman society, wealth, in ours, makes him sublime. That is the reason that millionaires have in recent years become our national heroes. Their sharp upgrading in this respect has been notable. John D. Rockefeller, Sr., was an object of national loathing, yet his grandson (in a contest with still another millionaire, but one only two-fifths as well off) was elected Governor of New York; the metamorphosis in esteem took less than half a century and about a billion dollars. The fact that the richer man won is a sign of the American times. We like our heroes rich. Ty Cobb won ad-

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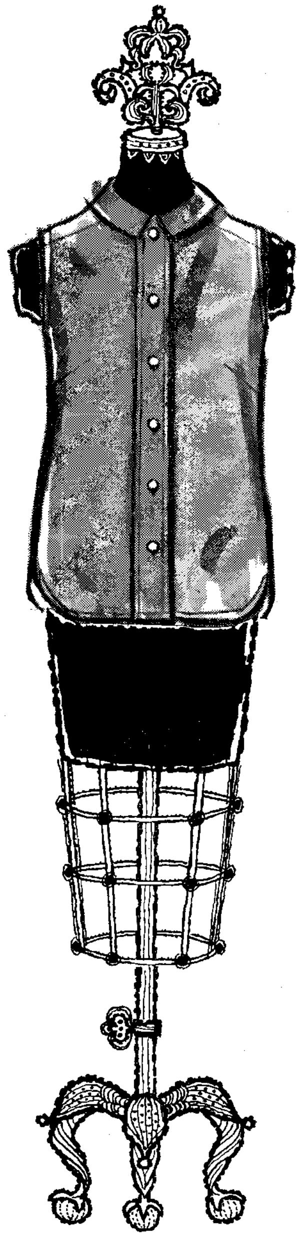

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miration for his ability on the baseball diamond, but he won everlasting fame for his acumen in investing in Coca-Cola stock, which has made him a millionaire many times over. Gene Tunney was never a truly popular heavyweight champion, but when he left the ring, he achieved the respect of his countrymen by becoming a millionaire who can now identify himself in *Who's Who in America* as a "corporation exec." and prove it by listing eight banks and corporations of which he is a director. Joe Louis, who was a wildly popular champion, failed to hold on to enough of his winnings to pay his taxes, and has never been tapped for *Who's Who.* No matter what a man's profession, getting the million endows him with a special cachet. A couple of years ago, Toots Shor, the ebullient restaurateur who used to sum up his philosophy by saying, "I don't want to be a millionaire—I just want to live like one," actually became one. Before that, Shor's friends customarily referred to him as "meathead," "crumbbum," or "balloon-head." They don't any more. Although wealth has never kept a man from the White House (George Washington left an estate of five hundred and thirty thousand 1799 dollars), it is only in the past century that we have developed an appreciation of its importance in the Presidential scheme of things. The trouble with President Grant, we see now, was his lack of money, a lack that led to his ruin. We are not likely to make that mistake again. Of all the candidates for the 1960 Presidential nomination, only two—Vice-President Richard Nixon and Senator Hubert Humphrey—were without substantial private means. Of the Democratic candidates, only Humphrey was *not* a millionaire. In fact, never before has America had so many millionaires in all walks of life, to say nothing of that band of élite (two hundred and forty-four at last count) who have annual *incomes* of a million dollars or more.

The mere acquisition of a million dollars is but the first and simplest step toward becoming an American hero. The next consists in adopting the proper attitude toward money. In America, only one such attitude is socially acceptable. This requires that money be regarded as nothing more than a convenience for measuring success. To a properly adjusted millionaire, dollars are simply counters in a national game. The more he collects, the higher he is scored in intelligence, power, and success. The classic American view of money has probably never been more succinctly stated than it was by one of the richest of all Texas millionaires, H. L.

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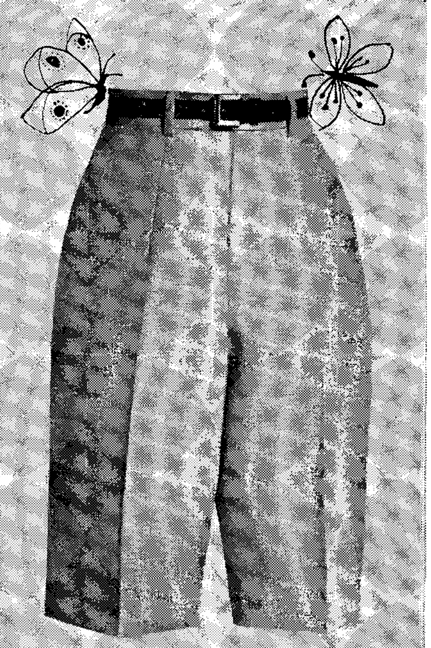

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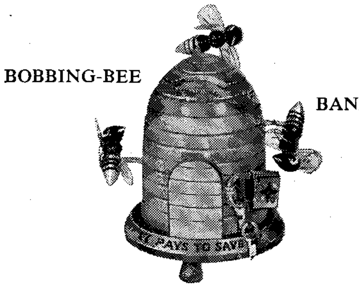

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Hunt, the first time he was ever interviewed. "Money is nothing," he said. "It is just something to make bookkeeping convenient." A couple of years ago, he elaborated on the subject in talking to the writer Saul Pett: "There are times when I've wished I'd wake up stone-broke. It would be a great adventure—to see how good I was, to see if I could create lots of wealth again." To see how good he is—that sums up the purpose of money to an American. However, it is one thing to understand the correct attitude, as Hunt does, and quite another to adopt it, as Hunt does not. He exhibits his rejection of the appropriate philosophy by retaining his dollars. He prides himself on holding on to his money, and makes his view clear in his careless dress, ramshackle automobile, and in many other ways, such as personally trimming his own hair and carrying his lunch to his office. A guest invited by Hunt to lunch is apt to be served an egg sandwich, a glass of milk, and a piece of white typewriter paper to use as a napkin. By his penuriousness, Hunt has disqualified himself from becoming an American hero. To reach that state, a man must not only make his million and comprehend the American theory of money but, taking the third and final step, put it into practice. This demands that he show as much enterprise in giving away his money as in making it. That is materialism on the American plan.

"IN works of active beneficence, no country has surpassed, perhaps none has equalled, the United States," James Bryce wrote in 1888. Today, nearly three-quarters of a century later, the United States is still the most actively beneficent country in the world. Russia may give the underdeveloped nations more theory, but we give them more money. According to the Organization for European Economic Coöperation, the average annual contribution of the United States in capital assistance to underdeveloped countries during the years 1956-59 amounted to three and a half billion dollars, whereas that of Russia and the other eight Communist-bloc countries put together came to a hundred and forty million. For all of its foreign-assistance programs since the end of the Second World War, the United States has put up more than seventy-eight billion dollars. No country has ever acted like that before. Noting our postwar aid to Europe alone, the eminent British Socialist Harold Laski, who seldom faltered in controlling his enthusiasm for things American, was moved to remark that "nobody is en-

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titled to speak of the material-mindedness of Americans unless he can produce an instance of comparable and continuous generosity from European experience." It is in our blood, apparently, to seek the world's good will, and all signs indicate that our pursuit will continue to be based on the belief that generosity is conducive—or at least not alien—to friendship. In fact, we are at present on the verge of putting an unprecedented wager on that notion by adopting a plan to allocate annually one per cent of our gross national product—five billion dollars—for the aid of underdeveloped countries; when it comes to giving, Americans are the jubilee plungers.

Probably the main reason we have so easily acquired the habit of giving overseas is that we are so used to doing it at home. In 1960, Americans donated more than eight billion dollars to domestic philanthropies. That puts philanthropy among the nation's ten leading businesses. Furthermore, it ranks first after money-making in the respect it is accorded. Consequently, the surest and quickest way for an American millionaire to improve his public image is to give away money. The achievement of popularity through philanthropy exerts such a magnetic force on American life that it even induces people to steal money in order to give it away. Early this year, Mrs. Burnice Geiger, the fifty-eight-year-old assistant cashier of the Sheldon (Iowa) National Bank, was found to have helped herself, over the past thirty-five years, to more than two million dollars of the bank's money, which she had spread around among those who were less well off. "It would take every page of an entire day's newspaper to print the good this woman has done," a neighbor told a reporter after the source of Mrs. Geiger's charity funds had come to light. Like so many of his other traits, the American's instinct to look out for the other fellow was developed on the frontier, where the problems, Merle Curti has noted in his study "American Philanthropy and the National Character," "did not merely favor neighborly coöperation in time of need and trouble—they made it necessary." To whatever degree necessity has diminished with changing times, it remains true that, as Jacques Barzun has remarked, "our first impulse is to help, because the memory of give-and-take, of mutual logrolling in building the continent, is with us still." It follows, in theory, that the nearer the frontier, the greener the memory, and, in practice, that the greener the memory, the greater the tendency to help. Thus, the millionaires in Texas, being

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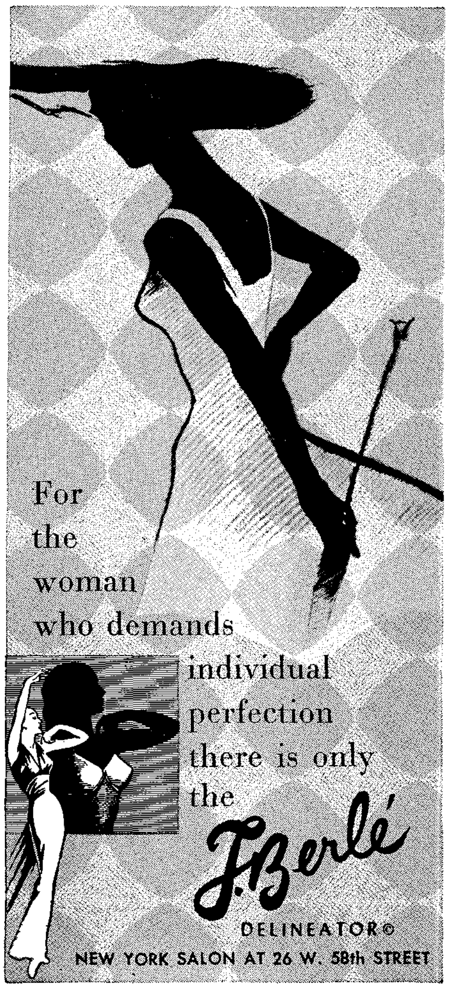
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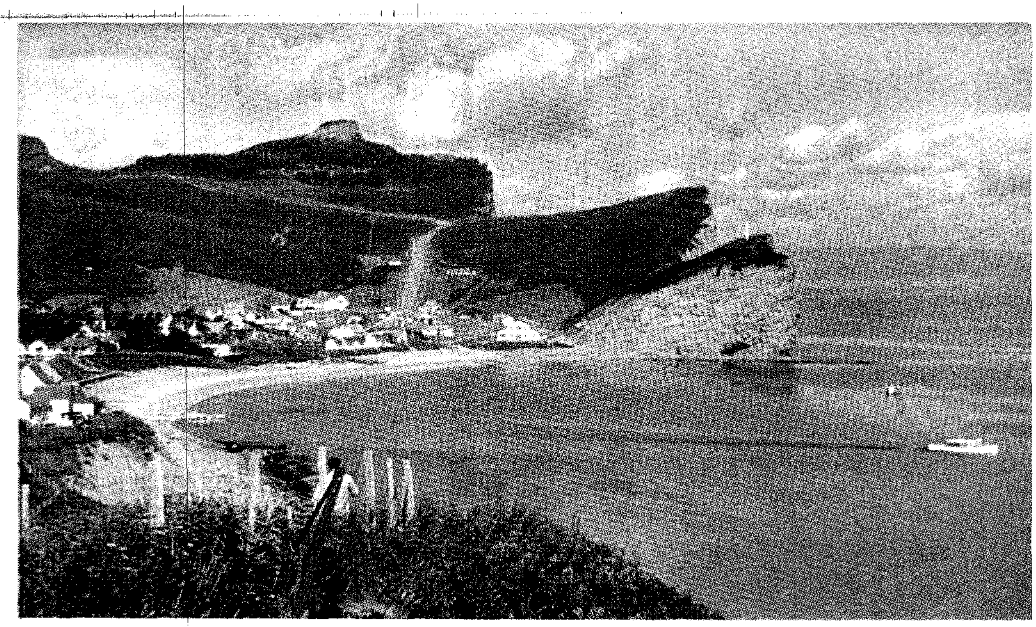

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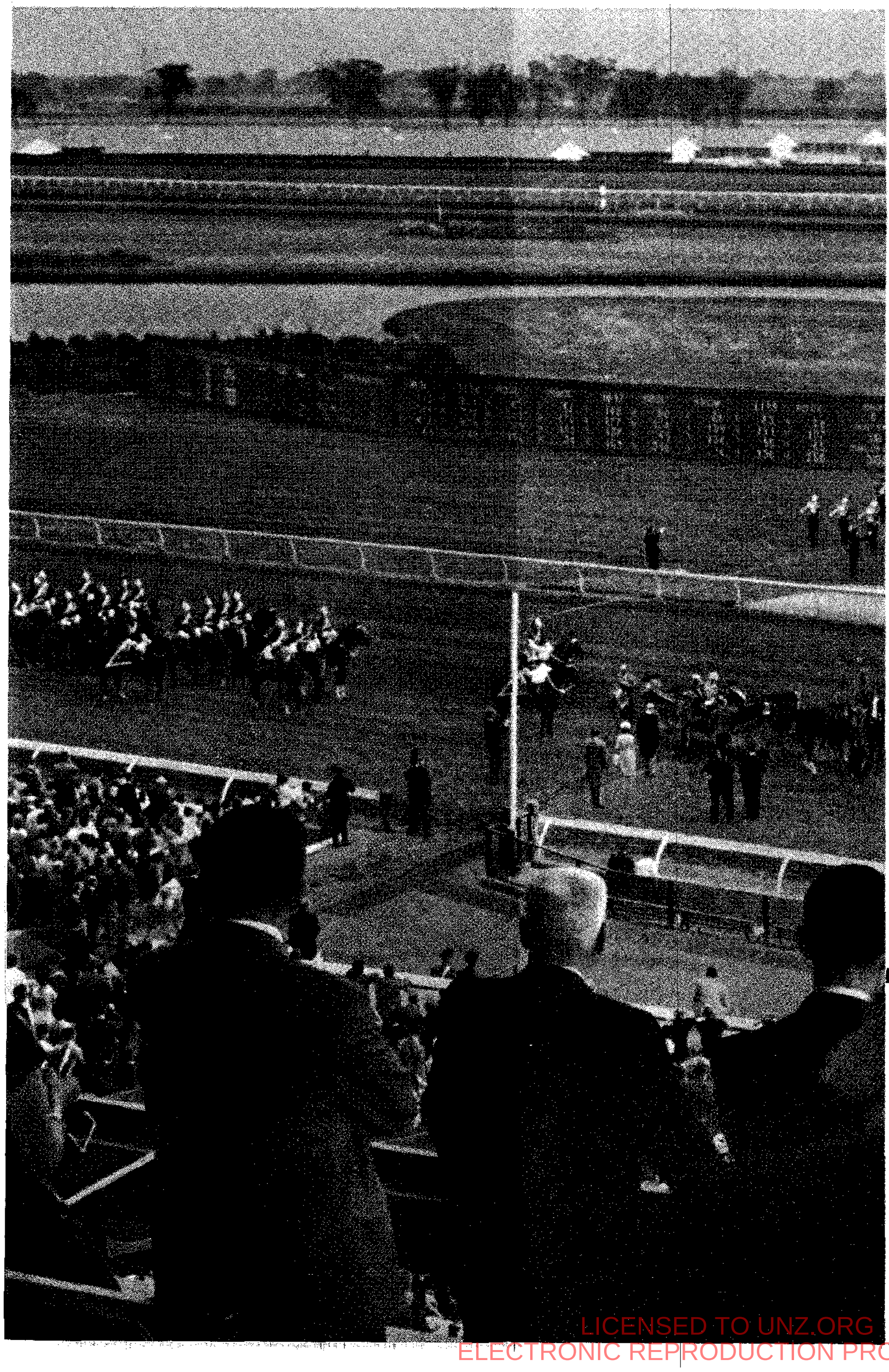

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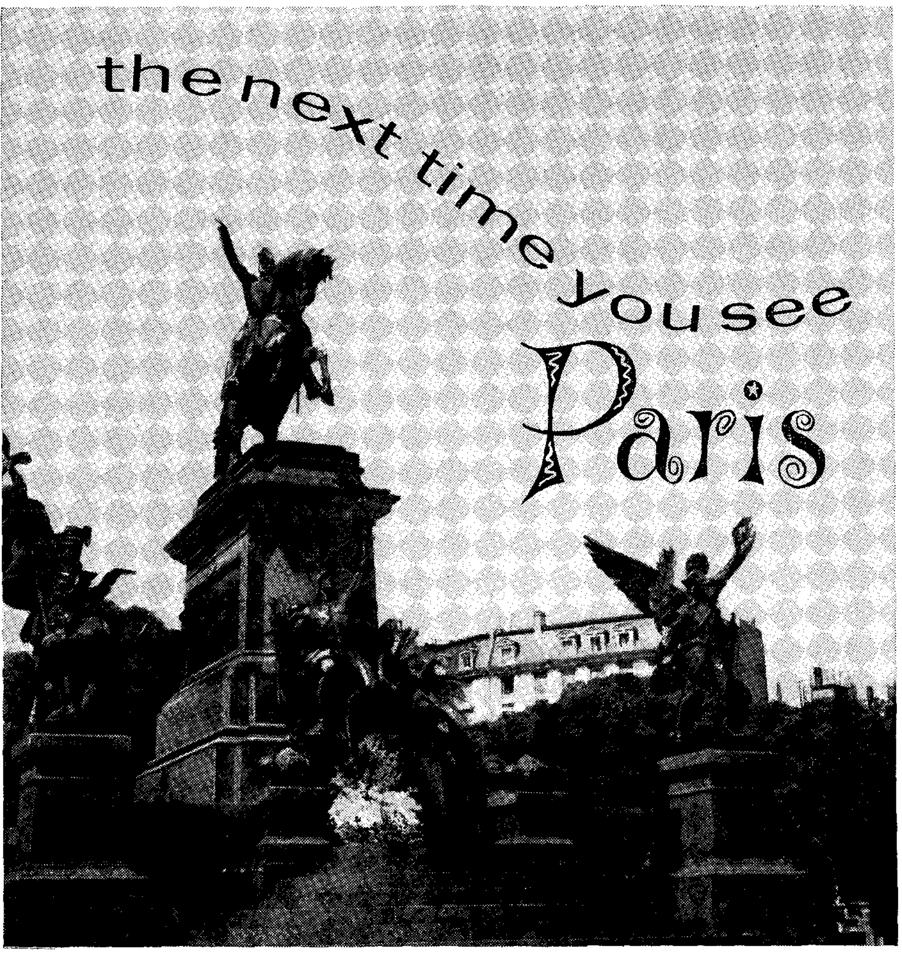
more materialistic than other Americans, have, according to the correct definition of the term, an extra-lively interest not only in bringing in the dollars but also in passing them out. Naturally, the philanthropic pudding in Texas, as elsewhere, has always been seasoned by a few provident millionaires, such as the San Antonio oilman who not long ago sold one of his companies for over thirty million dollars and who makes an annual contribution to the Community Fund of twenty-five dollars, and the late W. T. (Tom) Waggoner, a cattle baron enriched by oil, who once expressed his views on thrift in a Fort Worth barbershop.

"Well, what do I owe you?" he asked the barber as he rose from the chair.

"I'll leave that up to you, Mr. Waggoner," the barber said. "Your sons generally give me five or ten dollars when they come in."

"Is that so?" said Waggoner. "Well, I generally give two bits for a haircut, and here it is. No need to look so slack-jawed. My boys got a rich daddy, but I ain't."

While there is some truth in the *Wall Street Journal's* recent assertion that "oilmen, with a few exceptions, never have been known for great generosity," it might properly be added that the main reason is the oilmen's conviction that they need to hold on to all their chips during their lifetime to provide maximum resources for playing the oil game. Once it is over, they often leave their whole stack to charity. Robert A. Welch, of Houston, enjoyed a deserved reputation as the closest millionaire in town (he refused to give *anything* to the Community Fund); however, he left his life savings, now worth some fifty million dollars, for scientific research and similar purposes. Sid Richardson confined his charitable impulses during his lifetime to occasional handouts to a Fort Worth drugstore proprietor and a few other friends who had helped him during what he called his "rabbit-eating days," but he left nearly all of his multimillion-dollar fortune to a philanthropic foundation. Michael L. Benedum, the famous wildcatter who discovered the Permian Basin, in West Texas—the country's largest petroleum reserve—varied the pattern a bit. Though he left his hundred-million-dollar fortune to a foundation, and restricted his personal extravagances to such things as making a five-cent bet on a television prizefight, he personally gave away a great many millions (four and a half of them, at one clip, to his West Virginia birthplace for some civic improvements), and he



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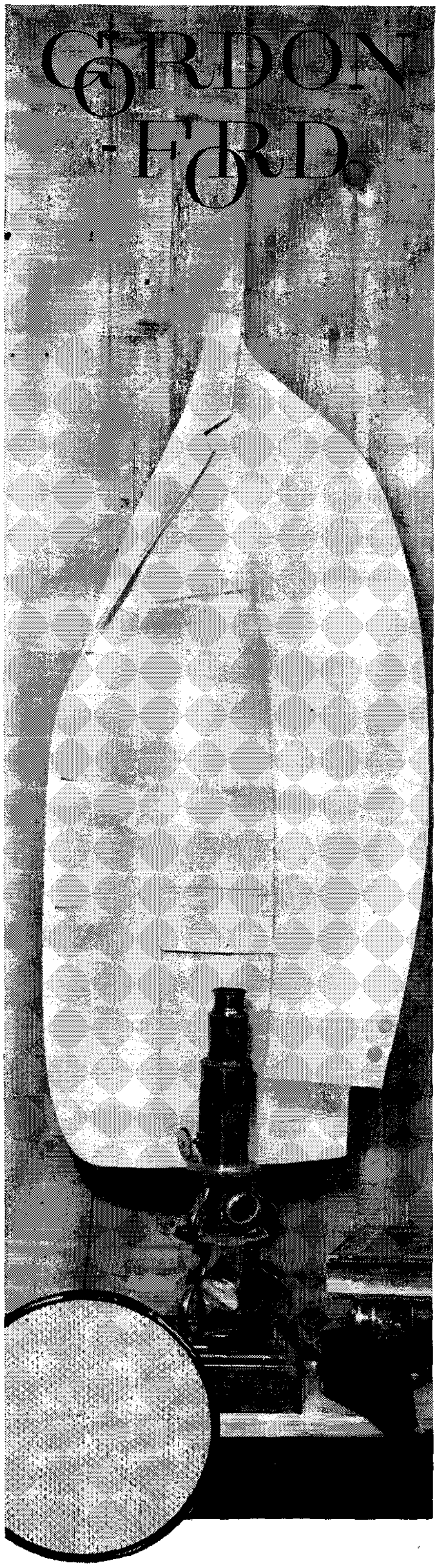

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also made a practice of cutting his employees in on good deals. Benedum's chauffeur left an estate worth seventeen million dollars.

If a certain number of flinty Texas millionaires have been satisfied with a posthumous reputation for generosity, most of the present crop prefer to enjoy—or at least to seek—the accolade while here below. As a result, the doing of good works in Texas takes on a brisk, almost competitive air. In this field, a millionaire like Michel Halbouty, of Houston, who made his fortune himself, contends on more or less equal terms with a millionaire like Tom Slick, of San Antonio, who inherited his. Slick, who is forty-five, prematurely gray, and personable, fell heir to approximately fifteen million at the age of fourteen. After graduating from Yale with a science degree and a Phi Beta Kappa key, and serving in the Navy during the Second World War, he returned to San Antonio, where he began devoting a significant portion of his legacy to the benefit of others. On some five thousand acres outside the city, he established a research center (now the fourth-largest in the country) that consists of the Southwest Research Institute, the Southwest Foundation for Research and Education, and the Agricultural Research Institute—all non-profit enterprises devoted to improving the human lot through industrial, medical, and agricultural studies. Although he has put money into a variety of other worthy interests, such as world peace, Slick has managed his business affairs successfully enough so that his assets today exceed his inheritance. He likes profits as well as Halbouty does, but both agree that the only proper use of profits is to do some good. "If I made a *billion* dollars, I wouldn't quit work," says Halbouty, who is fifty, trim, brisk, articulate, and apostolic in temperament. "I'll admit that at one time I did think seriously of giving it all up. I wasn't even forty. I'd worked ever since I started selling newspapers as a kid, and then suddenly I found I had enough to live on comfortably the rest of my life. So I called a meeting of my top personnel and told them about my decision to quit. But after they'd left, I sat back and asked myself, 'What were you put on this earth for? To live like a fat cat? No!' I decided I didn't want to be a grape ripening on the vine and finally shrivelling up like a dried-out raisin. I decided to go ahead, expand my enterprises, and so do something for my fellow-men. Whatever the good Lord has done for me, I figure I should try to do something in return."

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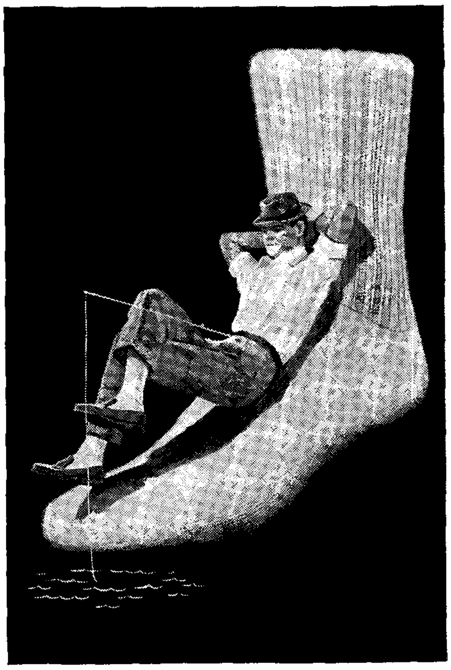

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Besides spending an average of four hours a day on a wide range of civic and charitable undertakings, Halbouty likes to engage in personal philanthropies, such as making a gift (as he did in 1960) to St. Luke's Episcopal Hospital, in Houston, of a completely equipped nursery for premature babies, and providing (as he has done for many years) fellowships for three graduate students at Texas A. & M. The alumni of institutions of higher learning in Texas are generally pretty chary about contributing to alma mater, but among Texas millionaires, as in the country at large, education ranks after religion as the chief beneficiary of philanthropy. It is, accordingly, unusual to glance through a Texas newspaper without noting that, for example, B. G. Byars has given five scholarships to students at Texas A. & M.; D. H. Byrd has put some five dozen boys and girls through college; John Blaffer has presented an auditorium to the Kinkaid School, in Houston; George Strake has donated over a quarter of a million dollars to the University of St. Thomas, in Houston; J. Newton Rayzor has given a million to Rice and three hundred thousand to Baylor; Eugene McDermott (one of the most indefatigable philanthropists among Texas millionaires) has presented another new building to St. Mark's School of Texas; Erik Jonsson has donated a million dollars to Rensselaer Polytechnic, his alma mater; Cecil Green has given securities worth about three million dollars to M.I.T., *his* alma mater; and so on and on.

WHATEVER the extent of their philanthropy, practically all Texas millionaires dispense it through a foundation—a device enabling them to divert into good works of their own choosing money that would otherwise be paid in federal taxes. Though foundations have of late become a vogue among the American rich (having, as *Fortune* has said, "replaced the race horse as an expression of wealth"), they have been around since Benjamin Franklin used some of the pennies he saved to set one up in Philadelphia. Today, according to the Foundation Library Center, a national clearing house of information on the subject, the United States has more than twelve thousand private foundations, with combined assets of eleven and a half billion dollars. Each of the five largest—Ford, Rockefeller, Duke, Hartford, and Carnegie, in that order—has assets exceeding two hundred and fifty million; at least a hundred and twenty-four others are worth ten million or

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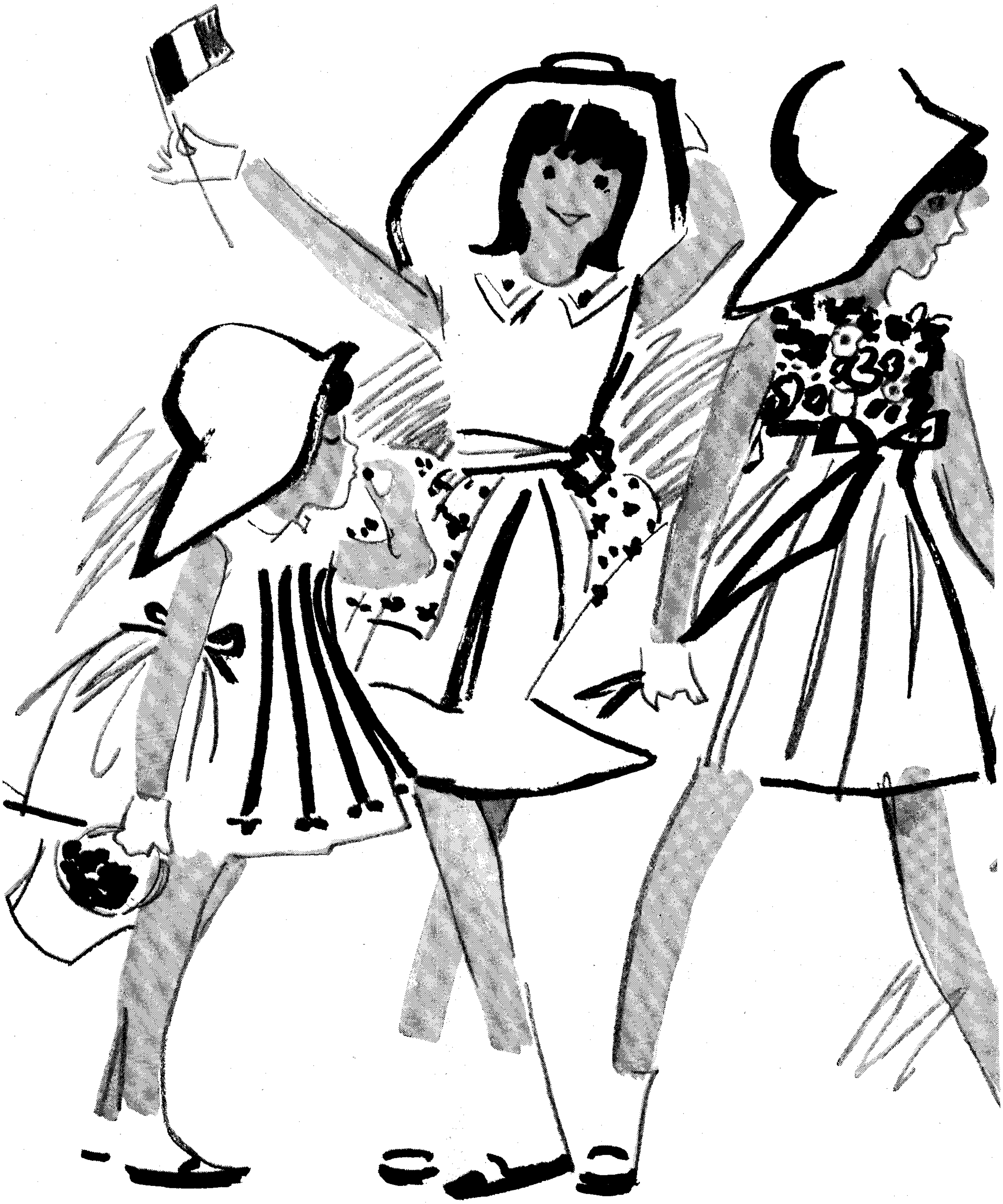

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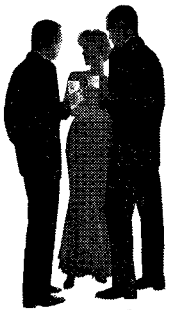

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more apiece. According to F. Emerson Andrews, director to the Center, "great wealth and smart tax lawyers" are the two chief factors in the proliferation of foundations, which in the past decade were created at the rate of a hundred a month. It does not take a lawyer of exceptional brilliance to explain to a client—that is, a client who has an annual taxable income comfortably above two hundred thousand dollars, and a desire to get into the philanthropic swim—the inspired provisions of the tax laws that allow him to have his own foundation at a cost of as little as nine cents on the dollar. If the explanation results in the establishment of a foundation, the donor can thereafter give it twenty per cent of his annual gross income tax-free. Should he wish to enlarge what lawyers call the corpus of his foundation with donations in the form of stocks, real estate, oil properties, and other holdings that have appreciated in value during his ownership, he can not only avoid the twenty-five-per-cent capital-gains tax (payable if the properties had been sold) but also deduct twenty per cent of the current value of the donated assets from his gross income. "Persons in any income bracket, therefore, secure a tax advantage through giving an appreciated asset rather than cash," Mr. Andrews has pointed out, "and in the highest tax brackets we reach those examples, dear to the heart of tax consultants, where a wealthy donor can give an appreciated asset and have more money left than if he himself had cashed the asset and given nothing away."

Perhaps because foundations, as a lawyer wise in their ways has suggested, provide "the answer for the man who has everything," their rate of growth has been more rapid in Texas in recent years than in any other state. Unlike New York-based foundations, which generally spread the contents of their cornucopias across the country, and sometimes across the world, the Texas foundations customarily dispense their gifts only in Texas. "The goddam Texans just won't give money to anything outside the state," the Dallas lawyer Thomas Knight, whose family has been in Texas for a few generations, has said. "That doesn't apply to Gene McDermott and some others, like Erik Jonsson—they're transplanted Yankees—but it's true of the natives. A while ago, the Harvard Law School, of which I'm a graduate, undertook a fund-raising campaign, and I was put in charge of collections in Texas. So I got Mrs. Allen [his wife, whom it amuses Knight to call by her previous married name] to drive me around to Houston and San

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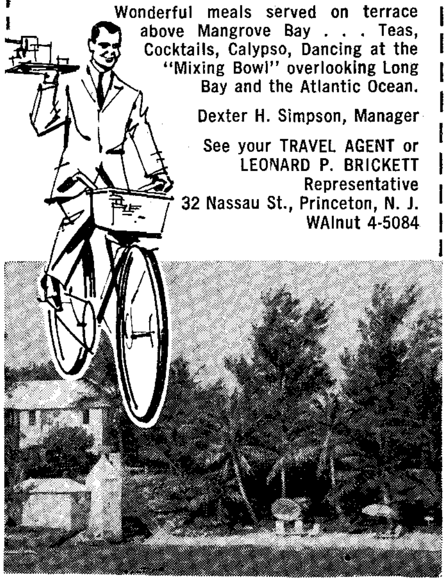
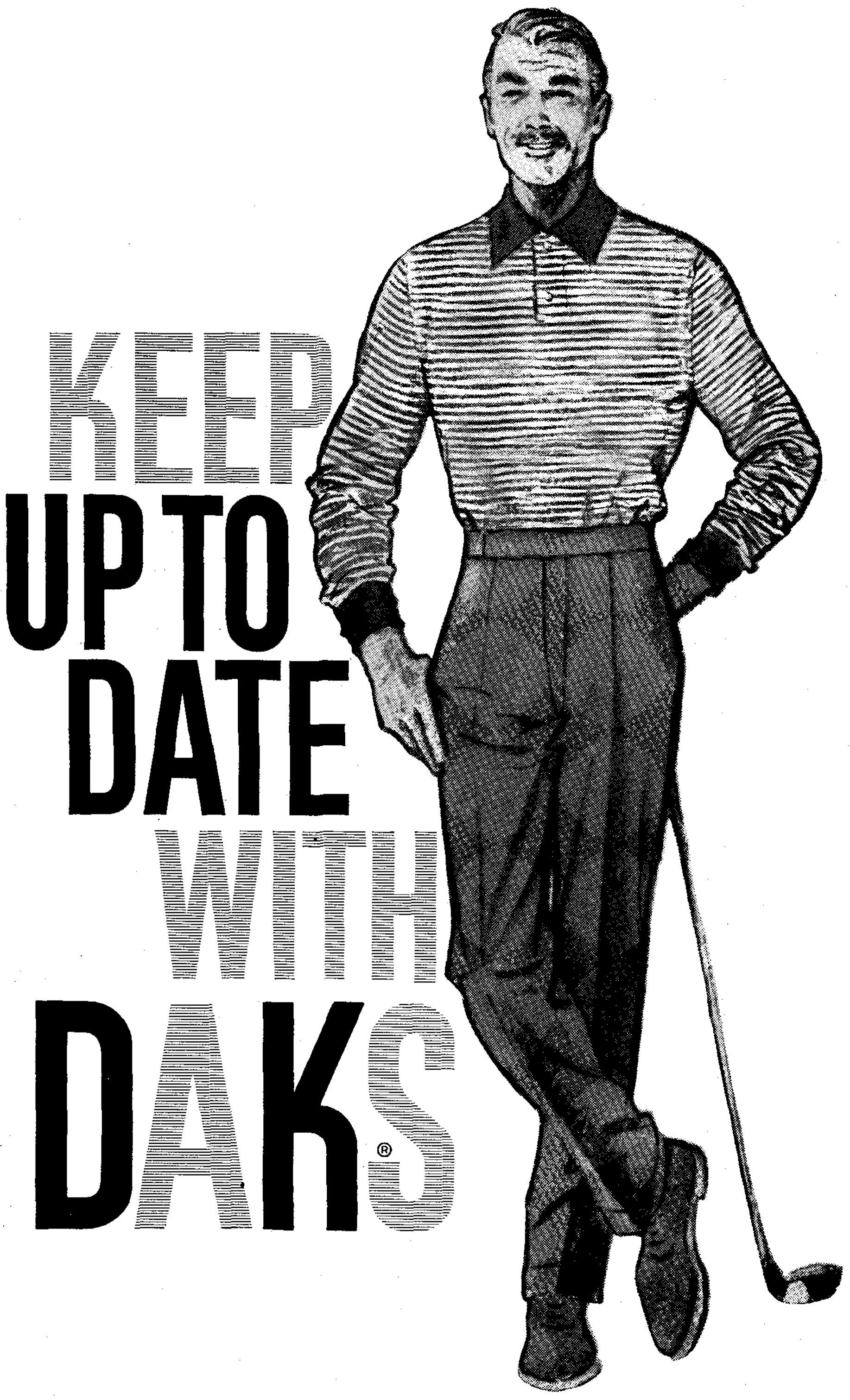


Antonio and a few other places. When I got through passing the hat, I had collected the sum of five thousand dollars, and out of that I'd put in twenty-five hundred myself. S.M.U. was running a campaign about the same time to pick up some money for *its* law school. They got three million or so without straining a muscle. It just proved that you can't get a Texan to do anything that is not, shall we say, self-improving. Texas law encourages this proclivity by giving tax exemptions to foundations established by wills and to testamentary bequests only if the money is used right here in the state. Keep it all in the family—that's what the goddam Texans want to do. So be it."

This being the case, Texans were no doubt greatly relieved to learn that the Galveston financier William Lewis Moody, Jr., who died in 1954, had left nearly all of his worldly possessions to a foundation to do good "among the people of Texas." Their relief is understandable, for while the assets of the Moody Foundation have yet to be announced officially, they are estimated at approximately four hundred and forty million dollars, making it potentially the largest in Texas and ranking it nationally right behind the Ford and Rockefeller Foundations. Because of extensive litigation over Moody's will, the Moody Foundation has been rather reluctant about distributing largess; so far, its grants have amounted to just four hundred and twenty-two thousand dollars. Like the men behind the two bigger foundations, W. L. Moody, Jr., was a singular figure whose life is a luminous testament to the romance of American business. The only son of a Virginia lawyer who moved to Galveston and made a fortune as a cotton trader, Moody from childhood had the mercantile touch, which he demonstrated upon taking over the family business after his father's death and branching out into many other fields, including banking, insurance, hotels, ranching, and newspapers. In everything, he prospered. "All he had in the way of business ability was a knack for making four out of three," a former associate once said. It was enough to put him, in time, in possession of what was generally calculated to be half the wealth of Galveston. Meanwhile, he had married and become the father of two sons and two daughters, none of whom was spoiled. "My earliest recollection is of a little penny bank," the younger daughter, Libbie, who is married to Congressman Clark Thompson, once told Elizabeth Carpenter, of the Houston *Post*. "I got



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fifteen cents a week for allowance, but I always saved some of it. When I was raised to twenty-five cents a week, I thought I was wealthy." Another of her happy reflections concerned her father's establishment of what is now the Moody National Bank. "Daddy had me out trying to get accounts for his new bank," she has said. "I had good luck. Of course, I didn't do anything fabulous, but I helped. When I look back at the things I was asked to do—well, I just never would ask my children to do them." Moody's other daughter, Mary, who was his favorite child, today watches over her father's empire, demonstrating her loyalty to his philosophy even in her dress, which is exceedingly plain and frequently includes cotton stockings that she has darned herself.

UNLIKE the foundation, which fosters public charity, the trust fund—the other favorite instrumentality of Texas millionaires—allows charity to begin at home. As most commonly used, the trust enables Texas millionaires, during their lifetime, to pass on wealth to their children at a tax saving. Though neither new nor unique to Texans (President Kennedy receives about a hundred thousand dollars annually, after taxes, from trust funds set up by his father), the device has always been extraordinarily popular among farsighted Super-Americans. "It is my surmise," Thomas Knight, an expert on the subject, once told a group of trust officers, "that of the oilmen domiciled in the mid-continent area who are worth a million dollars or more, nine out of ten are settlors of such trusts. Irrespective of the verbiage used by the scrivener," Knight concluded, using some of the rounded phrases he picked up at the Harvard Law School, "the purpose of such a trust, intended by the settlor, is not so much the protection of the beneficiaries as it is the convenience of the settlor in making money for him and his to keep, and the most of it that can possibly be kept." When millionaires reach the point where further additions to their children's trust funds would be taxable at an ornery rate, they frequently begin setting up trusts for their grandchildren. In Super-America, trusts are so closely threaded through the background fabric of everyday life that one runs across references to them in the newspapers, such as this typically Super-American item recorded by Bill Roberts in the Houston *Post:* "The estate of the late Oil Operator Maurice Grubbs is buying Jeweler Sam Becker's ranch near

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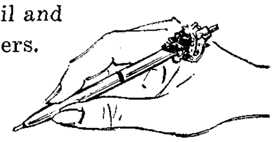

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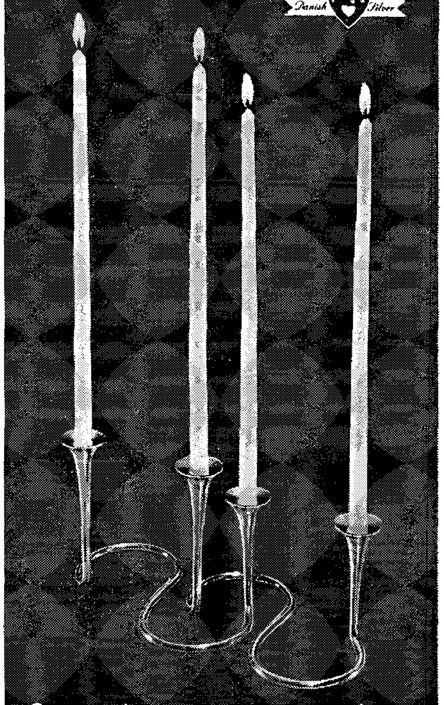

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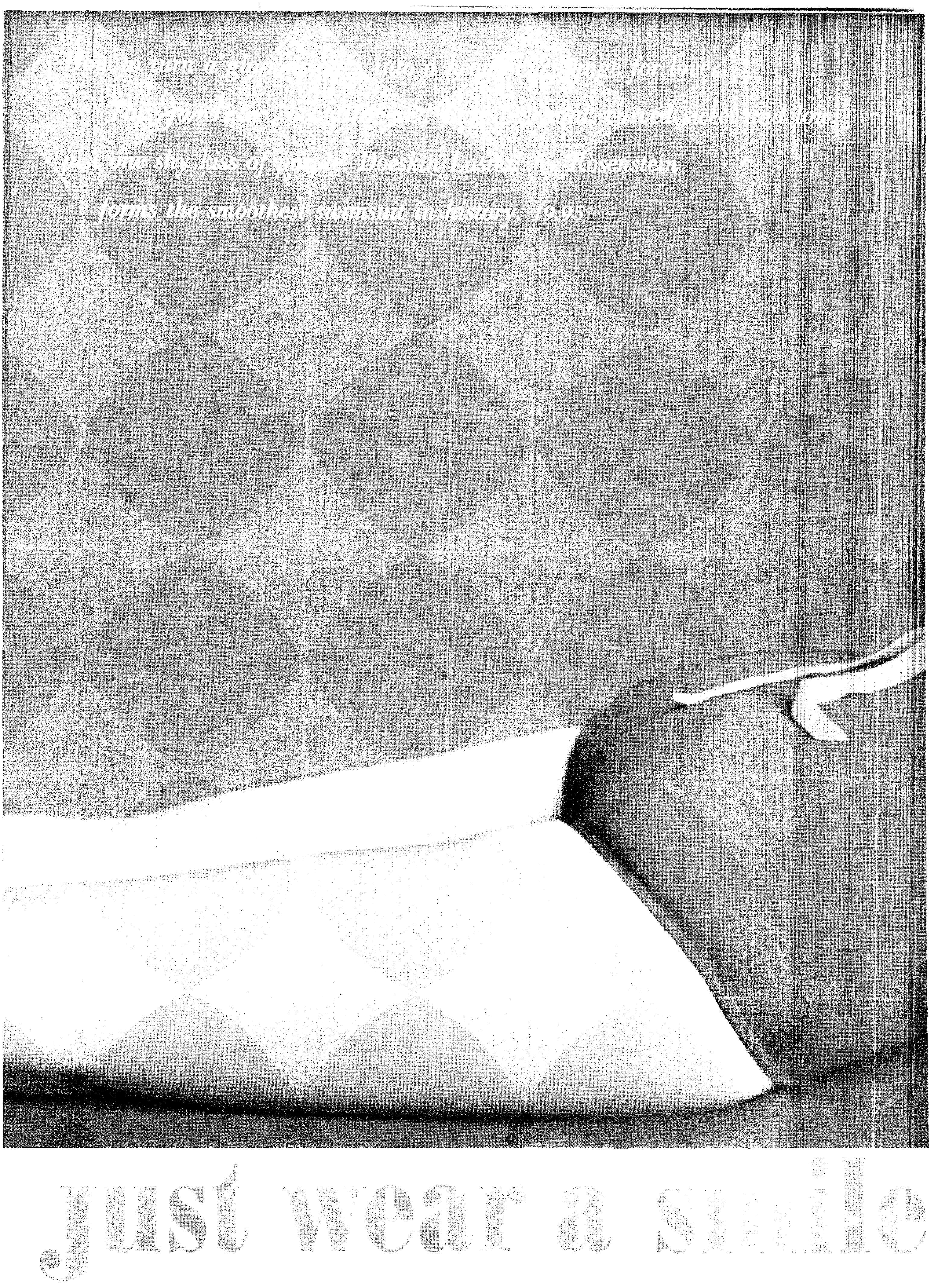

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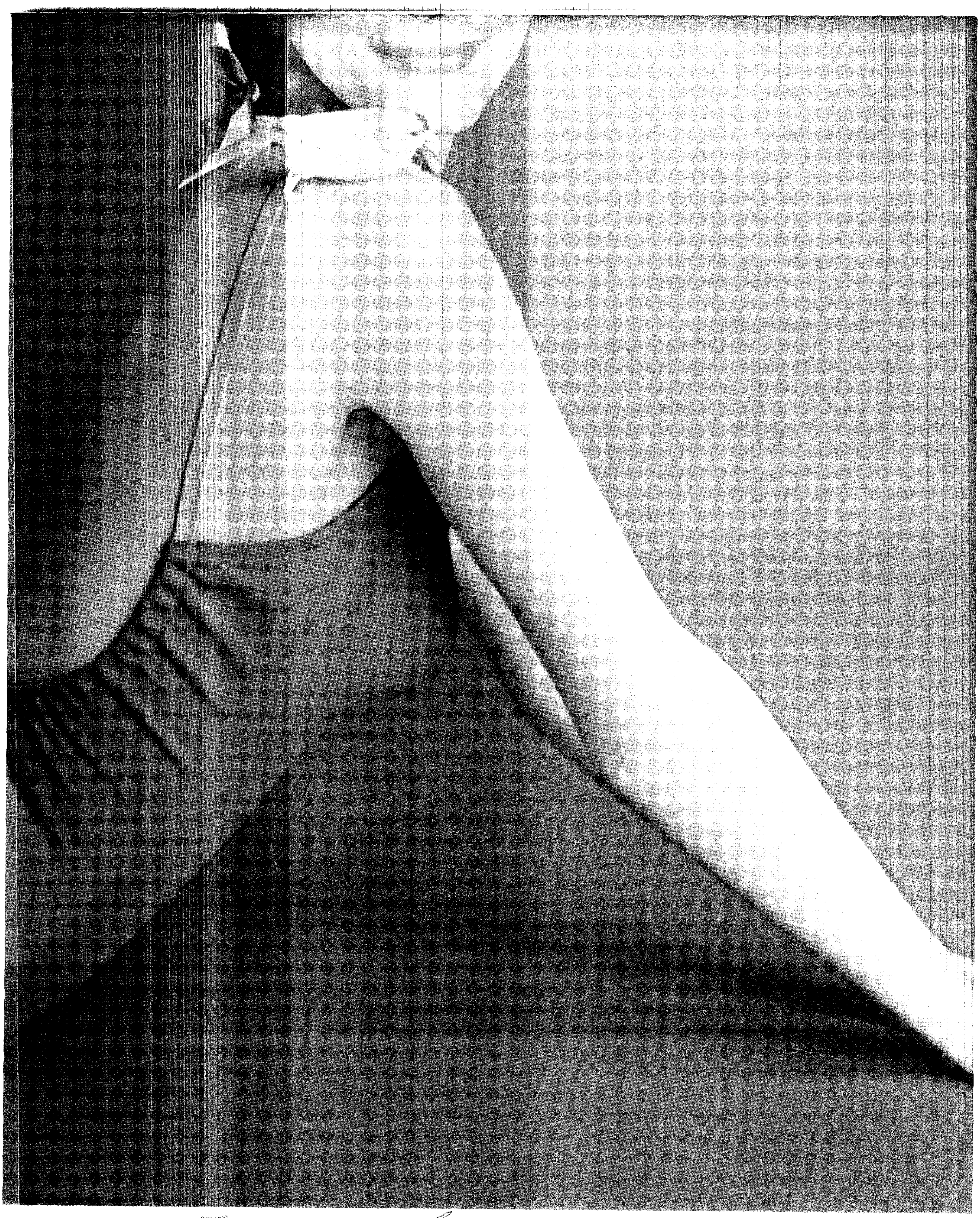

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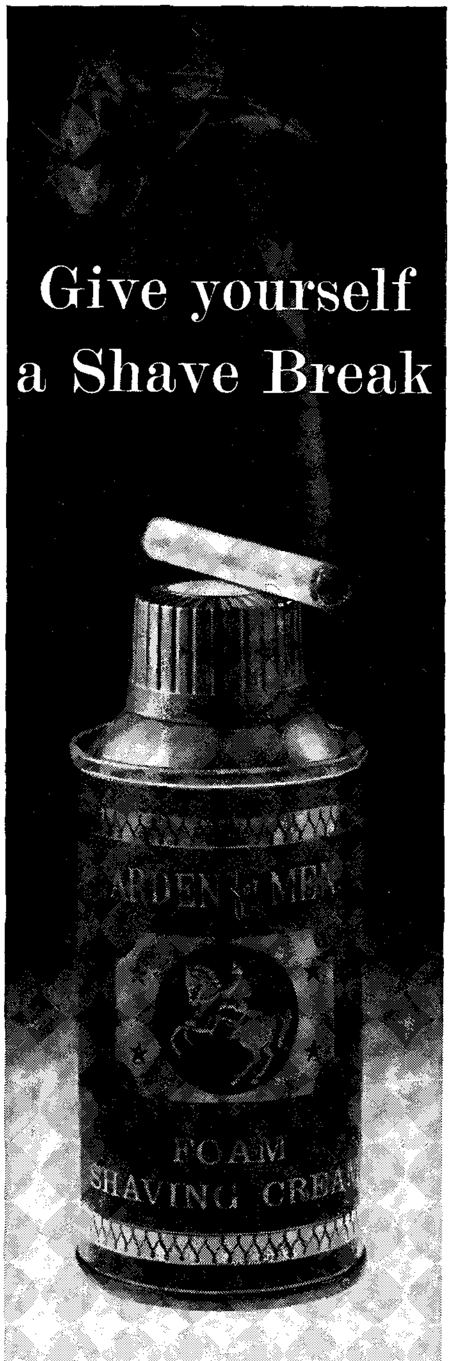
La Grange (appraised at $150,000) for the trust held for his grandchildren, Maurie and Wayne Ankenman, Jr., dtr and son of Wayne Ankenman. The ranch will be leased to their Mom, Jackie Grubbs Ankenman, for income purposes." In this manner are the wins of the fathers visited upon the children unto the second and third generation, but most bountifully upon the second, which in America is the chosen one, being, according to folklore, the generation that avoids shirtsleeves.

"THERE'S a difference in the second-generation rich in Texas," an unsentimental self-made Houston lawyer said not long ago. "Down here, they feel they've got to do it themselves. Not that family money doesn't count in getting them started. But they're not content to just sit back with it." An equally unsentimental self-made Dallas oilman, surveying the second-generation rich in Texas, has said, "Not one of them would be worth a tinker's dam without the old man's money. By themselves, they couldn't count up to a hundred." While both appraisals have a measure of validity, neither does justice to the second generation of Texas millionaires, a group that is distinguished, for one thing, by its short supply of career playboys. "Being a playboy is not looked on with favor down here," Jack Vaughn, a Dallas workboy, has said. "Besides, the surroundings aren't conducive to it. A man with no occupation is a lost human being in this section of the world. There just aren't enough other people around with nothing to do for him to associate with." There are, however, enough workboys around to keep one another company. Fairly representative of this group are the two sons of Clint Murchison—John, thirty-nine, and Clint, Jr., thirty-seven. After watching them in action, a financial writer for the New York *Times* reported that each works "as earnestly as a bank teller bucking for a three-hundred-dollar-a-year raise." As partners in Murchison Brothers, the operating entity created for them by Clint, Sr., they own oil, insurance, real-estate, construction, publishing, and other interests worth about a hundred and fifty million dollars. Bucking to increase it, they recently took on the seasoned financier sixty-eight-year-old Allan Kirby in a proxy battle for control of the Alleghany Corporation, which controls companies with assets of more than six billion dollars. As a rule, the workboys follow in their fathers' footsteps. Waldo Stewart, of Dallas, carries on the automotive and allied interests that he in-



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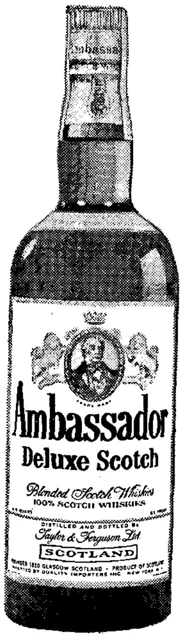

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herited; the two sons of O. P. Leonard, co-founder of Fort Worth's largest department store, are rapidly forging to the top in that business; in Midland, Clarence Scharbauer, Jr., is expanding the ranching empire founded by his father; Amon G. Carter, Jr., has assumed his father's mantle as publisher of the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram;* William P. Hobby, Jr., has become managing editor of his parents' Houston *Post;* and throughout the state sons of oilmen have taken their fathers' places in playing the oil game. Some careers are taboo for healthy young Super-American sons—particularly in the arts—but no parental injunction forbids their entering new fields of a practical nature. W. C. Windsor, Jr., and Angus Wynne, Jr., who are sons of an oilman and a lawyer, respectively, enjoyed familial blessing when they embarked on careers in industrial real estate, and Lamar Hunt, one of H. L. Hunt's four sons, had his father's approval when he set out, in 1959, to make his mark in the sports world by founding the American Football League, consisting of eight new professional teams. The younger Hunt is not only president of the new league but the sole owner of its Dallas team, known as the Texans, who wound up their first year, in 1960, with a deficit of about half a million dollars. "I'm very encouraged about our first season," Hunt said after it was over. "Of course, we didn't win the title [the Houston Oilers, who did, ended the year, according to their owner, a second-generation Super-American named K. S. (Bud) Adams, with a loss exceeding seven hundred thousand dollars], and we have a goal to reach there, but I believe we're on our way. It will probably be the third or fourth season before we make a profit." Until then, Hunt will get along on his share of the profits from the complex of family enterprises, including eleven million acres of oil land in Libya, which have started to return what the elder Hunt, who is not given to superlatives, has called "fantastic production."

Between the workboys and the playboys stands that sizable group of second-generation Super-Americans whose counterparts in an earlier day were described by de Tocqueville as "young men of wealth personally disinclined to all laborious exertion, but who had been compelled to embrace a profession." As a rule, the members of this in-between Super-American group are married, thoughtful parents, members of the best clubs, responsive to civic and charitable undertakings (in contributions of mon-

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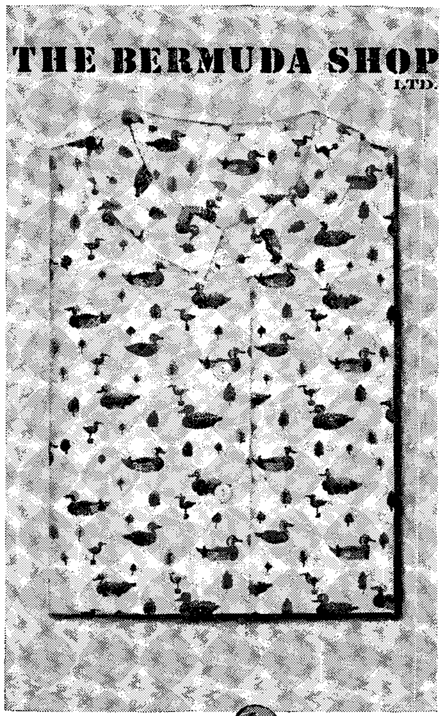

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ey, if not so much of time), seldom guilty of breaking any of the canons of respectability, and, in a general way, rather unobtrusive figures on the landscape. To hold the social franchise, they maintain an office (often one in the city where they live and another in a town near their oil properties or where, as often happens, they own a bank), and they do some wheeling and dealing, occasionally on a large scale, but, having been endowed with generous resources, their business transactions are seldom marked, as their fathers' almost always were, by enough risk to make them exciting. Not infrequently, a member of the second generation who is disinclined to exertion keeps on his payroll a trusted employee who has worked long years for his father and who, without the existence of any formal arrangements, quietly holds responsibility for the general management of the business. Though averse to maintaining regular business hours, the second-generation millionaires who are dedicated neither to work nor play usually spend some time at the office five days a week when they are in town; however, the occasions are not rare when they stay up until the small hours playing poker and engaging in quiet conviviality with friends, and, arising late the following day, decide to spend it on the golf course. They also spend a good deal of time out of town on hunting and fishing trips, and even longer periods on travel. Quite a number of the second-generation millionaires maintain a house in California or an apartment in New York, where they take to passing so much time that their Texas residence becomes of importance only for legal and sentimental reasons. At home or abroad, the predominant characteristic that marks both their private and professional lives is a curious lack of involvement, a kind of harmless indifference. "Could it possibly be that the present generation, enjoying the fruits of the labors of others, can afford to take things easily and to take each other more easily?" the South African novelist Dan Jacobson asked in a recent issue of the *Texas Quarterly*. It could, in the opinion of some members of the first generation, including the Dallas real-estate operator Leo Corrigan, whose son and son-in-law are now in business with him. Corrigan, the second of eight children born in a low-rent neighborhood of St. Louis, availed himself of what economists call the advantage of an early start by leaving school at ten to go to work in a department store at three dollars a week. Moving to Texas when he was seventeen, Corrigan boost-

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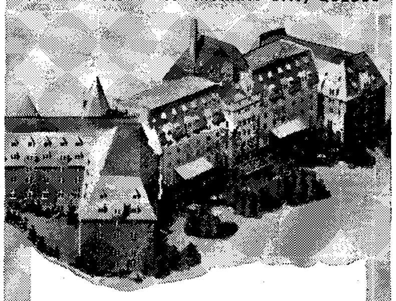

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ed his weekly pay to ten dollars as a classified-newspaper-advertising salesman, specializing in real estate. Within five years, by making some breaks for himself, he had accumulated five thousand dollars, which he used to construct a modest commercial building in South Dallas, a modest part of town. From there he went on to develop a real-estate empire that now includes shopping centers, hotels, office buildings, and other holdings, with a total worth of about half a billion dollars. At sixty-six, Corrigan, who believes that the first requisite for getting ahead is "a hell of a lot of nerve," is adding to his reputation as a top-echelon wheeler-dealer (he is at present putting up a twenty-five-story, twelve-million-dollar hotel in Hong Kong), to the not infrequent consternation of his younger associates. When considering proposed big deals with them, Corrigan finds that the younger men are inclined to look for pitfalls and to emphasize the value of caution. "Hell, if I'd used that kind of yardstick we'd still be in South Dallas," Corrigan often tells his second-generation colleagues.

THE emergence of a younger generation enticed by security, that stealthy mistress whose charms have hitherto mainly allured the middle-aged, is a conspicuous and typical feature of the changing scene in Super-America. There, as in the rest of the country, the style of life has been affected not only by the waning of audacity but by the simultaneous waxing of today's two great levellers—industrialization and urbanization. In Texas, these processes have operated, as might be expected, with excessive speed, changing the state's economy in a mere twenty years from predominantly agricultural to industrial, and meanwhile moving the population from farm to town in such numbers that at present three out of four Texans live in a city. In fact, one-third of all Texans now live in the state's four largest cities. The texture of Super-American life has also been colored by immigration, which has been on such a booming scale that one out of every four contemporary residents was born outside the state. Inevitably, these interlocking phenomena have resulted in introducing into Super-American culture the wonders of homogenization—manifested, for example, in the subtle erosion of Texas pride in the Texas heritage. It used to be that San Jacinto Day, celebrating the most important event in Texas history, was the occasion for a gala statewide explosion of patriotism, but now schools

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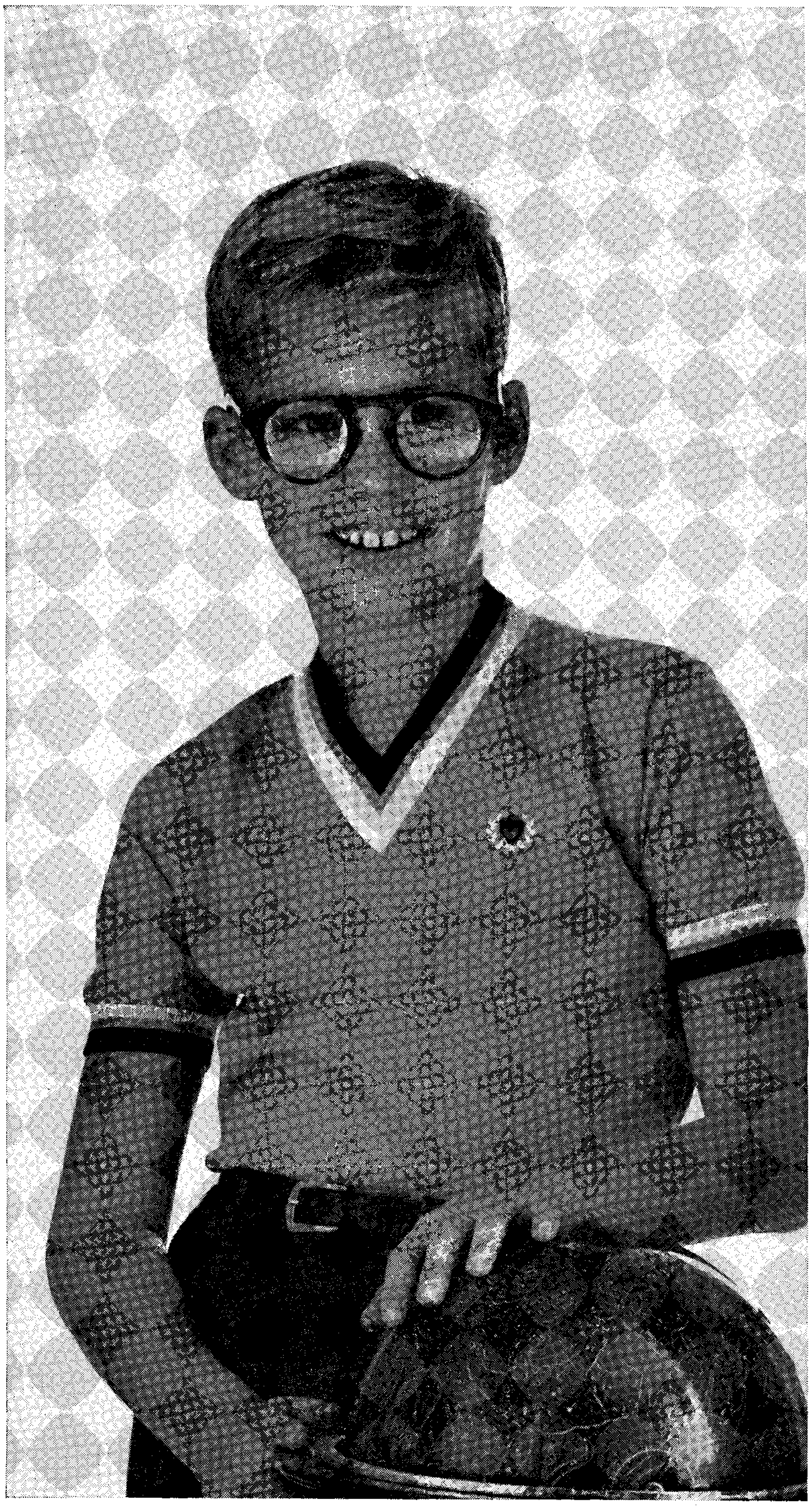
and stores stay open, the day passes everywhere in a business-as-usual atmosphere, and nobody appears to be much upset by the withering away of interest, except perhaps a few sentimental newspaper editorial writers, like the old-timer on the Houston *Post* who found it "sad to think that the spirit of San Jacinto, which is the mainstem of Texas character, seems to be burning so low." Nor does the spirit of the Alamo seem to be burning at its old height. Time was when any projected tampering with that hallowed shrine would have been met with a storm of public outrage, and yet scarcely a voice was raised in anger following the announcement a short while ago that the Alamo is to be air-conditioned.

The rousing individuality and robust independence that have also long distinguished the Texas character have likewise shown a gradual diminution in intensity—a development perhaps nowhere more tellingly revealed than in the new rapprochement between Dallas and Fort Worth, whose fiery and incessant rivalry, sputtering like a perpetual Catherine wheel, kept the scene sparkling in years past. "Back there when I was a kid, it was practically as serious as the Holy Crusades," Bill Cunningham, the talented sportswriter, who was brought up in Dallas, once recalled. The same fine patriotic fervor was still ablaze in the nineteen-forties, when the two cities, situated just under thirty miles apart, decided to coöperate on the construction of an airport, to be placed midway between them. All went well until Dallas discovered that the plans called for the airport administration building to be placed three-tenths of a mile closer to Fort Worth, and, worse, to face Fort Worth. The Dallas city fathers, wounded and angry, protested to Amon Carter, then the city father of Fort Worth, who replied, "I see no reason for changing the plans. And no goddam reason for the administration building being one goddam inch nearer Dallas than it is to Fort Worth." That was the end of the joint airport. Each city promptly set about pouring millions into the development of its own. Aside from continuing to engage in a certain amount of mild bickering about their respective airports ("It's Smarter to Fly Carter"—Fort Worth *Star-Telegram*. "Isn't it too bad? Fort Worth built its airport on the wrong side of town"—Dallas *News*), the former rivals now regard each other in a spirit of good fellowship as mellow and rich as old domestic wine. Instead of the perilous, two-lane, traffic-choked highway that long served as the chief,



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According to our calendar, N.B.T.W. falls (or, gently lowers itself) on the 18th to 24th of June. ◆◆

Think of it! A double celebration: the greater glorification of the neckpiece that gave its name to a pastry, *plus* the arrival of summer in Vermont. Both at the same time. ◆◆

What a week you can have! ◆◆

Whiz to a mountain perch aboard one of our many chair lifts, for air so bracing you'll want to bottle it. ◆◆

Tee off on one of our 36 lush golf courses. ◆◆

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Wrap your fingers around some of the dandiest bargains you ever brought home from a vacation. (How are you fixed for paintings, pottery, petrified post-holes, wood-carvings, woolens, wall-papers, maple sugar . . . or neckties?)

Or straighten yourself out on one of our 56,871 hammocks*. ◆◆

See how exciting National Bow Tie Week can really be? Why spend it the same old dull way you did last year, when there's so much to do in Vermont?

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(We publish a fine calendar of events being held in Vermont this summer. Come get yours. Or write Vermont Department of Development, Montpelier 36, Vt. In N.Y.C., visit Vermont Information Center, 1268 Ave. of the Americas, CO 5-1450.)

*Estimated. Who counts hammocks in Vermont?

VERMONT
is a state of mind

and downright forbidding, land link between the two cities, there is now a coöperatively constructed six-lane toll road that puts them only thirty minutes apart. No less dispiriting to the unreconstructed citizens of both cities was a recent Dallas *News* story that coolly discussed the possibility that the day may come when the two municipalities will merge into one glorious metropolis.

Pending the arrival of that golden future time, the shape of things to come in Texas—and the way they will be wrought from things of the past—can be seen to particular advantage in the Great Southwest Corporation, which, comprising five thousand and fifty acres midway between Dallas and Fort Worth, is the world's largest planned industrial community and has risen on the site of what was once the fancy horse-breeding farm and private race track of Tom Waggoner. (His father, one of the original cattle kings, amassed an empire of half a million acres, spread over six North Texas counties. When asked if he had in mind buying all the real estate in North Texas, he replied, "No, just what joins me.") In 1904, Waggoner inherited his father's cattle domain intact, along with several other useful properties, including some banks. His financial position was made more secure when, in 1911, a tremendous pool of oil—one of the historic finds in Texas—was discovered under his extensive acreage. Waggoner had nothing against oil money, but he used to lose his temper when his men, drilling for water badly needed for the cattle, found more oil. "Damn it! Cattle can't drink that stuff!" he would bellow. Waggoner's interest in cattle was exceeded only by his love of horses, which he indulged by maintaining for many years a nationally famous thoroughbred farm in the North Texas town of Electra. That was also the name he gave to his only daughter, who by her own efforts became one of the storied figures of Texas. After attending private schools, she embarked on a round-the-world trip, returning with a brilliant butterfly tattooed on one of her legs, and soon afterward was married to a blueblood from the East, the first of three husbands she had during her lifetime. When not visiting New York, her favorite spot after Texas, she divided her time between a ranch she owned and a large residence on seven acres in Dallas, which she bought and fixed up in order to have a place in town where she could entertain. "In some rooms, as many as fifteen coats of paint were applied before she got the exact shade she desired," Frank X. Tolbert

"Modesty is no protection against an aggressor who knows how to manage."
—Voltaire

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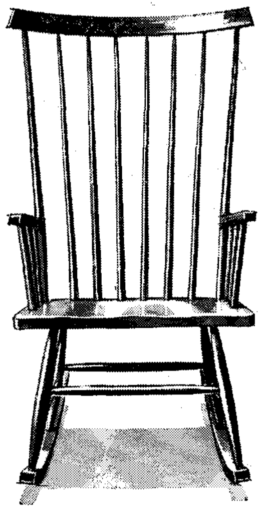

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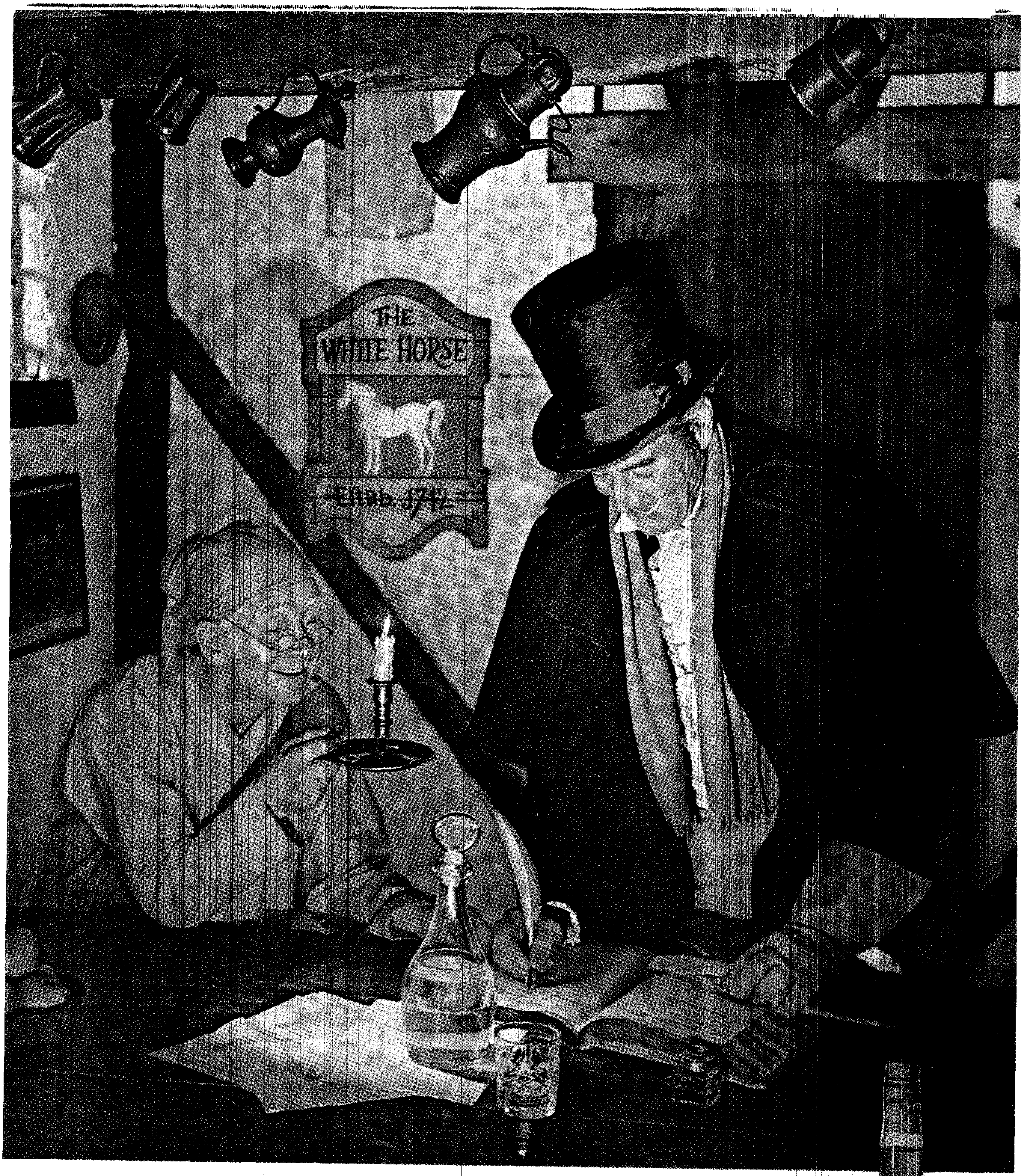

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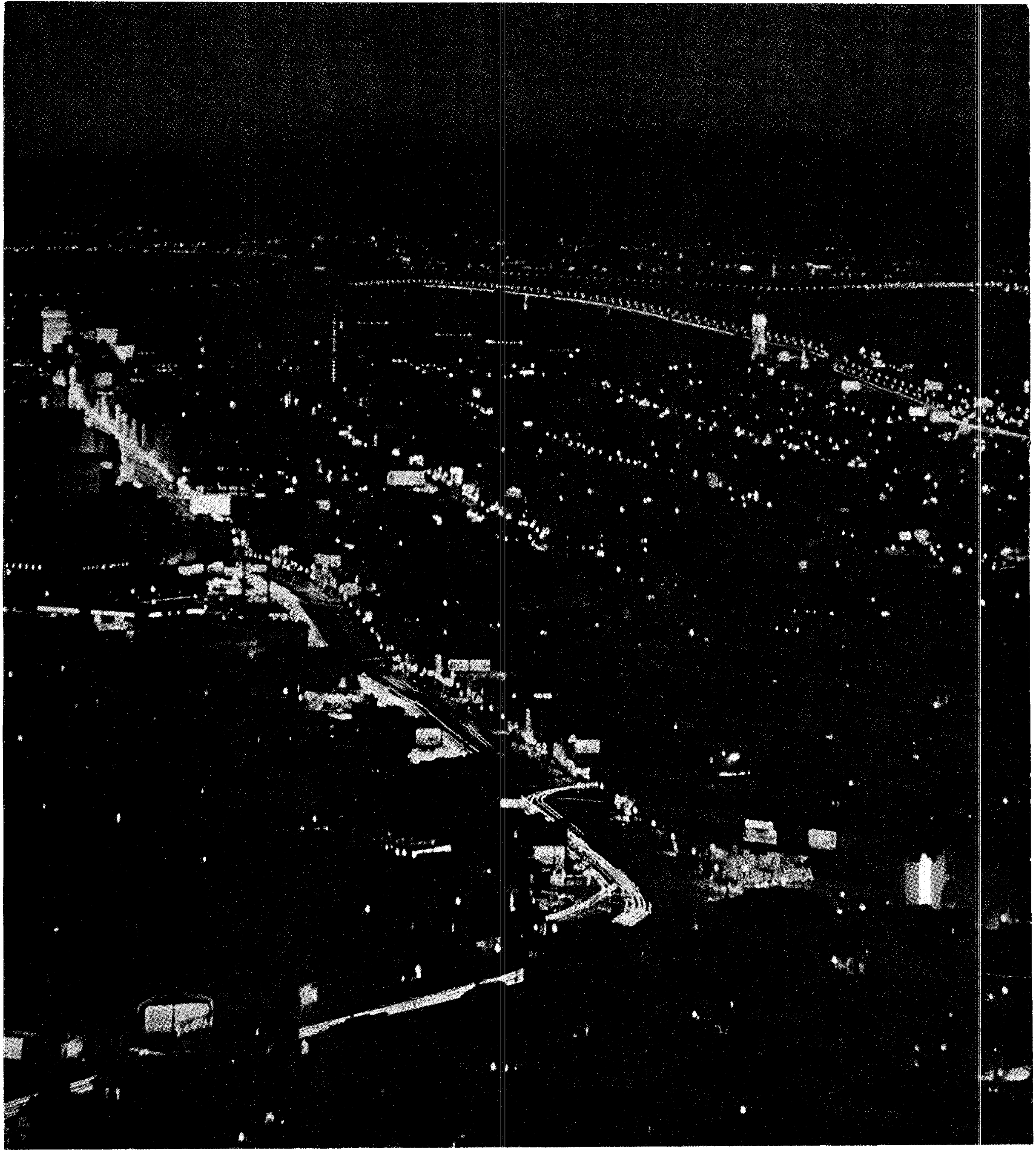

Night arrival at an exciting vacation city like San Francisco (above), Los Angeles, Chicago or New York . . . always a spectacular moment by United jet.

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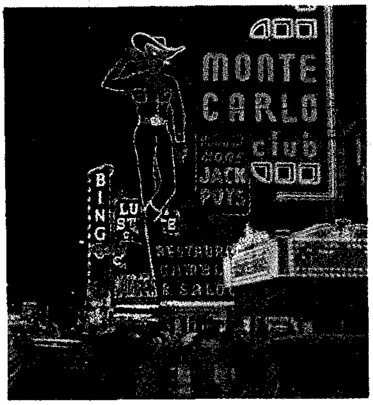


The lure of scintillating Las Vegas after dark

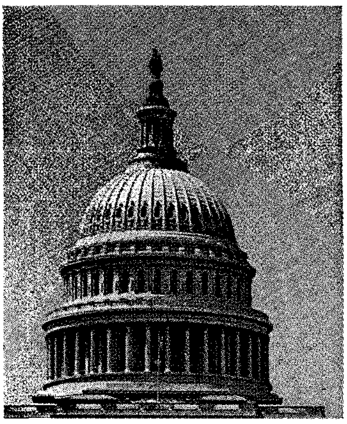
So let your imagination go to work. Start thinking of the places you've always wanted to see. *This* is the year to see them. And to help you start planning, here are a few samples of the many vacation spots United serves . . . from border to border, from coast to coast and Hawaii.

No matter what kind of vacation you want—from shopping sprees to swimming, from sightseeing to skiing—the right place is only hours away by United jet.

For variety, see the West

Variety is the spice of western life . . . and you can enjoy the West on a surprisingly low budget.

Five days in Los Angeles, for example, staying at a famous hotel, visiting Hollywood, a movie studio, Beverly Hills and Disneyland, cost as little as $40.05 (SLA-4), plus tax and air fare from your city. Or, if you'd like to see colorful Mexico, plan to visit Tijuana, just south of San Diego. To the north, San Francisco . . . one of the most delightful cities in the world . . . is worth an entire vacation in itself. And then there's the glittering strip of night life, Las Vegas, with scenic Lake Mead and Boulder Dam nearby. You can spend three days and two nights in Las Vegas for as low as $19.60 (SBS-1), plus tax and air fare.


If it's history you're after, past and present, come to the nation's capital, Washington, D. C.

For history, see the East

Bunker Hill and Old North Church in Boston, Independence Hall and Valley Forge in Philadelphia are ideal for colonial enthusiasts. And, of course, Washington, D.C., is filled with history from all periods. The Civil War Centennial begins this year and you can use Washington as headquarters for a visit to Civil War battlefields. A 4-day holiday in Washington costs as low as $30.50 (HAP3-3), plus tax and air fare. An added 3-day, all-expense tour of Williamsburg and colonial Virginia is only $85.

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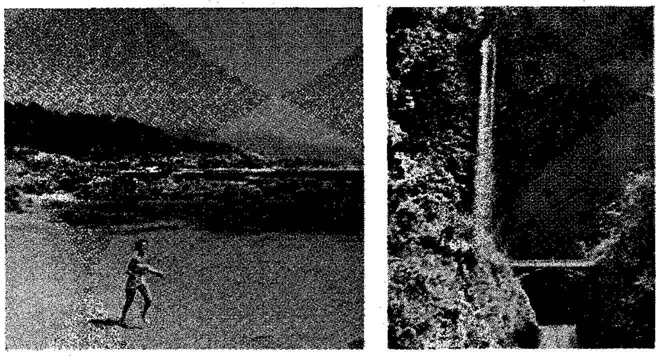
Picked your spot yet? There are still fabulous city holidays to talk about, and dozens of other places. See a professional planner soon . . . your Travel Agent. If you want some United travel folders to look over, he has a full supply . . . yours for the asking. He can show you how to get more from your holiday . . . show you how to stretch your vacation time and money traveling by United jet. And, whether you choose Red Carpet or Custom Coach, United's *Extra Care* will make your Mainliner® flight one of the highlights of your 1961 vacation.


Soothing, sun-bright surf—or a majestic pine forest—there are dozens of places waiting for you via United jet.

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has written. "She furnished this house with about a half million dollars' worth of art objects she'd collected around the world. . . . A truckload of flowers was brought by a florist every day, [and] almost every day Neiman's would send out large stocks of dresses for Electra's selection. The dresses would have to arrive in the original packages from Paris or New York, for Electra refused to wear a dress that anyone else had tried on. She rarely ever wore a dress more than once. . . . One entire closet was filled with fur coats. Her shoe cabinet usually held three hundred and fifty pairs of shoes. And she had a new pair delivered to her daily." Electra Waggoner's life was colorful but short; she died in New York in 1925, at forty-three.

Two years later, her father, who was then seventy-six, suffered another blow when fire destroyed his thoroughbred stock farm. Instead of rebuilding on the old site, Waggoner decided to construct a new and grander establishment on twenty-five hundred acres that he bought near the town of Arlington, roughly halfway between Dallas and Fort Worth. After landscaping the entire tract, which he named Arlington Downs, and enclosing it with a solid board fence, Waggoner spent three million dollars turning it into a show place; besides an array of barns, paddocks, and similar structures, the layout included a one-and-a-quarter-mile race track, complete with a clubhouse and a six-thousand-seat grandstand, from which spectators looked out upon a meticulously manicured infield set off by a forty-six-million-gallon artificial lake. Waggoner then spent another million to stock the place with thoroughbred horses. Since pari-mutuel betting was illegal in Texas when Arlington Downs was built, it was used only for matched racing on a "Southern-gentleman basis," in the phrase of Glen Turpin, who was Waggoner's foreman of the Downs and was later given a farmhouse and property on the premises. "A man would just bring in a good horse and match him against some other fellow's," Turpin has recalled. "It was pretty informal." In 1933, pari-mutuel racing was legalized in Texas, and the following year Arlington Downs was turned into a public track, with two racing seasons. The transformation was sanctioned by Pappy Waggoner, as the old gentleman was by then called, but the track's operation was largely directed by Waggoner's two sons—Paul, who was interested in horses, and Guy, who was interested in marriage and by then had

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No, first class service is not inexpensive but, if you can afford it, I think you'll find I'm not overstating when I say you'll have an unforgettable voyage, both you *and* your husband. You owe yourselves the experience—at least once in your lifetime!

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Café Cointreau is only one of many cooling summer drinks made with Cordials by Cointreau—drinks such as Sloe Gin Fizz, Crême de Menthe Frappé and Orange Cup Punch. For these and many other food and drink recipes, write for your free copy of "Gourmet's Guide" to Dept. 2.

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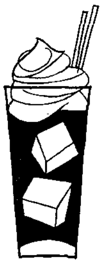

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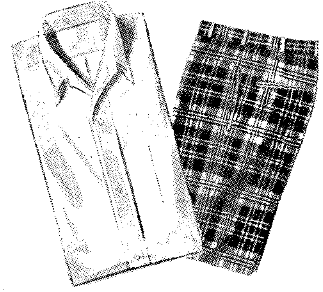
had half a dozen wives. Though Pappy was past eighty, ailing, and nearly blind when his race track was opened to the public, he insisted up to the end on being taken to the Downs whenever the weather was good, and there he would sit, in a wheelchair in the infield, rewarded only by a blur and the pounding of hoofs as the horses thundered by. In 1934, Tom Waggoner died, and three years later the Texas Legislature outlawed pari-mutuel racing once more. After that, Waggoner's sons lost interest in Arlington Downs. Guy drifted away and was married a couple of times more before his death, in 1950. Paul, who married only once, took up residence on the Waggoner Ranch, near Vernon, Texas, where he still lives with his wife and, in the manner of his father, takes a special interest in the breeding of quarter horses and the staging of the Santa Rosa Roundup, an annual week-long private rodeo. Carrying on another family tradition, Paul Waggoner named his daughter (and only child) Electra, who, like her aunt, was educated in private schools and afterward spent a good deal of time in New York, where, according to an interview she gave Cholly Knickerbocker, her main interests were clothes and parties. Then, in 1937, when she was twenty-five and had been once married and divorced, she took a studio on Park Avenue and settled down to a serious career in sculpture, which she had studied in Boston and Paris. "I have given up social life and pleasures for my work," she announced, and set about executing several commissions. In 1943, she was married to a business executive named John Biggs, who is now general manager of the Waggoner Estate, the family's multimillion-dollar oil-and-cattle operation with headquarters in an imposing marble edifice in Vernon. The Biggses live on the nearby ranch, where Mrs. Biggs—attractive, energetic, and the mother of two teen-age daughters—has continued her professional career. Her life nowadays bears small resemblance to the original Electra's. "During the Roundup, we do a good deal of entertaining, but otherwise our life here is quite simple," Mrs. Biggs remarked to a visitor a while ago. "People come for dinner. There's a good movie house in Vernon, but we seldom go. We prefer to look at TV. Then, there's a Chinese restaurant in town that isn't too bad. I go in to Vernon once a week to have my hair washed, but mostly I spend my time right here, working at my sculpture and trying to make some money." Unlike her namesake, Mrs.



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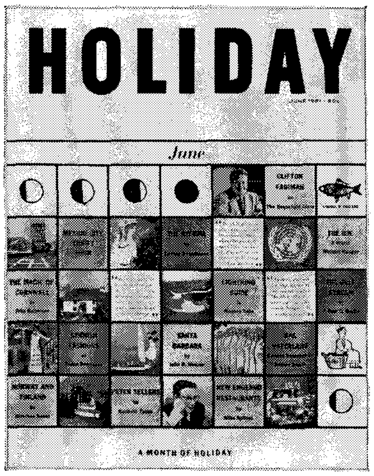
Biggs shuns ostentation not only in her social life and her conversation, which is liberally sprinkled with cryptic asides hinting at impending financial doom, but also in her dress, which is fashionably conservative. "As far as jewelry is concerned," Mrs. Biggs told her visitor, "my main interest these days isn't in owning it but in making and selling it—coin-size medallions for charm bracelets, and so on. I did once have a rather nice diamond, though. It was quite a stone—thirty-five carats. I bought it on time from Harry Winston. When we moved to Vernon after the war, I decided to sell it. You can imagine what would happen if I wore it around here. I sold it back to Harry, and I made a rather nice deal, if I do say so myself. I used the money to set up two trust funds for my daughters' education. They'll need the money."

Whatever the future may hold for Tom Waggoner's great-grandchildren, it is unlikely that they will ever gratify a personal fancy on the scale of Arlington Downs, which in the years following Pappy's death deteriorated into an elegant relic and finally disappeared from the scene in the summer of 1957, when it was bought by the Great Southwest Corporation for six million dollars cash. (The money, like that involved in many other Texas enterprises these days, came both from local millionaires and from Eastern men of means, including the Rockefeller brothers.) As a sentimental gesture, the president of the corporation, Angus Wynne, Jr., held the closing ceremony in the farmhouse belonging to Glen Turpin, the foreman, who had continued to look after the Downs and whose separately owned piece of property had also been purchased by the Great Southwest. This transaction was completed first. Wynne handed a check for a handsome sum to Turpin, clapped him on the shoulder, and said sympathetically, "Glen, I sure am sorry that this transfer of land has meant taking away your home." Turpin nodded, put the check in his wallet, patted it, put the wallet back in his hip pocket, and looked around the room, not uttering a word. "You could have heard a pin drop," a New York lawyer who was present has recalled. "It was one of those funny, poignant moments. For some reason, the thing that popped into my head was that Cyril Connolly line—'It's closing time in the playgrounds of the West.' When the old foreman finally spoke, he came up with what I suppose is the West Texas equivalent. 'Well,' he said, 'I guess it's time to spit on the fire and call

john birch Santa Barbara, California, was as peaceful as it was beautiful. Suddenly, the town was charged with fear and suspicion. The controversial John Birch Society is at the heart of it. Why has it become active in Santa Barbara? What is the town doing about it? Don't miss this fascinating story in Holiday.

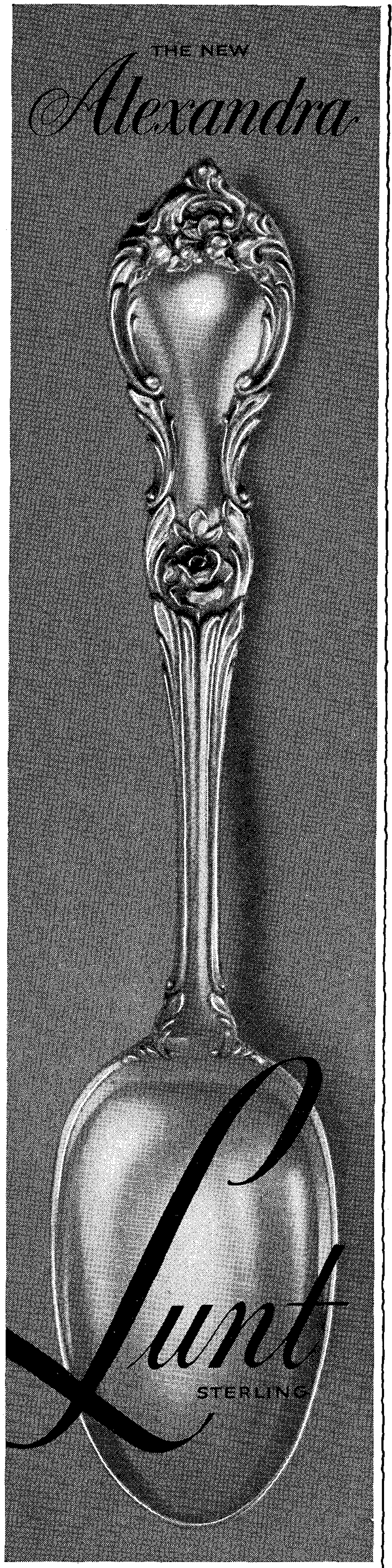
IN THE JUNE



kiruna This municipality, believe it or not, is the world's biggest city. It's typical of the many surprises you'll find in the second part of Holiday's "Journey to Scandinavia," by Hamilton Basso. Read your way through the colorful countries of Norway and Finland. You'll discover why Finland has the world's largest bookshop...how the Norwegians forced a Nazi surrender...why the Finns differ from other Scandinavians. Don't miss this fabulous tour of the Land of the Midnight Sun.

skinker This obsolete term describes the man responsible for some of the best food in New England. You'll meet him—and many others—in Holiday's mouth-watering tour of New England restaurants. You'll discover the two new trends in New England cooking . . . where to get *Homard de Jonghe* . . . which restaurant serves nine different types of lobster. And you'll get a list describing 28 great restaurants that you should visit!

also *Best Way to See the Riviera . . . New York City's Cloisters . . . Best of Mexico City . . . The Magic of Cornwall . . . Das Vaterland by Ronald Searle . . . Lightning Guide to Niagara Falls . . . Leading Fashion Designer — Pedro Rodriguez . . . Angling: the Ultimate Test . . . A World Without Hunger . . . Letters From a Traveler . . . Antic Arts featuring Peter Sellers . . . Party of One by Clifton Fadiman. Don't miss the June Holiday. On sale now. A Curtis Magazine.*



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Dept. Y-27, Greenfield, Massachusetts

the dogs.' And with that he walked out the door and never looked back."

IT is not only the Texas landscape that is changing but also the figures on it. "Where have all the lusty Texans gone?" asked Worth Gatewood, of the Houston *Post*, upon returning home recently after eight years' residence in New York. "The limply sincere hand press and the murmured 'Howjuhdo' of the effete East have replaced the knuckle-crushing grip and hearty 'Howdy, podnuh!' of yesteryear. . . . The pear-shaped tones and tepid phrases of the East have sneaked across the Sabine to corrupt Texas talk. 'Y'all' still falls pleasantly on the ear, of course, but the lazily slurred 'somethin' has become the harsher 'something,' and not once have I heard a single 'reckon' [or] a 'yonder.'. . . The once-gaudy apparel of the Texan has all but vanished, too, in favor of the subdued garb of the East and Midwest. . . . His step is a little quicker; there is an urgency in his manner that is new to me. A little of the brusqueness of New York has crept into his attitude; he smiles not quite as readily, and spends far less time on casual conversation." All this being true of the dramatis personae *in toto*, what about the leading characters? Where, on the changing Super-American scene, is the new crop of "Fourth-of-July kind of people," as J. Frank Dobie calls the protesters, dissenters, nonconformists—the kind of people who gave meaning to the national holiday and have since given significance to American life? Where, to get down to cases, are the new Dobies and Walter Prescott Webbs, the new Marion McNays and Ima Hoggs? Where, for that matter, is a latter-day Super-American sufficiently picturesque to be mentioned in the same breath as James Marion (Silver Dollar Jim) West, that wondrous ornament of Houston, who died only four years ago? West acquired his nickname from his habit of carrying in his outsize trouser pockets about fifty silver dollars, which he sometimes dropped by the handful in crowded public places to create a little excitement. A rotund man, he favored vivid shirts with collar points of platinum, two-toned hand-made boots bearing his embroidered initials, a diamond-studded Texas Ranger badge, and a tooled-leather belt set off by a massive gold buckle. The outfit, completed by a pair of holstered gold-and-silver revolvers, might have been slightly less eye-catching had it adorned a figure less impressive than West's. He was a noteworthy trencherman, and at football games customarily

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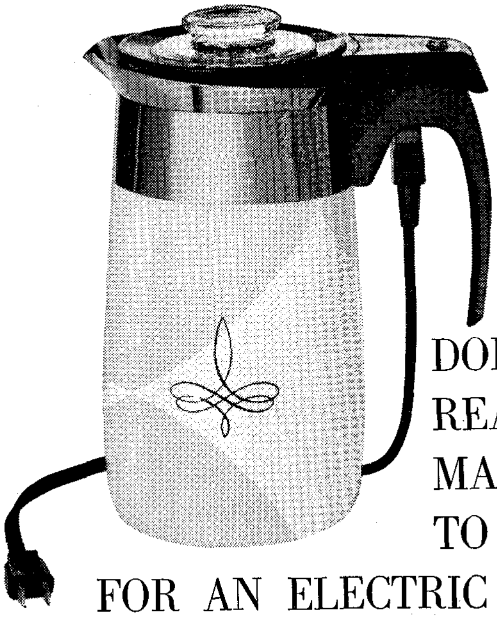
reserved three seats—one for himself and two for his refreshments, which generally consisted of a bushel basket of hot dogs and hamburgers and a case of Coca-Cola. He was particular about his food; having a strong preference for butter churned at one of his ranches, he always carried a supply of it along to restaurants where he dined, and whenever he made a trip out of state (generally travelling in one of his four private planes), his provisions included not only a few pails of butter but several dozen steaks from his own cattle. West was willing to go to a good deal of trouble to have things his own way in other respects, too. He wound up a disagreement with the Houston Lighting & Power Co. by cutting off its service to his residence and installing a private electric-power plant. Unable to see eye to eye with the municipal water-supply authorities, he dispensed with their product and drilled a couple of wells in his front yard. His younger brother, Wesley, satisfied his desire for a house with a view by building on a slight rise and having the surrounding land scooped out and landscaped. Wesley has always been known as "the conservative one." As a rule, Silver Dollar Jim arrived at his office around five in the afternoon, put in three or four hours on business affairs, and then left to spend the rest of the night playing an adult version of cops-and-robbers. Since he was a friend of Houston's chief of police and a benefactor of practically everyone on the force, he had many willing uniformed companions as he cruised the city's streets in search of lawbreakers. The all-night patrol was made in one of West's Cadillac sedans, which was equipped with four telephones, a two-way radio (he was assigned his own call number on the police radio system), a sawed-off shotgun, a 30-30 rifle, a submachine gun, and other crime-busting paraphernalia, including tear-gas bombs. As far as is known, Silver Dollar Jim never personally apprehended a suspect, though once when he and a police lieutenant exchanged fire with a fugitive, West, according to some reports, accidentally shot the lieutenant in the foot. Next to his police work, West's chief interest was automobiles. He maintained a fleet of eleven Cadillacs, supplemented by thirty Oldsmobiles, Plymouths, and other smaller cars, most of which he kept in a private three-story garage, in downtown Houston, that had a staff of full-time mechanics as well as a large paint shop. Silver Dollar Jim had a strong preference for a specially mixed shade of paint known around the garage as West Production Blue. He



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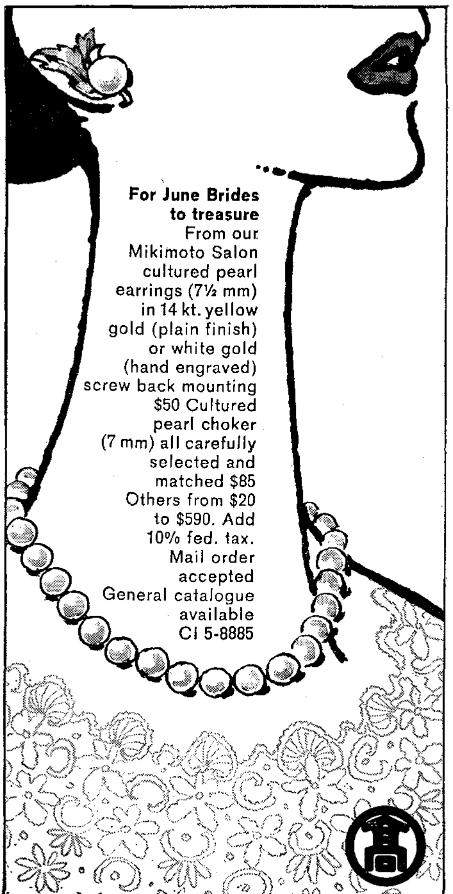
was so fond of it that once, when giving a party at his house, he instructed the parking attendants to drive the automobiles belonging to several guests who were staying overnight to his private garage; when the cars were returned the following day, all had been painted West Production Blue. In 1957, failing health obliged West to give up his night patrol, and toward the close of the year he died, at fifty-four. A few months after his death, agents of his executors, searching the basement of his mansion, discovered a hidden cellar stashed with barrels, cans, bags, and paper sacks brimming with silver dollars. When the hoard, weighing over eight tons, was removed to a bank and counted, it turned out that Silver Dollar Jim had in reserve two hundred and ninety thousand of his favorite playthings.

In his later years, Silver Dollar Jim was regarded with mounting uneasiness by his fellow-millionaires, who cringed at the thought that the outside world would consider him typical. Their collective concern sprang from a great wave of self-consciousness that began sweeping across Super-America in the early nineteen-fifties and left in its wake a communal aversion to public notice so intense that it amounts to a persecution complex. "We have been misquoted, misjudged, and downright lied about until we are all fairly bristling with unfriendliness toward anyone who comes to write us up," Mrs. Olaf LaCour Olsen, a prominent Houston matron, explained a while ago to a visiting journalist. However, a few Super-Americans are aware that their misshapen public image was not fashioned solely by people who came to write them up. "You have got to realize that we are the lousiest public-relations men that it is possible to be," Jake Hamon, an open-minded and widely respected independent oilman, told his colleagues a couple of years ago when serving as chairman of the American Petroleum Institute. "What you don't realize is that most people in the United States think we are a bunch of overbearing braggarts with a tax gimmick. Unless we change that unfair attitude about us, we're going to lose our depletion allowance and generally go down the drain. . . . Despite the fact that we live like peasants compared to the way wealthy people live in some other sections, we are regarded as the richest. We have got to start winning friends and influencing people, and we are starting a lot later than we should." Later by about a year, it would seem, for some twelve months earlier *Cosmo-*



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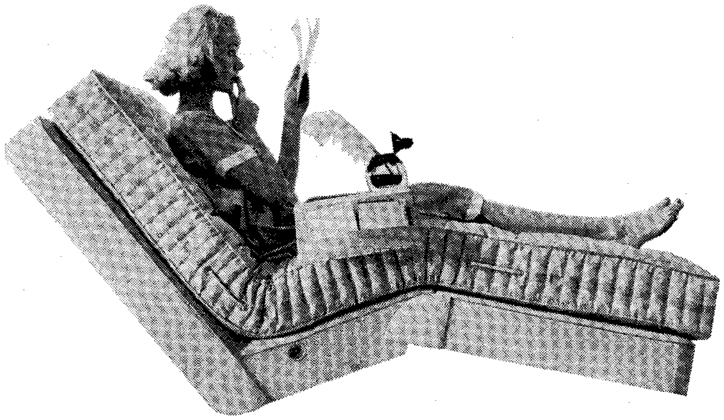
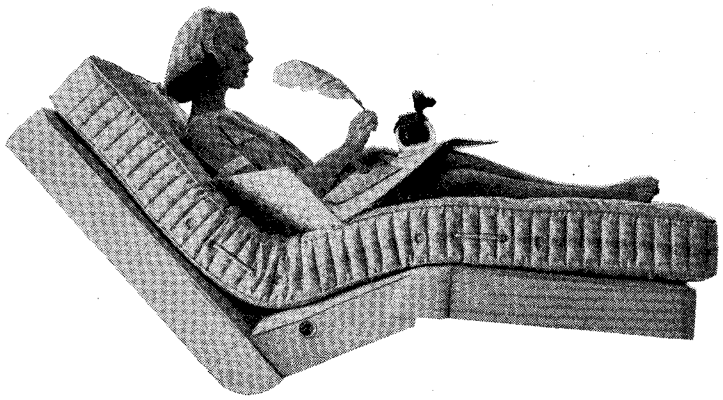
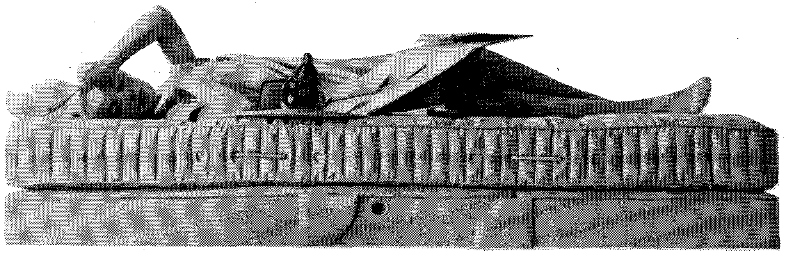
politan published an article about Neiman-Marcus that was accompanied by a drawing of Mrs. Hamon above a caption reading, "A typical customer, Mrs. Jake Hamon is the wife of a millionaire oil operator. Mrs. Hamon, an exquisitely groomed brunette, was interviewed in one of the store's fitting rooms while she examined a honey-colored mink stole. Her hobbies, travel and entertaining, require an enormous wardrobe, most of which is supplied by Neiman-Marcus. Last year the Hamons were hosts to several hundred guests at a masquerade ball, and one summer they gave a 'Christmas in July' party, complete with snow." Aside from a contretemps or two like that, the Hamons, though they are not likely to be taken for peasants, have studiously avoided looking like the richest, even in the days, not so long ago, when many other Texas millionaires were obligingly coöperative in creating the image they now deplore. In 1948, for example, *Life* published an article titled "Southwest Has a New Crop of Super Rich," which included a photograph of a pair of them getting into a Rolls-Royce, the door of which was being held by a colored chauffeur wearing a visored cap and a baggy tweed suit. "New Rolls-Royce (price $19,500) was bought by Colonel Henry Russell of Dallas as a present for his wife," the caption read. "She liked it because 'it goes with my blue hat.' The Russells claim they are just 'camping out' in their house, plan to turn it over to the servants and build a bigger one for themselves as soon as they can get around to it." Karl Hoblitzelle, the banker and philanthropist, did his bit by posing in an automobile showroom gingerly inspecting a Rolls-Royce, which, readers were informed, he could afford, since he "owns banks, utilities, vast tracts of real estate, a chain of 178 theatres, is worth about $30 million." Another assist was provided by E. E. (Buddy) Fogelson, described as one of "Texas' most famous oil millionaire playboys," who sat for his camera portrait while consuming crêpes Suzette at the Cipango Club. Clarence Scharbauer, Jr., coöperating in the enterprise, was written up as an eligible young bachelor and rancher with twenty million dollars in his poke. Probably the most arresting exhibit of all was the picture of D. H. Byrd, in a top hat, cutaway coat, and false mustache and goatee, stepping down the street with his arms around two pretty girls. The caption read, " 'Dry-Hole' Byrd, so nicknamed because he made 100 tries before finally hitting oil in Texas, puts on false whiskers to stroll with his two secre-







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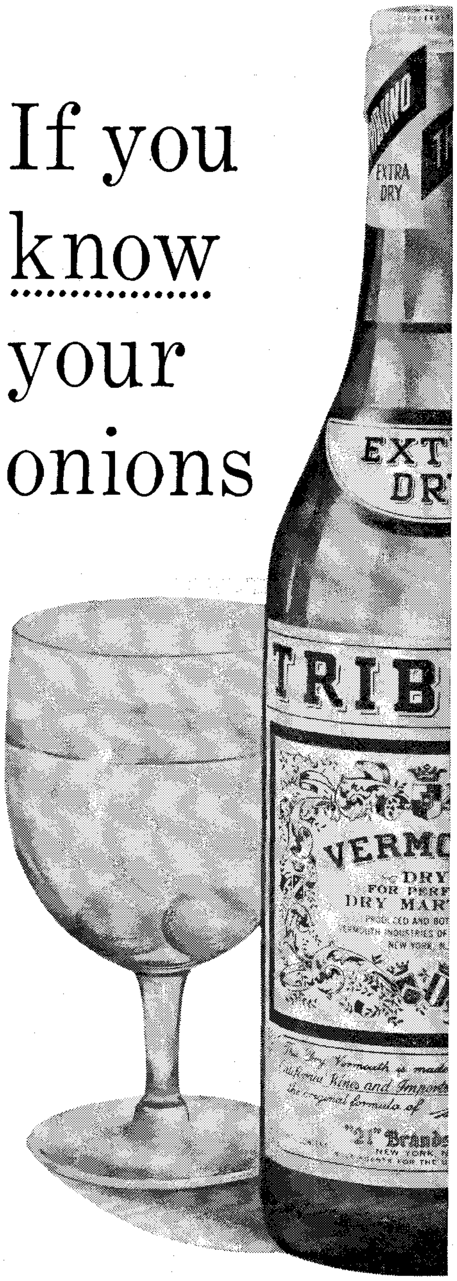

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taries during a trip to Mexico that he took with 30 of his friends in two planes." And so, in those days, the Super-Americans passed in review, each contributing to the composite picture of the Texas millionaire. Today, Hoblitzelle, Fogelson, Scharbauer, and their fellows have become so camera-shy that they think twice before posing for a passport photograph. To complete their reformation, many Texas millionaires (including the once ebullient Byrd) who were born with a taste for gaiety and the gift for promoting hilarity in others now employ a public-relations man, that splendid twentieth-century invention for neutralizing individuality.

"It's pathetic," a Texas newspaper editor said recently, speaking of the vanishing Super-Americans who could properly be described as "originals"—the term used by Harriet Martineau for "men and women who, in more or fewer respects, *think*, speak, and act, naturally and unconsciously, in a different way from the generality of men." However melancholy this aspect of the changing scene may make the few in Super-America, it satisfies the many, because *it shows progress toward conformity*, the touchstone of good Americanism. Ever since de Tocqueville described our willing submission to the rule of numbers as "the tyranny of the majority," observers have found this trait central to an understanding of the American character. "Out of the mingled feelings that the multitude will prevail and that the multitude, because it will prevail, must be right," wrote Bryce, "there grows a self-distrust, a despondency, a disposition to fall into line, to acquiesce in the dominant opinion, to submit thought as well as action to the encompassing power of numbers." Santayana, though in most respects an American buff, was not favorably impressed by our penchant for obligatory togetherness. "Even what is best in American life is compulsory—the idealism, the zeal, the beautiful happy unison of its great moments," he wrote. "You must wave, you must cheer, you must push with the irresistible crowd; otherwise, you will feel like a traitor, a soulless outcast, a deserted ship high and dry on the shore." More recently, a contemporary French observer, Albert Béguin, contributed the thought that America is "a dictatorship without a dictator, exercised by everyone over everyone else." After listening for more than a hundred and twenty-five years to similar variations on de Tocqueville's theme, Americans may understandably feel that the observations, however accurate, reflect lit-

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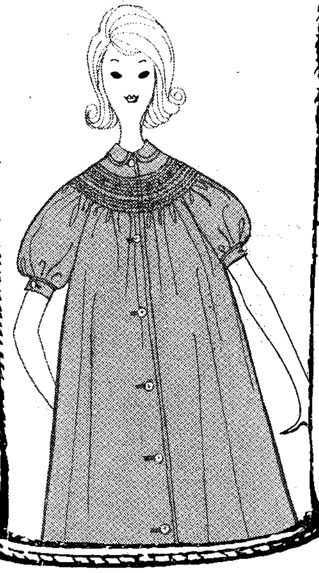

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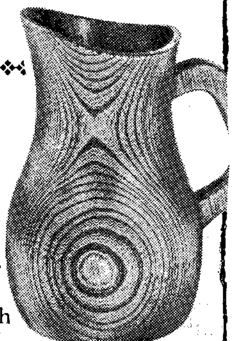

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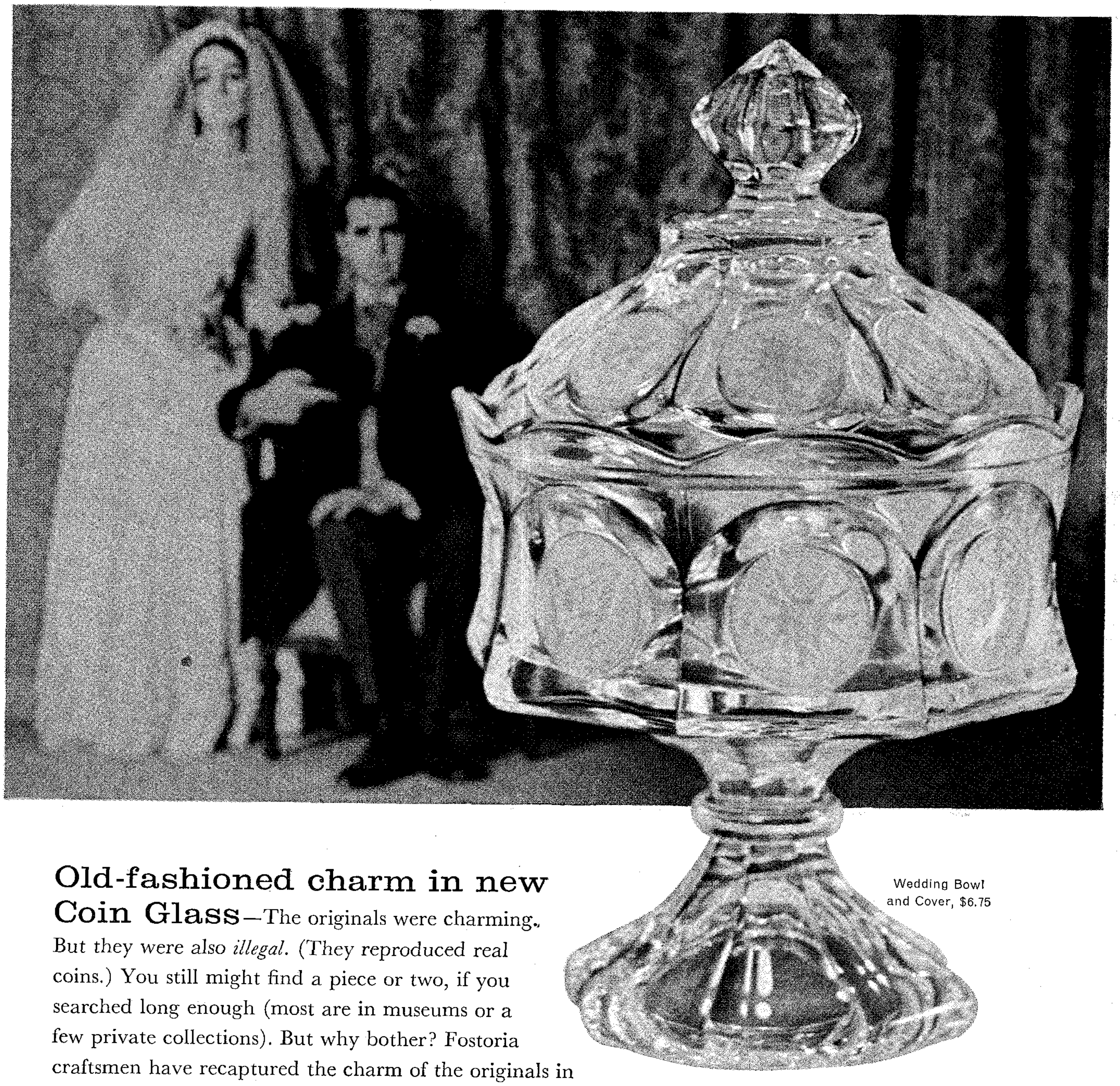

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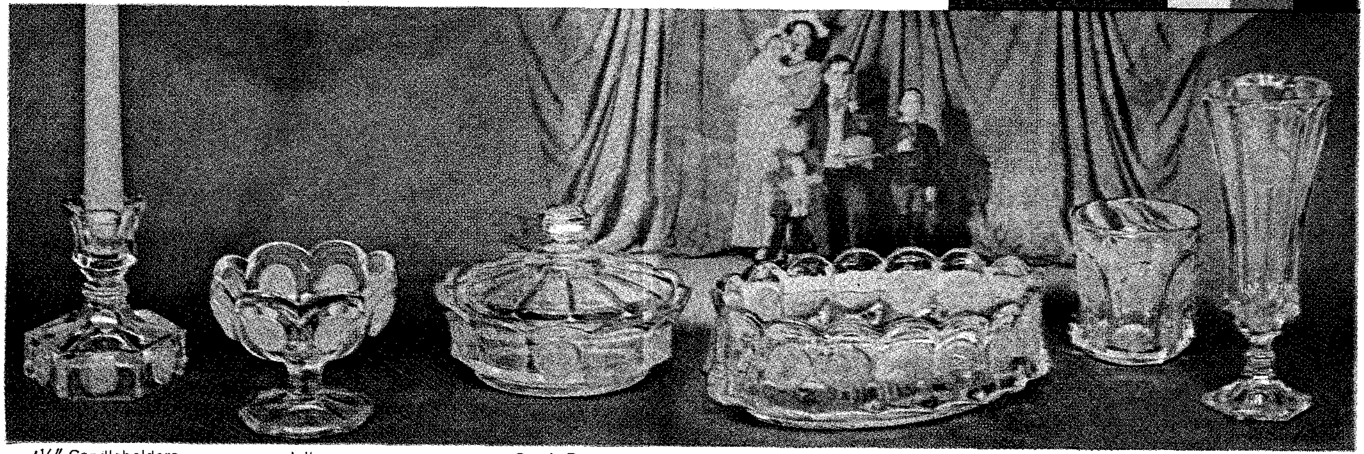

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tle more than a keen grasp of the obvious. "It takes no great perspicacity to detect and to complain of the standardization in American life," Robert Benchley wrote, back in 1932. "So many foreign and domestic commentators have pointed this feature out in exactly the same terms that the comment itself has become standardized and could be turned out by the thousands on little greeting cards, all from the same type form: 'American life has become too standardized.' " Nowadays, of course, the standardized life, like some of our other pioneering efforts, has ceased to be a local monopoly. Arnold Toynbee recently observed, "It is not only in America that people are being herded together in mammoth cities without social cohesions and are having their individuality ironed out of them by the demand for docile employees to serve mammoth organizations, private and public. The same thing is happening on both sides of the Iron Curtain." Everywhere, said Toynbee, "organization, industrialization and urbanization are threatening between them to dehumanize us—to turn us, in fact, into subhuman caricatures of ants and bees." If we manage to keep ahead of the ants, there is nevertheless a strong possibility, Bertrand Russell has prophesied, "that under the influence of scientific discoveries and administrative possibilities and organizations, the world may get so organized that there's no fun to be had any more." The chances are better, Lord Russell has said in his more cheerful moments, that the human race will avoid that dismal end by extinguishing itself.

Meanwhile, back in Texas, the contemporary predicament is also causing concern, but the Super-Americans are not taking it as hard as Toynbee, Russell & Co. On the contrary, anybody who spends much time in Texas is apt to get the feeling that the human race has not only a future but a bright one—or, as they say in Super-America, "Everything's coming up roses." There are, to be sure, a few thorns, such as the one that prompted a recent Houston *Post* editorial titled "Biggest Things All Around But in Texas," which, after noting that a check for the biggest sum ever drawn was recently deposited in a bank in London, that the biggest skyscraper ever financed by local money was going up in Chicago, and that the biggest lake ever made by man was being constructed in Russia, concluded, "It's about time Texas came up with some 'biggests.' We haven't had a very important one since Alaska bumped

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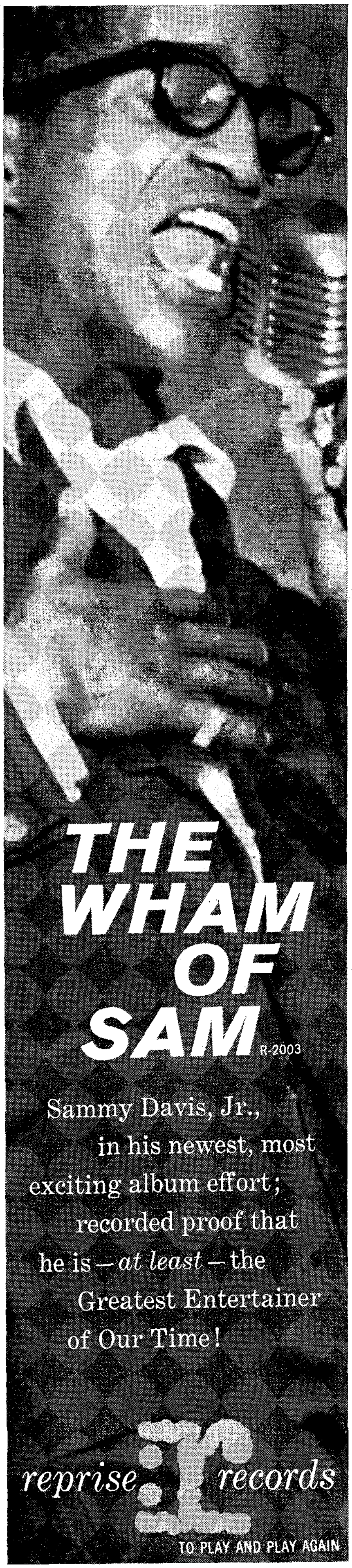

Texas out of its biggest-state position." In Texas generally, however, the old-time American optimism still reigns. For that reason, Super-Americans refused to show the limber-tail during the recent recession. Firmly eschewing the wringing of hands and the singing of sad statistical songs, they maintained from start to finish an unshakably jaunty mood, revealed in newspaper stories bearing headlines that ranged from (for Super-America) the near-negative, such as "RECESSION TALK ABSENT IN NORTH, EAST TEXAS" (Dallas *Times Herald*) and "HOUSTON'S ECONOMY DEFIES U.S. GLOOM" (Houston *Press*), through the matter-of-fact, such as "BUSINESS DROPS MISSED TEXAS" (Fort Worth *Star-Telegram*), and on up to the typically Super-American, such as "BUSINESS IN TEXAS BEST EVER" (Dallas *News*). In case there was need for reassurance about the future in general, the *Times Herald* supplied it with the headline on a story about an ancient but sprightly colored Baptist preacher: "Ex-Slave, Nearing 112, Sees No Reason for Gloom in '61."

Some non-Texans think the sanguine approach is overdone in Texas. Texans think it is underdone elsewhere; after all, they say, optimism was not incidental to the original idea of America. Elsewhere, it is no doubt true that, as Patrick O'Donovan remarked a while ago in the London *Observer*, "the old innocence, and at least among the intellectuals, the old absolute confidence in the righteousness and in the destiny of America have gone," but in Texas even the intellectuals are still so wide-eyed about America that they think it is absolutely O.K. Furthermore, they have as much confidence in its destiny as the men who pushed back the frontiers—that tremendous adventure, which in Texas often seems to have taken place only yesterday. "Texas is still a last frontier," John C. B. Richmond remarked a while ago when he was British Consul-General there. "It's the part of the United States where the traditional virtues are still operating. In short, a piece of living history." Reminders of the proximity of the frontier are everywhere: the passion for hunting and horses; the Western-style dress and the prevalence and importance of cattle ("BULL SHORTAGE LOOMS IN FALL"—San Antonio *Express*); the ubiquitous rodeos and so-called trail rides, an indigenous recreation participated in by groups of as many as two thousand men and women, who get together once a year and spend several days and nights traversing one of the old

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cattle trails on horseback or in covered wagons, eating out of chuck wagons, and sleeping on the ground, usually in foul weather; the horse thieves (a ring of five youthful ones rounded up last December in Fort Worth); the cattle rustling (four separate instances reported during the first six months of last year within a twenty-five-mile radius of Houston); the newspaper stories about local residents who grew up on the frontier ("OLD CAMPAIGNER, 91, RECALLS INDIAN FIGHTS"); and many other remnants of history that, in Francis Bacon's phrase, "have casually escaped the shipwreck of time." Though the remnants, too, are disappearing, the spirit of the frontier persists, giving Texas its special tone and explaining in large part its peculiar fascination for foreigners—especially other Americans, since the frontier is the most highly cherished element in the American experience. "What the ocean was to the Elizabethans, so were the vast spaces of the West to the Americans of the last century, and the glamour and wonder of it have never faded," the London *Times Literary Supplement* has said. In the same way that America stands as the frontier of Europe, so Texas stands in the collective American imagination as the frontier of America—the land of the second chance, the last outpost of individuality, the stage upon which the American Drama, in all its wild extremes, is being performed with eloquence and panache, as if for the first time. While the production, distinguished throughout by the Super-American genius for overacting, has drawn mixed notices, a judgment perhaps as fair as any might follow from applying to the Texan and Texas of today the words with which the brilliant English journalist George Warrington Steevens characterized the American and America at the turn of the century: "He may make his mind easy about his country. It is a credit to him, and he is a credit to it. You may differ from him, you may laugh at him; but neither of these is the predominant emotion he inspires. Even while you differ or laugh, he is essentially the man with whom you are always wanting to shake hands."

—JOHN BAINBRIDGE

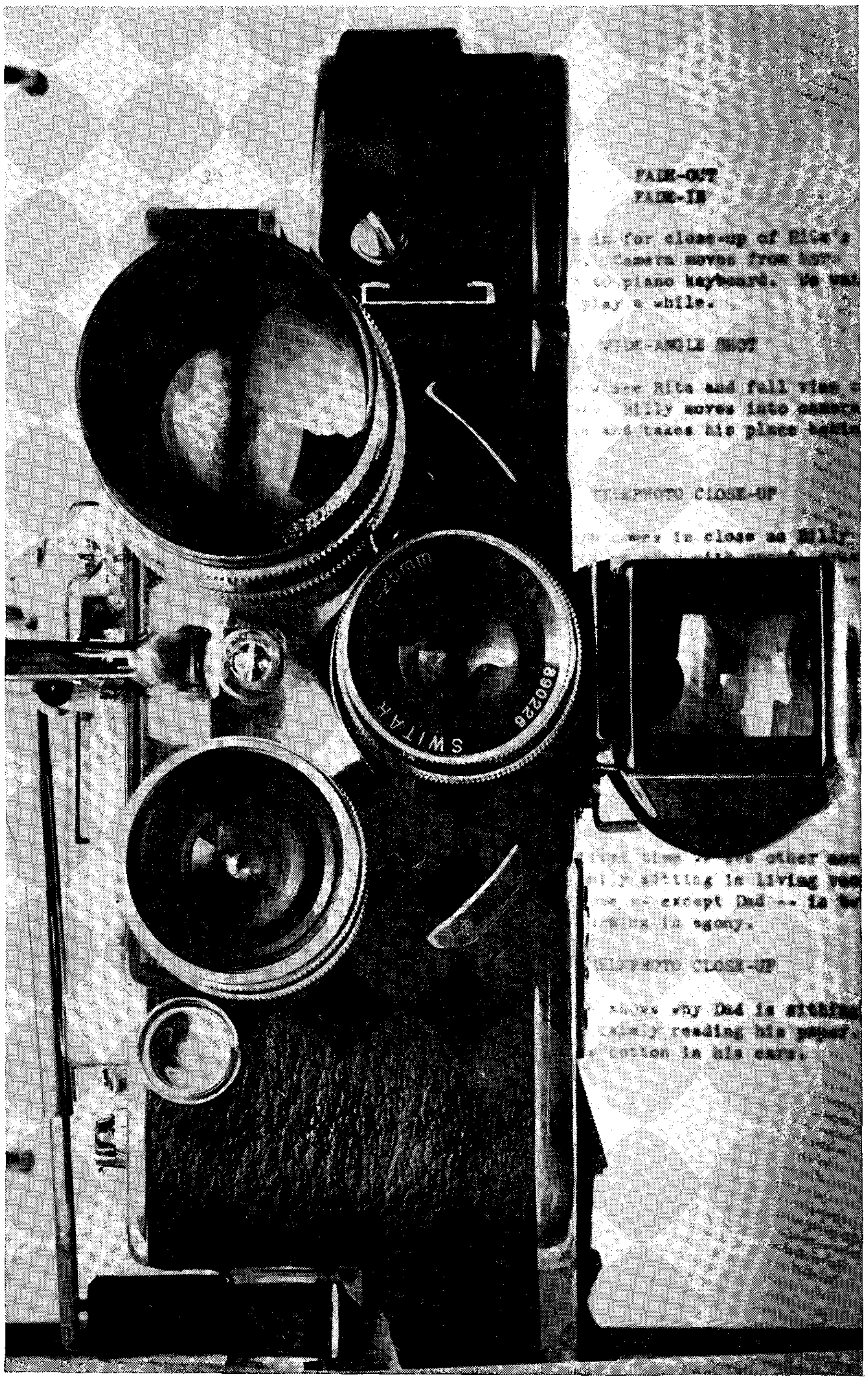
(*This is the last of a series of articles.*)

•

The groom, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Shay, Newtown, Mass., also attends Cornell University.

It is completely departmentalized and is staffed by trained shoe salesmen.—*Long Island Herald.*

That's a damned lie.



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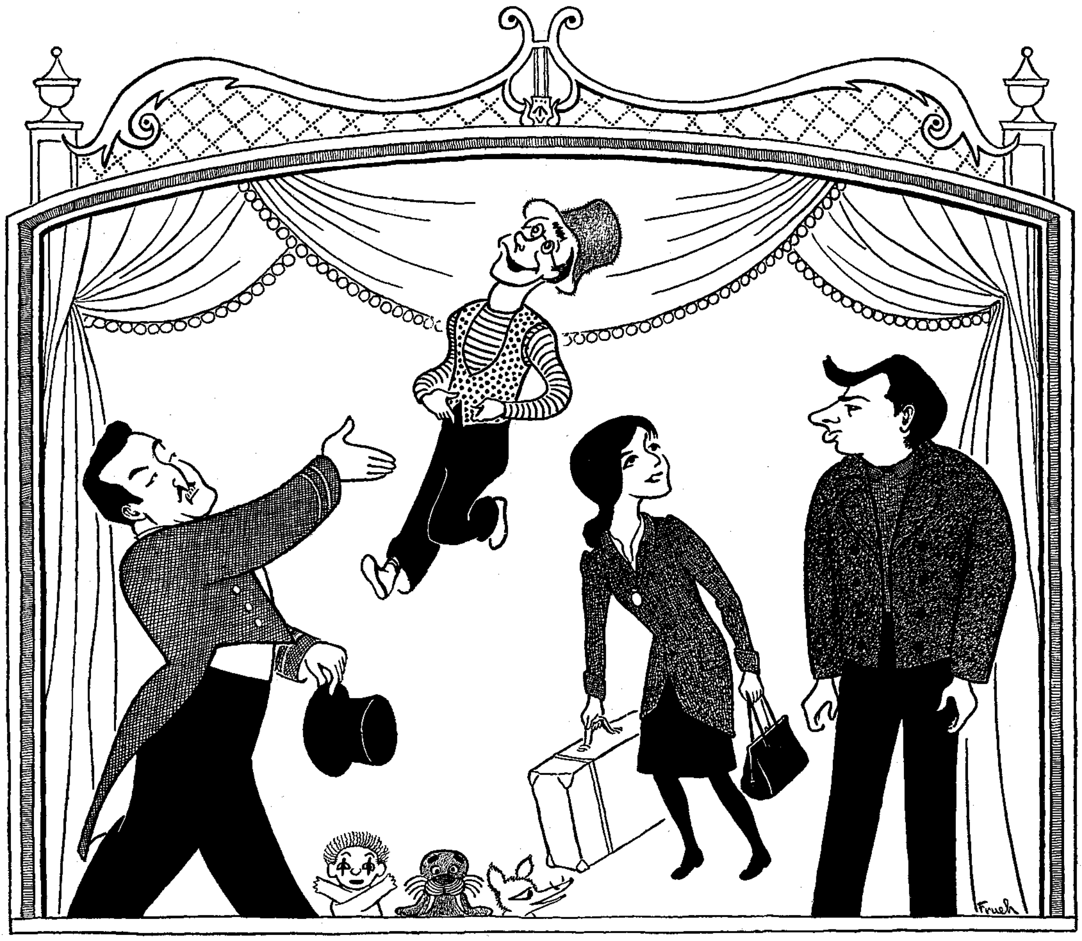
THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

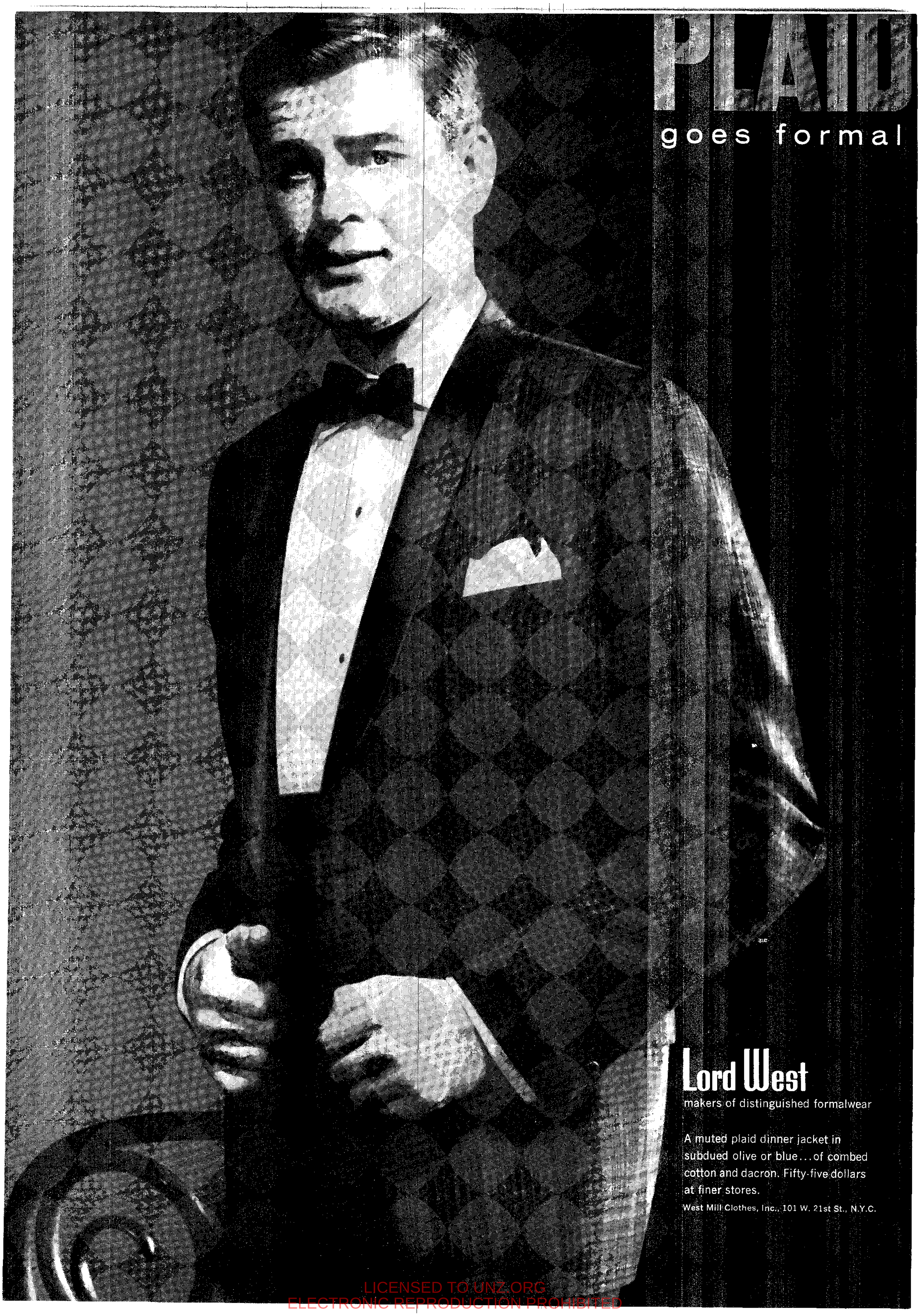
DIARY

TUESDAY, MAY 9TH: Ashamed of my sketchy knowledge, I prepare for "A Curious Evening with Gypsy Rose Lee" by consulting that heartwood volume the "Dictionary of Occupational Titles" (United States Employment Service), where I find this entry: "Strip-tease Artist. Peeler; Teaser. Walks about stage, in accompaniment to music, and gradually divests herself of clothing. May also sing and dance." That done, I discover that Miss Lee's autobiography, "Gypsy," was published in 1957, that the musical based on the book opened on Broadway in 1959, and that, two more years having elapsed, the time has indeed come for the newest variation on Miss Lee's life story. Folklore doesn't become folklore all by itself. Further fortified with a plate of *spiedino alla romano*, a tossed salad, and an *espresso*, I sink into the depths under Forty-sixth Street, where the new Mayfair Theatre is located, and find myself in Billy Rose's old Diamond Horseshoe, its noisy gold-leaf décor still intact. Miss Lee is pretty intact, too. She appears in a tight, V-necked black gown, her celebrated white foxtail wrap, and long white gloves. Walking about the stage, in accompaniment to music, she divests herself of her wrap and gloves, reaches breathtakingly far into her bosom, pulls out a pair of glasses ("Gee, they're all steamed up") and a mass of notes, from which she reads, "Five pounds of hamburg, one . . . " stops, and smiles in confusion. Haunching herself onto a stool at one side of the stage, she informs the audience that it is about to see a home movie of her life, accompanied by her own narration and long enjoyed only by her friends. No sooner said than the Divine Sarah appears, driving in an open car through large crowds in Seattle, where Miss Lee grew up. Jovial Enrico Caruso, also in Seattle, materializes, followed by Lillian Russell, Pola Negri, and Gertrude Hoffman, who does a funny falling-down dance on some marble steps. Fanny Brice, Ted Lewis, and Aimee Semple McPherson give way, in loose order, to Presidents Coolidge (in an Indian war bonnet) and Harding (playing a tuba), and then to Miss Lee and her sister, June Havoc, as young vaudevillians, and Fred Allen, cross-eyed. During intermission, Miss Lee sits on the apron, sipping champagne, which is offered to the audience, and greeting well-wishers, one of whom is Bea Lillie. Back to the film and the Ritz Brothers, Vic McLaglen, Bea Lillie, Ty Power, Darryl Zanuck, Doug Fairbanks, Jackie Gleason, Joan Blondell, Eddie Cantor, and, at last, a real but unidentified strip-teaser, *naked*. After another intermission (no champagne), Miss Lee appears in a beaded gold gown and a long black mammoth-fur coat. I pinch my lower half and feel nothing, but we are already through the World's Fair and well into Mike Todd, Florenz Ziegfeld, F.D.R., Abbott and Costello, Nancy Walker, Bob Hope, Danny Kaye (scattered applause), Miss Lee in London, Miss Lee in Paris, Miss Lee in New York, and Miss Lee consorting with Ethel Merman and the "Gypsy" company. Suddenly, two everlasting hours



"CARNIVAL"

The wispy young thing with her hands full is Anna Maria Alberghetti, the commanding fellow on the left is Henry Lascoe, the mesmerized lad on the right is Jerry Orbach, the small man who has just taken off is Pierre Olaf, and the still smaller creatures below are puppets created by Tom Tichenor. This group appears in the musical—book by Michael Stewart, music and lyrics by Bob Merrill—at the Imperial.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old, the movie ends, and Miss Lee graciously thanks the audience. I rise to Forty-sixth Street behind Alexander King, who isn't in the film. Perhaps he'll make the film *of* the film; 1963 will tell.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 10TH: The way to "Meet Peter Grant," a musical based on "Peer Gynt" at the Folksbiene Theatre, which lies deep in the shadows of Manhattan Bridge, is long and hard. And so is "Peter Grant." Elliot Arluck's book (he also wrote the lyrics) transposes Ibsen's Norwegian good-for-nothing to America, Ted Harris's music bypasses Grieg, and Roger Sullivan's direction re-creates the atmosphere of opening night at Vic Tanny's. The cast, large and muscular, carries one another about, jumps from tree stump to tree stump, peers from mountaintops, fights, and sings like wounded water buffaloes. I escape midway in the second half, after an exquisitely detailed deathbed scene, in which Peter Grant guarantees his mother entrance into Heaven by means of a quick chat with God only moments before the old girl—a tough, healthy, apple-pie-and-darning type ("Peter goes through clothes quicker than lightning goes through a gooseberry bush")—abruptly expires. Still under the sway, I shout my destination at the cabdriver, break into song, and we're off.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

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[*Adv. in the Honolulu Star-Bulletin*]

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The only disappointment was that Mr. Bernstein was unable to perform Ravel's Piano Concerto as scheduled. He had suffered a deep gash in his right thumb several days earlier while attempting to slice a piece of fruit and watch a Japanese wrestling match at the same time.—*The Times.*

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THE RACE TRACK

Change of Pace

IF form worked out perfectly all the time, racing would be pretty dull. Of course, it doesn't, and nobody really expects it to, but even so I hardly supposed that Hitting Away would gallop off with the Withers Stakes, as he did at Aqueduct last Saturday. He had been unplaced in three of his four starts this year, and in his most recent one, the Wood Memorial, he was eased up when he fell hopelessly behind. Maybe the rest he'd had since then put him on edge, or maybe he liked the sloppy track; at any rate, he led almost from the start, and won by four lengths or so in the double-quick time of 1:35⅕ for the mile, paying a $35.40 mutuel. Up Scope, a 17–1 chance, was second, about the same distance ahead of Nashua Blue, a 10–1 shot. The biggest disappointment among the eight also-rans was Merry Ruler, who didn't seem to care for the footing. While the result was another of those three-year-old surprises, it wasn't as stunning to the talent as an earlier Withers—the 1948 renewal, in which Vulcan's Forge beat Coaltown. If memory serves (and it does, because I looked this up), Coaltown was 3–20 in the betting, and the gloom that fell on Belmont Park after the race was thicker than the fog at Aqueduct early last Saturday afternoon. (It cleared up later on.) Hitting Away is owned by Ogden Phipps, who has won the Withers twice before—in 1936 with White Cockade and in 1941 with King Cole. Two months ago, Jim Fitzsimmons, who trains Hitting Away, thought the colt might be good enough for the classics. Well, he'll have his chance in the Preakness.

IT'S easy to predict that if Carry Back runs in the Preakness at Baltimore this weekend the way he ran in the Kentucky Derby, he's a good bet to add Pimlico's prize for three-year-olds to his achievements. Chances are that only six or seven other colts will face the starter; he beat three of them in the Derby, and the others, including Hitting Away, are nothing to worry about. However, a few dissenters (beat-the-favorite boys) point out that the Preakness is half a furlong shorter than the Derby, that the track at Pimlico is narrower, and that the turns are sharper,

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all of which would give a horse with early speed something of an advantage. But Globemaster, who led for nearly a mile in the Derby, threw a stifle out of joint last Friday night (that corresponds to dislocating a knee), so, if you ask me, he's out of it, and Crozier has had a touch of colic, which won't help him, either. As for Sherluck, he's a nice colt but in my opinion he isn't a match for Carry Back, nor, although he won the Preakness Prep, is Dr. Miller. So there!

I'M sorry to say that I'll have to pass up the Acorn Stakes at Aqueduct this weekend, but perhaps I can catch it on television at Pimlico. My choice is Bowl of Flowers, and although I don't think she'll have any difficulty winning (in my book, she's the best three-year-old, of either sex), I'd like to see her run. However, the Acorn would have been more interesting if Primonetta, who is also a topnotcher, could have gone to the post. Unfortunately, one of those strange mishaps that seem to dog only the better racers put her out of the running. One morning about ten days ago, Jim Conway, who trains her, discovered a scratch no more than an inch long on her right front ankle. He treated it immediately, and the stable's vet was called in, but in no time the ankle had swollen enormously. She is recovering nicely, I'm pleased to report, but she's missing her big chance. With some stables, racing luck runs from bad to worse.

MOST of the two-year-olds I've seen so far this season are nothing extra. An exception is Su Ka Wa, the chestnut colt (he's by Calumet's Barbizon, and looks like him) who won the Youthful Stakes at Aqueduct last week. What's more, he did it in such style that my most observant outside man says he'll be one of the first four in the Experimental Free Handicap when that rating comes out at the end of the season. And if you're wondering whether Su Ka Wa is a town in Thailand, a river in Vietnam, or something on the menu in a Chinese restaurant, it's none of those. Bruno Ferrari, who owns the colt, made the word up from the first two letters in the names of his grandchildren—Susan, Karen, and Wayne. That's doing it the hard way.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Burleigh said: "Of course, I have future plans, but I don't know what they are yet."—*Des Moines Register*.

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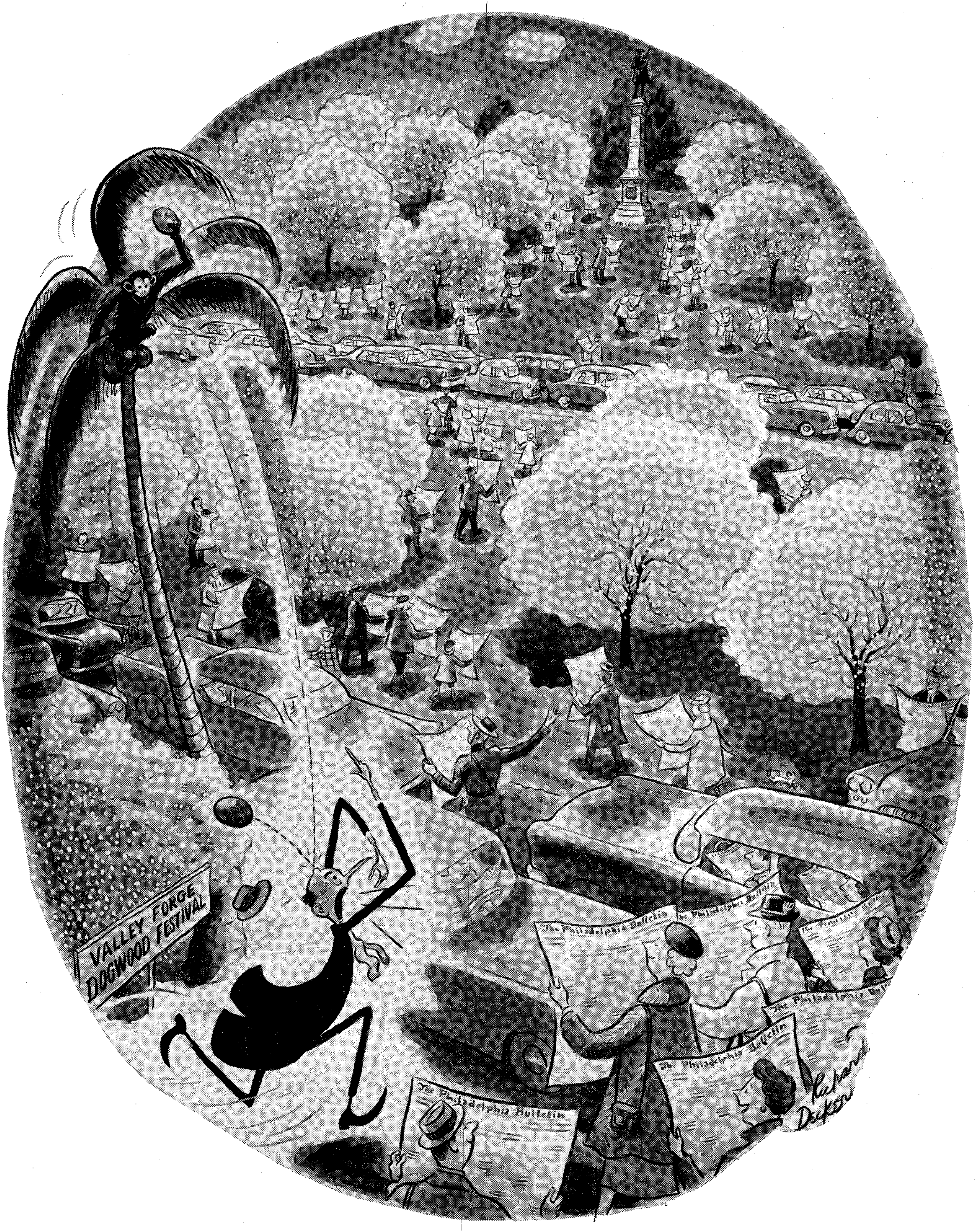
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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

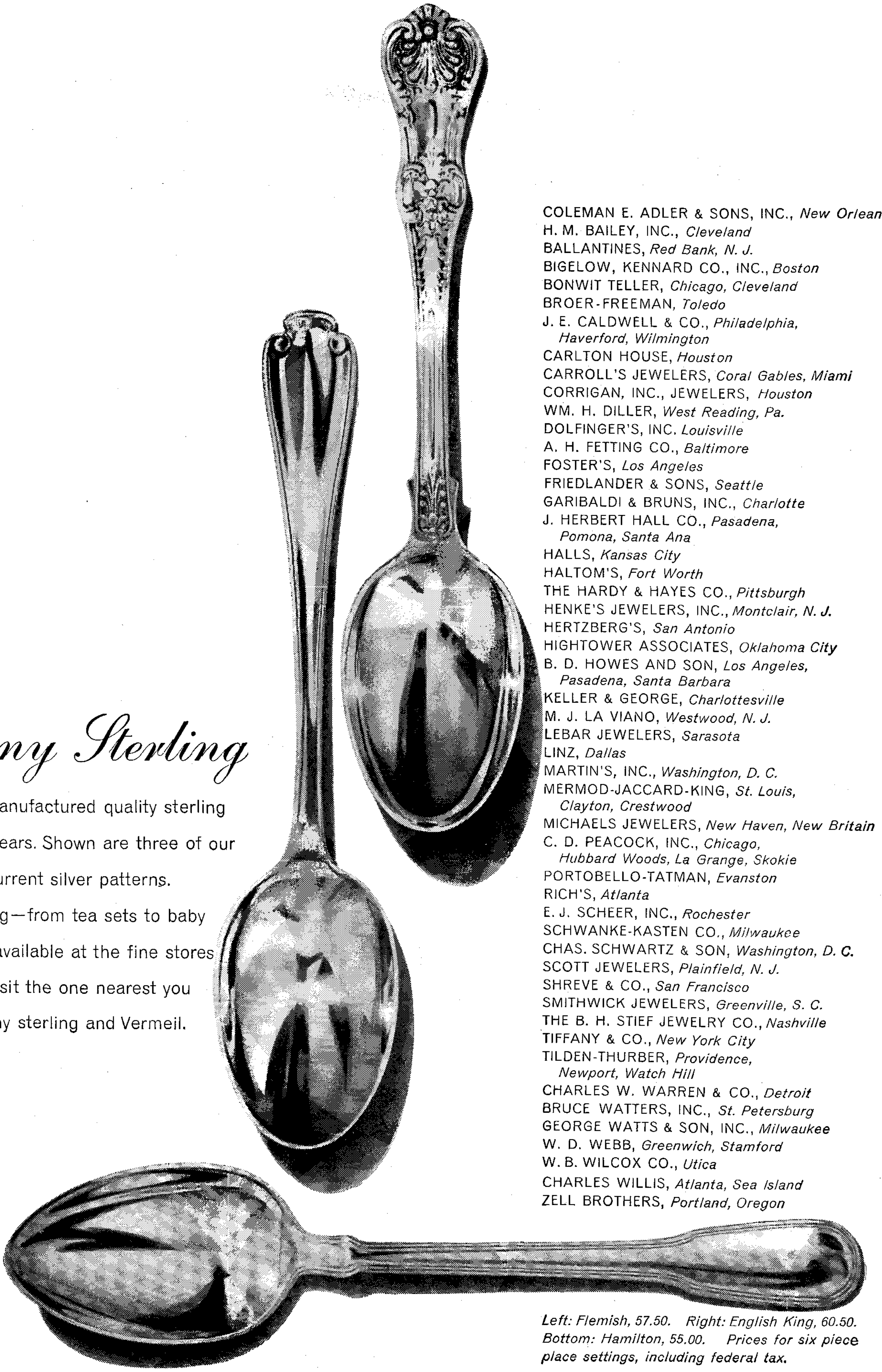
ABOUT THE HOUSE

ALTHOUGH for a good many months I have been exposed to a steady stream of news releases from Madison Avenue trying to badger me into an appreciation of vinyl floor coverings, a certain cantankerous resistance to what looks like the complete vinylization of modern life has until recently kept me from investigating the latest manifestations of this medium that seems about to take over the world. Added to such an admittedly unreasonable objection has been the nervous apprehension that somebody might try to explain to me what vinyl really is. Well, I recently paid a long and rewarding visit to the showrooms of Amtico (a regular pace setter in flooring fashions), at 501 Madison Avenue (52nd), and not only was my apathy regarding what goes into the making of this miracle product respected but I was shown such striking floor coverings that I now find myself lined up on the side of vinyl—more or less. As it happens, I am glad I didn't get around to investigating the Amtico offerings before I did, because it seems that the past couple of years have seen enormous strides both in the technical production of vinyl floor covering and in the concept of its design. It struck me, though, that this ever-increasing aesthetic progress might have its disadvantages when I heard of a young matron—more sensitive than most to trends in interior decoration—who felt compelled to take up the vinyl flooring of her entire house (laid last year) in order to put down what she considers this season's incomparably more decorative patterns.

What makes the whole subject of vinyl floorings of particular interest is the fact that although there have been any number of highly successful vinyl *wall* coverings on the market, manufacturers have only recently succeeded in making to-be-walked-on reproductions of wood, tile, and flagstone that could fool any fairly attentive child. They have apparently moved fast, though, for the samples to be seen at the Amtico showrooms are likely to make anybody wonder how we ever managed to get along with real boards and real bricks. The company's simulated-wood flooring being the newest, I shall begin my report with this—a vinyl material that has been tinted to imitate oak, walnut (light or dark), teak, or cherry, and has been given the matte appearance and the striations of dressed lumber. It comes in sheets an eighth of an inch thick, three feet long, and two, four, or six inches wide, and also in nine-inch, one-foot, and three-foot squares, these last to be cut into a variety of arrangements and used to form parquet patterns combining contrasting "woods." The price, which doesn't include installation, is $2 a square foot for the sheets and $1.50 a square foot for the squares. I'd better mention right here that Amtico sells only to wholesale distributors; however, its showrooms are open to the public, and information about prices and retail outlets for the various items, and how to go about getting the flooring installed, is freely given.

Among the products on view, Amtico considers one of the most decorative to be a set of vinyl tiles exactly reproducing antique Delft designs. These would make the handsomest sort of floor in a kitchen where the aim is to get away from the boring pastel-shaded perfection that seems to be standard for kitchens throughout the land. Moreover, the vinyl reproductions have gone the Dutch originals one better by having, in spite of their highly glazed ceramic appearance, a resilient quality that makes them both comfortable and safe to walk on. The tiles are six inches square and cost ninety-five cents apiece.

In the same showrooms, I came upon



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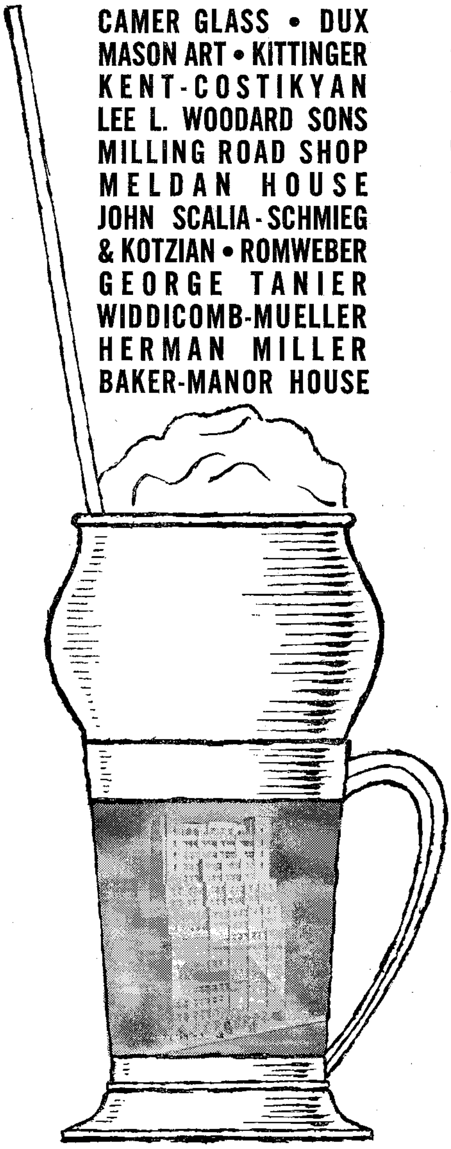

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a bit of realistic stage scenery that would surely gladden any householder with a terrace or a patio that needs paving. In front of a neat, Scarsdale-looking front door was an expanse—all vinyl—of what appeared to be large, irregular slabs of gray slate cemented together to make a most inviting outdoor walk. But, alas, this attractive setup would answer the dreams only of those householders who have covered porches to be paved, since it is in the nature of unalloyed vinyl not to withstand the heat of direct sunlight. If you have an indoor area informal enough to call for flagstones, the handsome slabs of gray slate will do fine, but the pretty open terrace of the Madison Avenue showrooms was just something that Amtico would like to supply if it could. The same material (it costs $1.50 a square foot) is offered in a very good-looking terra cotta that gives the effect of brick, as well as in several other colors, which I thought less successful. A more formal effect is achieved by some bevel-edged vinyl tiles called Bevelesque, which come in nine- and twelve-inch hexagons, and can be ordered in practically any size and geometric shape that is wanted; the standard sizes cost around $3.10 a square foot, and the custom-made tiles are, naturally, somewhat higher. I suppose the great Amtico triumph is another new custom-made tile, on which the company's artist will reproduce any design the householder has a fancy for—something repeating exactly or harmonizing with another decoration in the room, say, or a copy of the customer's own original drawing. The tile is sold in one-yard squares, but Amtico will cut it to any smaller dimensions that are desired. The price is, I regret to report, $225 a square yard. These are just the high points of Amtico's exhibit; along with them is an endless succession of last year's reproductions of marble, mosaics, and stone, some of which are handsome indeed.

DON'T think for a moment that one showroomful of new vinyl flooring—wondrously presented as it may be—is going to prepare you for all the awesome variations on the product that competing manufacturers have thought up. Here, for instance, is the U.S. Rubber Company, which one might suppose would stick to making rubber, coming out with a vinyl carpeting of the nubbly, wall-to-wall kind—an achievement that, as far as I know, is unique among all these vinyl triumphs. The crux of this success story lies not so much in the carpet's surprising resemblance to broad-

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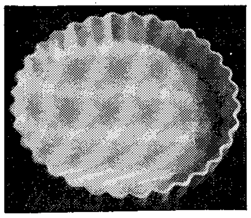

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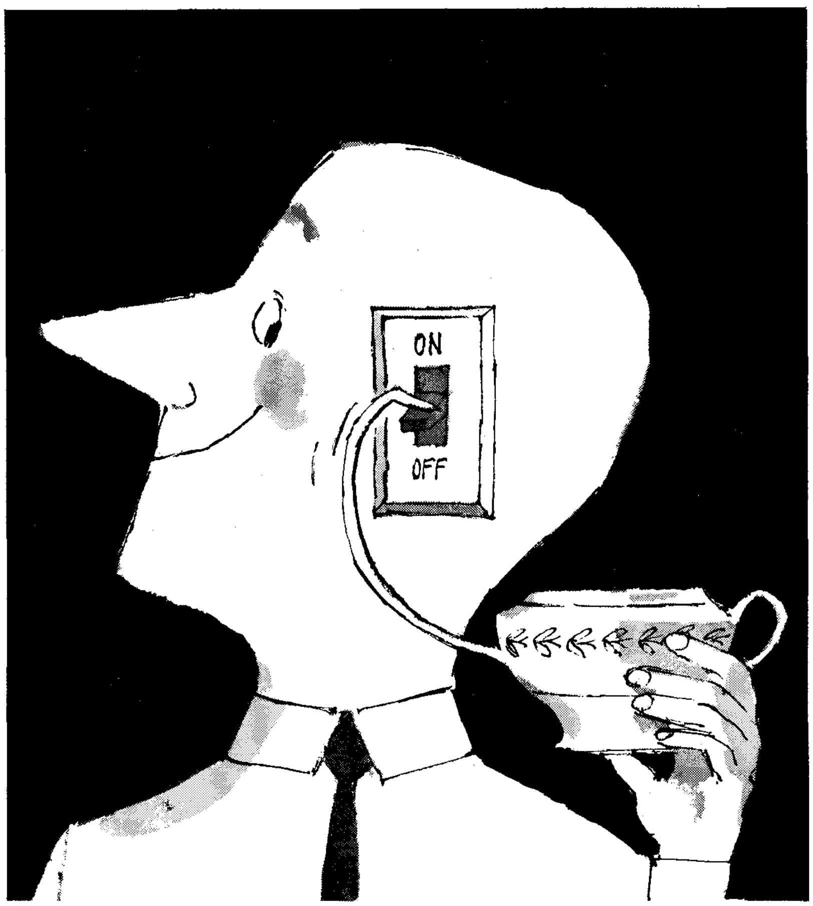

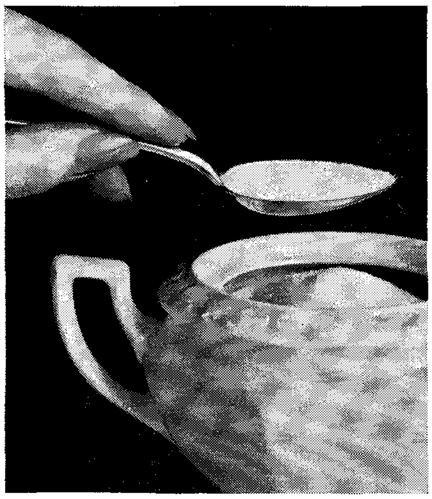

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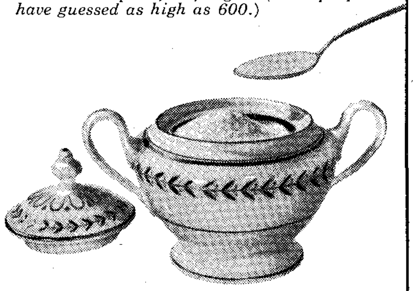

No other food satisfies your appetite so fast with so few calories.

All statements in this message apply to both beet and cane sugar.

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NEW YORK 5, NEW YORK

Why Eat Prunes in Strawberry Season?

by
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President
Stitzel-Weller
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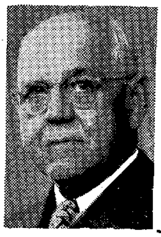
Established 1849



Allan Trout of Frankfort tells about the time Eugene Field was entertained at a rich home in Kansas City.

The dessert was strawberry shortcake. The penniless poet looked at it longingly, then pushed it away.

"Don't you like strawberry shortcake?" his hostess asked.

"'Deed I do!" he replied. "But if I should eat it, I fear it would spoil my taste for prunes!"

One sure way for some folks to ruin their taste for their accustomed whiskey is to try our famous OLD FITZGERALD.

A Scotch-drinking friend of ours recently did.

"Amazing!" he told me. "I hadn't the faintest notion that any bourbon could taste so good!"

Many people I know persist in drinking their present brand for the simple reason that they believe it affords all the pleasure any whiskey can give.

And more than a few freely admit that they don't like the taste of whiskey anyway. Yet down the hatch it goes.

Now whiskey is meant to taste *good*. It has no other reason for being.

And so I ask, why fool with a "prune" brand that fails to give you the ultimate in pleasure so long as our family distillery continues to provide a "shortcake" bourbon that tastes as good as you've always hoped a bourbon could?

Our OLD FITZGERALD is slow-made, slow-aged for people who know how *down-right good* a fine whiskey *should* taste . . . people who have discovered how truly enjoyable a bourbon *can* be.

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loom (anything, it seems, can be made to look like anything it isn't) as in the resilient wool-carpet feel of the thing underfoot, although to the hand's touch it remains vinyl. It is to be had in a variety of conventional carpet colors—of which beige, charcoal, blue-gray, and a deep red struck me as the best-looking—as well as in white, a number of pastel shades, and some rather strident ones. I put a yard-long swatch of this material, which I had requested of U.S. Rubber so that I could conduct my own private Consumers Research experiments, on a much travelled part of my floor for several days, and it showed surprisingly little dirt; moreover, the few stains that did appear were easily removed with soap and water. The carpet is available at Dippel, Vogler & Sharkey, 509 Madison Avenue (53rd), at $7.95 a square yard. I am told that the laying of the carpet, which involves the use of a special plastic adhesive and other special equipment, is not an amateur's job, but D. V. & S. can have it done for you, at around $2 a square yard.

EVEN at the all too likely risk of telling you more about vinyl than you want to know, I can't conscientiously pass over a group of very superior vinyl-*covered* products (so far, we have dealt only with through-and-through vinyl) put out by the Dodge Cork Company, of Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Here we have nine- and twelve-inch squares of excellent wood veneer (walnut, birch, mahogany, and teak) backed with cork and coated, top and bottom, with a laminated surface of pure vinyl. The purpose of not leaving well enough alone and serving up the wood squares sans vinyl is, I was told, to insure long wear, easy upkeep, stain-and-scratch resistance, and the like. Having through the years acquired an understandable skepticism in such matters, I am not prepared to vouch for the stuff's wearing halfway to Judgment Day, as it is claimed to do; my own private tests, though, do back up what Dodge Cork has to say about its resistance to scratches, smears, and that sort of thing, and about the ease with which it can be kept presentable. It is to be had at just about all flooring shops, at around $2.25 a square foot. The company, sticking rather more closely to what might be considered its knitting, also produces a vinyl-covered all-cork material, to be had in nine-inch, twelve-inch, and thirty-six-inch squares, and in either plain cork or a parquetry pattern. Both versions are extremely

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good-looking, and cost about $1.25 a square foot.

JUST for old times' sake, and to see how old-fashioned wood floors are getting along, I called the other day on a concern that imports solid-teak parquetry—Thailand Industries, 299 Madison Avenue (41st)—where I found that the wood-flooring business (or anyway this branch of it) is doing fine, simply fine. And well it might be, since the teak that the company deals in is of a marvellous richness and beauty, and has been most artfully put together by skilled native craftsmen into a variety of highly decorative patterns before being shipped to this country. Of course, customers who have read about, or seen, those Siamese temples of teak that have stood for hundreds of years or more and are still going strong won't need any high-pressure sales talk to persuade them that teak is durable. (Another convincing fact is that native junks made of teak are more likely to be shipwrecked in one way or another than to succumb to the vagaries of the Indo-Chinese climate. As you know, it is this reputation for indestructibility vis-à-vis salt water that makes a teak deck the dream of every yachtsman.) The Thailand Industries' parquetry blocks arrive neatly packed in cartons ready for laying (each carton contains around forty-five square feet of flooring), and the company stands ready to do the job, in which case the total price is from $2 to $3 a square foot, depending on the elaborateness of the parquetry design. Otherwise, the blocks cost from $1 to $2 a square foot.

HOUSEHOLDERS who have started brooding over the problem of summer rugs and who haven't already invested their life savings in the new floorings may be interested to hear of some fetching imports from Portugal in the dashing color combinations that are so becoming to warm-weather furnishings. These cheerful bits of decoration, which are hand-woven, many of them in broad, patterned stripes, come in any desired length, either with or without fringe, and in widths of from three to twelve feet. Besides the vivid color combinations, there are numerous examples in such delicate shades as beige on white, and cream on light green. A sizable collection of the rugs, along with endless samples from which other color combinations may be ordered, are to be seen at Pampered Kitchens, on the eighteenth floor at 220 Fifth Avenue (26th), and a limited number are on

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June 6-June 11	6 AYLI	7 AYLI	7 AYLI	8 MAC	9 MAC	10 MAC	10 AYLI*	11 MAC
June 13-June 18	13 MAC	14 MAC	14 AYLI	15 AYLI**	16 MAC**	17 AYLI	17 MAC	18 AYLI
June 20-June 25	20 MAC	21 AYLI	21 MAC	22 AYLI	23 AYLI	24 MAC	24 AYLI	25 MAC
June 27-July 2	27 AYLI	28 MAC	28 AYLI	29 MAC	30 MAC	1 AYLI	1 MAC	2 AYLI
July 4-July 9	4 MAC	5 AYLI	5 MAC	6 AYLI	7 AYLI	8 MAC	8 AYLI	9 MAC
July 11-July 16	11 AYLI	12 MAC	12 AYLI	13 MAC	14 MAC	15 AYLI	15 MAC	16 AYLI
July 18-July 23	18 T&C	19 T&C	19 AYLI	20 MAC	21 T&C*	22 AYLI	22 T&C	23 T&C**
July 25-July 30	25 AYLI	26 MAC	26 T&C	27 AYLI	28 MAC	29 T&C	29 AYLI	30 MAC
Aug. 1-Aug. 6	1 T&C	2 AYLI	2 MAC	3 T&C	4 AYLI	5 MAC	5 T&C	6 AYLI
Aug. 8-Aug. 13	8 MAC	9 T&C	9 AYLI	10 MAC	11 T&C	12 AYLI	12 MAC	13 T&C
Aug. 15-Aug. 20	15 AYLI	16 MAC	16 T&C	17 AYLI	18 MAC	19 T&C	19 AYLI	20 MAC
Aug. 22-Aug. 27	22 T&C	23 AYLI	23 MAC	24 T&C	25 AYLI	26 MAC	26 T&C	27 AYLI
Aug. 29-Sept. 3	29 MAC	30 T&C	30 AYLI	31 MAC	1 T&C	2 AYLI	2 MAC	3 T&C
Sept. 5-Sept. 10	5 AYLI	6 MAC	6 T&C	7 AYLI	8 MAC	9 T&C	9 AYLI	10 MAC

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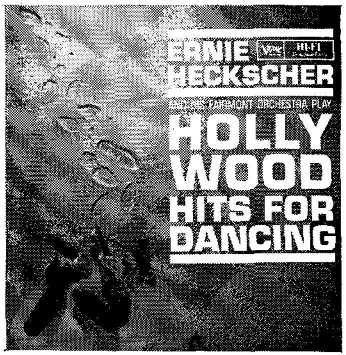

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display at W. & J. Sloane. I am told that Little Portugal, 15 Christopher Street, also carries the rugs, but the shop's hours are eccentric, and it has never been my fortune to find the place open, so I have not been able to have a look at these. In the more conventional outlets, the rugs are priced at $1.55 a square foot without fringe, $1.70 with.

BEFORE doing anything rash about summer floors, though, maybe you had better have a look at some sisal area rugs imported from Taiwan by Karl Mann, 677 Fifth Avenue (53rd). These have a plain woven background on which tufted stripes in any one of various vivid colors are superimposed—green stripes on blue, orange on brown, turquoise on salmon, and so on—and they would be very effective in a modern room. Prices range from $18, for a three-by-five-foot number, to $48, for one that measures six feet by nine. —S. H.

THIS AND THAT

Riding the Waves, Riding to Hounds

WILLIAM J., a mad hatter whose current aerie is Studio 1001 in Carnegie Hall, is presenting, instead of his usual summer fantasies, a group of ready-to-wear and winsome beach sunbonnets. The smallest, which are provided with five-inch brims and pillbox crowns, come in peppermint-striped Milan braid, and they're anchored by tight bandeaux as well as by bonnet strings. Inverted coal scuttles that conceal the profile are in two moods—natural Milan braid with beige ties, and white candy-straw braid with white ties. Sunbonnets of natural coconut straw with brims as expansive as beach umbrellas have perky white bows above the brows. The prices of these hats roam from $22 to $40. For anywhere and for any time of year, Wm. J. has devised what he calls snoods, though not the kind that droop down the neck and mash the hair; instead, they're loose and upstanding, wide at the sides, and worn back of the hairline. Stiffened veiling is the material. Some are gathered into a *chou* in front, like Aunt Jemima's turban, and speckled there with miniature clover blossoms of multicolored straw; others, spattered all over with the blossoms, have bows of black velvet in front. Garlands of silvery leaves recline above the forehead on wide open-mesh veils. Black, navy, or

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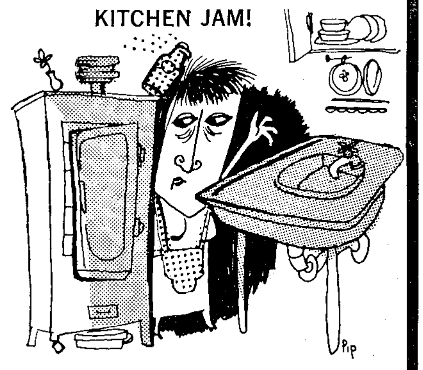

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natural does it, but the veils may be ordered in any hue (twenty-four hours). They cost $16.

ON the same side of town, J. Berlé, at 26 West 58th Street, continues to turn out first-rate custom bathing suits in which his lightweight wired brassières are incorporated. For slim young things are two-piece suits of black Lastex cotton with a smudge of cheerful designs (these have bandeau tops and longer-than-Bikini shorts); youthful one-piece bathing dresses of blue-and-white striped nylon cord that flare gently are striped diagonally here and horizontally there. A line of red-and-white striped cord runs around above the waist, and another one runs around *at* the waist, before they tie into bows. For more majestic women, suits of purple nylon taffeta end in fairly wide shorts and, in back, stitched-down skirts that won't ride up in the water. The pièce de résistance is a delectable nylon satin, splashed with mauve, sky blue, strawberry, and Copenhagen blue, that terminates in slender bloomers. Accompanied by a street-length matching skirt, it really and truly can go out on the town. A host of materials and colors are ready. The two-piece suits are $95, the one-piece are $135, and the skirts are $125.

Berlé's newest non-bathing brassières are of a sheer and sturdy French synthetic drip-dry stuff called Tergal—dusty pink, Shocking pink, red, emerald green, turquoise blue, yellow, or orchid; $30.

Edith Lances, at 15 East 51st Street, does ready-to-wear one-piece bathing suits braced with built-in wired brassières. Bathing suits of a polished cotton in a Paisley print (blues,

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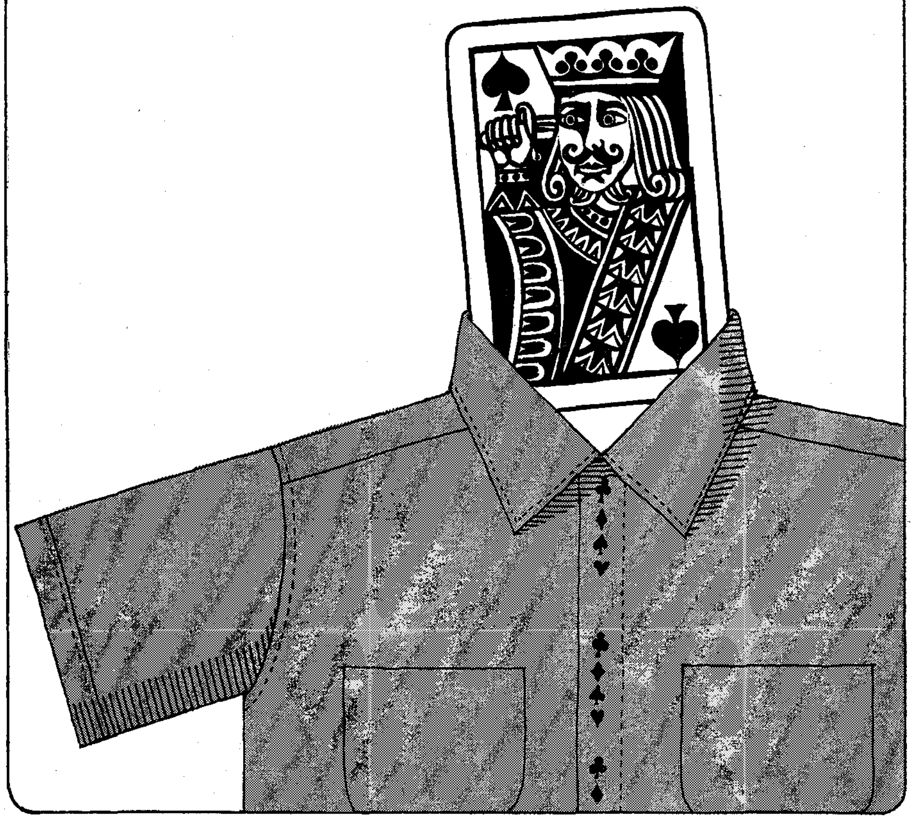

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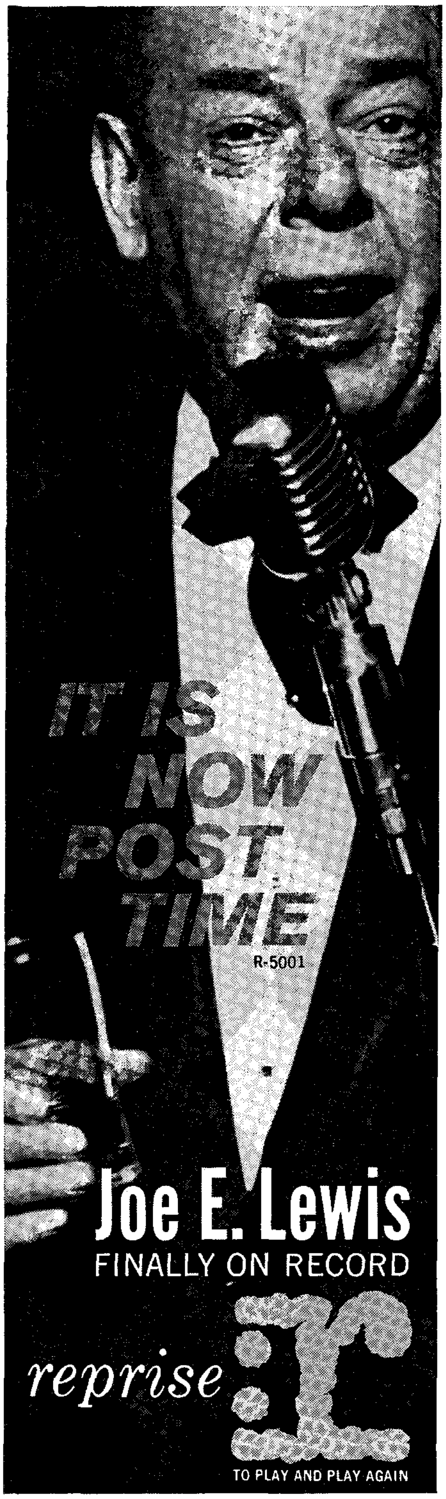

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greens, and golds) are slit at the hem to give a glimpse of the Paisley patches on the bloomers, which are of green rayon jersey. Other bathing dresses, of nylon inscribed with Bristol-blue or orange powder-puff roses, have sarong skirts going across the front and draped up onto the right hip. The whole lot are given straight necks. And more of the same, in white, turquoise-blue, lime, or orange Arnel sharkskin, get a cuffed, heart-shaped décolletage. The attached shorts of these last have peg-top pockets and apron seaming over the stomach. Suit sizes run from 34 to 42, prices are $39.95 and $49.95. The telephone number, not yet in the book, is PLaza 2-1775.

MILLER's old riding academy, down at 123 East 24th Street, deals in the very best sports clothes. Riding habits with thumb-length jackets and three-button closings are now appearing in such warm-weather fabrics as drip-dry Dacron-and-rayon in black or white, or India Madras plaids, or synthetic-and-silk Glen plaids and small checks; for cooler climates, black or Oxford-gray Melton cloth is the idea. Riding breeches of Helanca-and-wool yarn, washable cotton gabardine, or washable English Bedford cloth are here, too. Prices begin at $10.95 for the breeches and ascend to $75 for the Melton jackets. Frontier trousers of magnificent British cotton corduroy (in hunting buff, fawn, and olive green) that Miller guarantees can go in the washing machine are $23.50 with zippered side closings and $24.50 with drop fronts. The custom department is the place for golf skirts with straight sides and a fraction of a flare at the hem. They have fly fronts, deep pockets, and two loops that take care of belts. The material is wool gabardine (all shades) or resilient and cool mohair-and-worsted in solid shades or mixtures and weighing eight ounces a yard; $55 and $65, respectively. Masculine slacks are to order in several fabrics—mohair-and-worsted, wool gabardine, natural Sea Island cotton gabardine, and (for lounging) Lyon velvet or hand-woven Indonesian silk—at $65 to $175 a toss.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH's sailing jackets and attached hoods of off-white canvas are resolutely nautical, for oceans, islands, Mr. Columbus's Santa Maria, and so on are the decoration. They're lined with red nylon and they tie at the throat with white cords. Two-piece sailing suits (hooded jackets and tapered trousers) of pale-blue denim are insulated with something like foam

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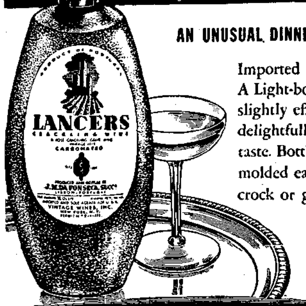

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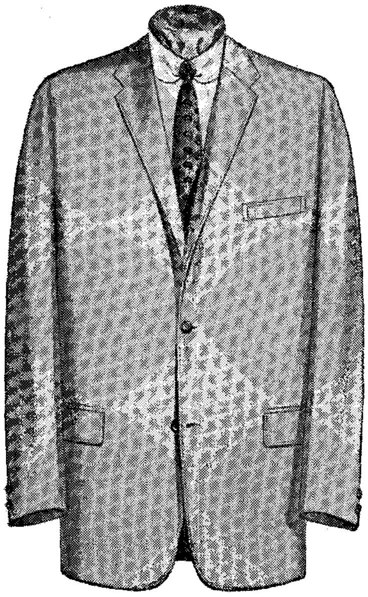
rubber to keep out foul weather, and rainy-day golf suits with wraparound skirts and hip-length jackets that have elasticized wrists are of thin but waterproof blue nylon. One-piece dresses for fair days on the fairways are of seersucker with small checks; box-pleated culottes are part of the scheme, and blue and white, gray and white, or green, gold, and white are the color mixtures. An extensive array of separates in Dacron-and-cotton chambray denim and a profusion of colors includes Bermuda shorts, above- and below-knee-length culottes, tapered slacks, skirts with unpressed pleats, and caps that look like inverted tulips. White Dacron-and-cotton on which pink, blue, or orange nasturtiums and their foliage dwell makes sleeveless coat dresses that are pretty enough for summer lunches. The narrow grosgrain belts match the blossoms, and there are tailored blouses of the nasturtium stuff.

De Pinna offers suits that need not be left at home when you go on the road. Such as (we're in the sports shop) box jackets that close below three big matching rosettes, and straight skirts. The choice is charcoal-and-white striped mattress ticking or coffee, black, or oyster-white waffle-weave cotton cord. Soignée suits with box jackets, round necks, above-elbow sleeves, and slim skirts are of black piqué. Cotton batiste in a wild red-white-and-black Paisley print is the lining, which matches the button-in-back overblouses that complete the trilogy. For day, dinner, and theatre, there are box jackets of cotton ottoman whose square necks are framed, in back, by wide turnover collars. The jackets fasten off-center with a snap at the collarbone and under a small bow at the waist. The straight skirts have kick pleats. Shocking pink, black, or white is the color. Sizes are 8 to 16 in this group, and $35 is the top price.

Among the suits in the Young Moderns department are box jackets of blue-and-white striped mattress ticking with wide, notched collars and flap pockets that are lined with the red-and-white checked gingham of their sleeveless overblouses. Belts of the gingham are added when you tuck the blouses inside the mattress-ticking skirts. These suits come in junior sizes 5 to 13, and the tab is $39.95. Sun dresses of lilac-and-white striped seersucker, sizes 5 to 13, have slanting décolletages, with a right armhole and a left shoulder strap. The children's section, across the aisle, can provide counterparts for little girls, size 3 to 14, and matching dresses that



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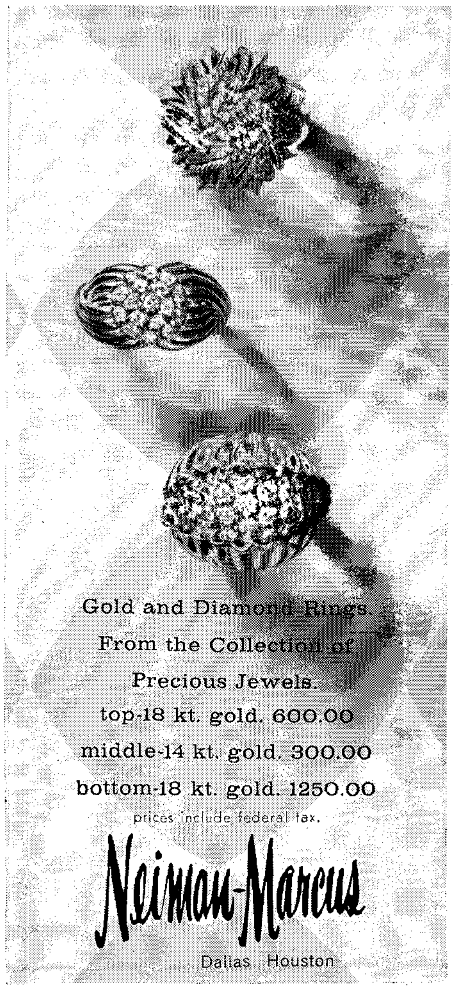

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have a pinafore look, for toddlers, all with the same décolletage.

ALICE SCHWEITZER's boutique, at 739 Madison Avenue (64th), has had a crop of ready-to-wear dresses made for it in France. Low-waisted, sleeveless ones with bateau necks are of red-and-white checked linen dish towelling that is striped all around. On the menu for after five are dresses with necks plunging in a V almost to the waist in back. Cotton in a green-coffee-and-pink necktie pattern is the stuff. The skirts are slit at the sides from the dropped waist to the base to display the attached underskirts of peppermint-striped cotton. Soothing cotton plaids (peony pink, turquoise blue, pale blue, lilac, olive, and leaf green) have camisole tops and bouffant skirts that float over frothy white petticoats; ebullient, full-skirted piqués with low, square necks show up in vivid and psychotic plaids (emerald green, marine blue, Shocking pink, and deep purple); slim shafts with bateau necks and low waists are of spongy cotton shading from apricot to pale yellow to topaz. And sleeveless dresses of white cotton that looks like birch bark have seven-inch maroon-and-lilac anemones embroidered well down on the skirts, which are encircled by garlands of turquoise flowers and olive leaves framed in white raffia-straw fringe that looks like place-mats. Cocoon evening coats of navy linen on which vast aquamarine and turquoise poppies appear in print are lined with navy silk ottoman. For tall women who can carry them off, Mrs. S. has voluminous knee-length beach dresses of white linen printed with enormous fish in strawberry, or sea green, or Shocking pink, green, and hyacinth blue all together. Strawberry grosgrain ribbon runs along the bateau necks, the armholes, and the hems. Sizes range from 10 to 14 and prices from $40 to $125, and all the fabrics are French.

T. ANTHONY, a few steps across the way, at 772 Madison Avenue (66th), is a port of call for light luggage. Matching sets of beige Belgian linen in a fleur-de-lis pattern include fat satchels with two removable pockets to eliminate grappling for bobby pins, cosmetics, and jewelry, plus seven suitcases from eighteen to thirty-six inches long. The eighteen-inch one, weighing in at two and a half pounds and costing $35.20, is the lightest and the least expensive; the thirty-six-inch one, weighing in at ten pounds and costing $129.25, is the heaviest and the most expensive. Leather can also incline

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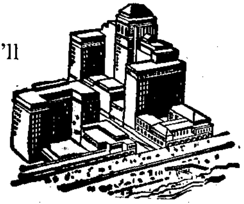

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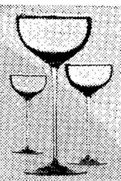

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ANDREW GELLER, at 18 West 57th Street, is offering long, pointed pumps on slender medium or towering spindle heels, in Mediterranean-blue, evergreen, raspberry, putty, chocolate, maple, or white patent leather. Sizes are 4 to 10, widths are AAAA to B, and the price is $24.95.

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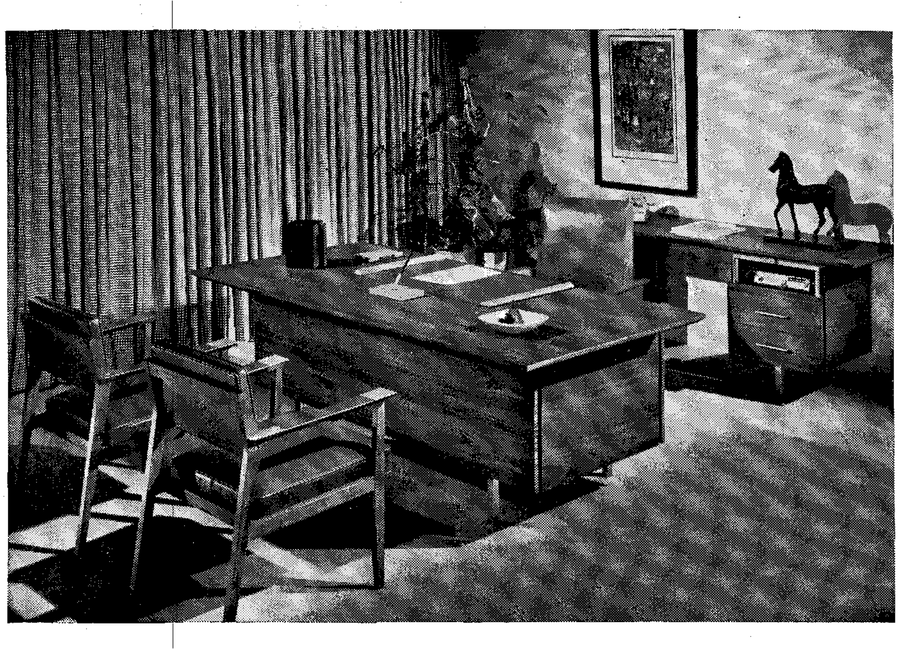

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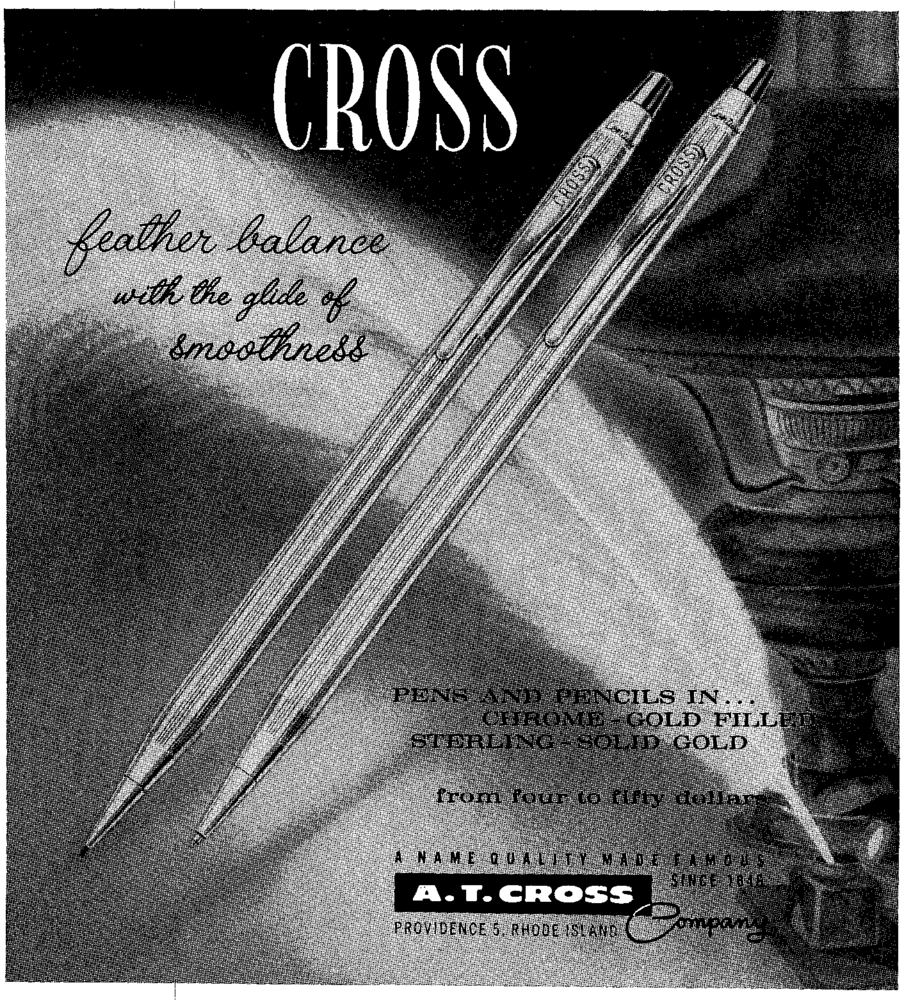

THE ART GALLERIES

Way Down Yonder in New Orleans

JOHN REWALD remarks in his introduction to "Early Masters of Modern Art," now on at the Knoedler Galleries, that "it was Edgar Degas who put New Orleans 'on the map'—so far as French art is concerned," and adds that till recently the city displayed little appreciation of the fact. Both statements are true. Degas's mother was of Creole descent, so he must have had some background knowledge of the locality. But in 1872, when he made his trip there, the place, to most Europeans—still nurtured on the legendry of Rousseau and Bernardin de Saint-Pierre—must have seemed more romantic than real, a region of savannas and tropic vegetation and the haunt of crocodiles and noble savages rather than a home for busy merchants and traders.

Degas set that straight with "The Cotton Office at New Orleans," the best-known of the paintings he did in the course of his leisurely visit. It was shown at the Second Impressionist Exhibition, of 1876, and, incidentally, it was the only picture of his to be bought by a museum (that of the city of Pau) during his exceptionally long lifetime. (He died in 1917, aged eighty-three.) The French of his era knew or cared little about New Orleans, and New Orleans had the same attitude, at least toward the art of the period, until—and again I'm quoting the catalogue—a generation ago, when an anonymous collector in that city set about building up a really large assortment of Impressionist and other works, to make up for the lack. The collection, consisting of some sixty items, has now been donated to the Isaac Delgado Museum of New Orleans, and the present showing is a benefit for the Museum before it is installed there. One of the main values of the affair is that this is the first showing of any sizable number of the pieces anywhere.

It is on the whole a remarkably well-selected assortment. One odd feature, to be sure, is that Degas, in a sense the instigator of the affair, is one of the artists least well represented—in quality if not in quantity. Ten pieces of his are included, but some, like the "Baigneuse S'Essuyant," "Danseuse

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Debout," and the crayon called "Portrait of an Old Man," are in the way of being casual sketches, and the majority are small, and though one of the sketches, the half-finished charcoal "Femme au Bain," has an affectionate warmth that is rare in the keen-eyed old curmudgeon's intimate studies of women (the girl is reaching for the soap and having difficulties about it; furthermore, she is pretty), the only item of real importance in this section is the gauzy-skirted, beautifully posed green-and-golden "Dancer," in pastel.

Elsewhere, though, there are plenty of notable paintings, and a few surprises. The late Cézanne nude called "Femme Debout," and obviously drawn from life, has a certain rarity, since Cézanne seems to have become a bit prissy as he grew older, and seldom used living models in his later years. There is, too, an unusually densely patterned, crusty-textured Renoir "Still-Life, Melon and Flowers," and, for contrast, an unusually fluent "Polyphème," in bronze, by Rodin. (I should have said that three or four sculptures are included.) Most interesting of all is the Manet study of a standing woman, black-clad and black-mantillaed, called "La Femme au Soulier Rose." If proof of Manet's obligation to Goya were needed (as it is not; secure in his own innovations, he generously acknowledged the debt), this would be the clincher. It is dated in the late eighteen-sixties, when Manet was in his thirties, and the resemblance to Goya's portrait of the Duchess of Alba in pose and treatment, if not in scale, is inescapable, even down to the peeping, pointed-toed, slippered foot.

Of the others, Monet and Renoir come off best—the first with five paintings, dating from "Effet de Neige, Giverny," done in 1879, to a view of Santa Maria della Salute called "Grand Canal, Venice," of 1908. The latter example looms a little too pompously, but the other, showing the approaches to the little village where Monet spent so much of his life, has a real touch of winter; one can almost breathe the frost in the air. In between, chronologically, there are a fine, misty "Parlement à Londres, Effet de Brouillard" and a lily-pond study called "Nymphéas, Paysage," which, though more concise than his later works in this genre, in a way anticipates them. The six Renoirs also offer a glancing summary of this man's career, from the pearly, early "Madame Renoir and Her Son Pierre," posed sunnily in a garden, to such later examples as the intent "Femme

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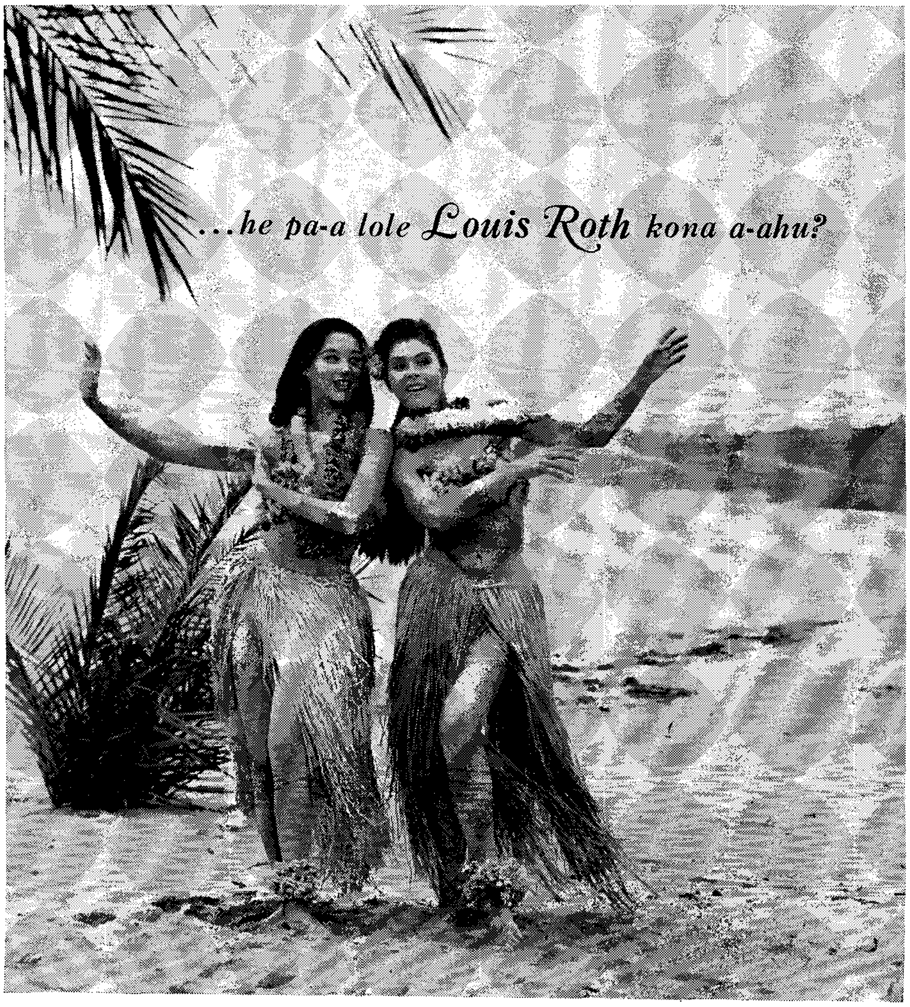
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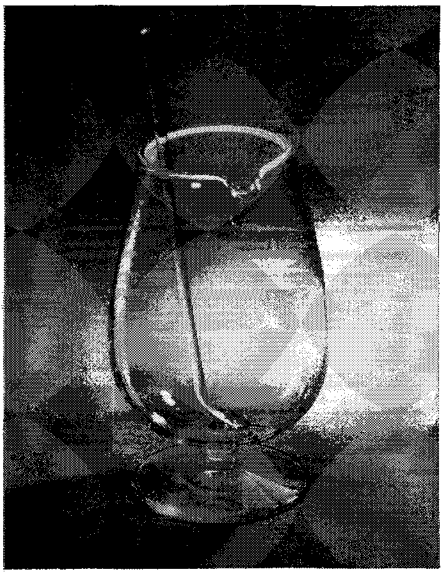

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Lisant" and the still-life already mentioned.

The collection has its minor flaws, the main one being that it tries to cover too much ground in too small a space. This may partly be due to that restless desire, common to collectors, to "round out" their holdings, moving from one favorite field to another and still another, in what often appears to be an effort to create a miniature museum. Whatever the motives, this collection frays out here and there—it would seem because of a straining for breadth instead of for depth—and there's an a-little-of-everything feeling about such latter-day inclusions as the rather derived bronze "Reclining Nude" by Paul Manship, the two not-so-good Georgia O'Keeffes called "Poppy" and "Madison Avenue," and the Maurice Sterne "Head of an Indian."

So long as the focus is on the Impressionists, however, the choice is close to being infallible. In addition to the works I've mentioned, I'd note Pissarro's small but charming landscape study in water color called "La Cavia, Eragny," the unusually flamboyant and juicily painted Manet "Still-Life, Peonies and Roses," and the truly beautiful forest scene "Un Coin de Bois," by Cézanne.

BURGOYNE DILLER, now in his middle fifties and the subject of a minor retrospective at the Galerie Chalette, has long been one of the quiet men of contemporary American painting. He is also in danger of becoming one of the forgotten men, for he has never received quite his due recognition. I'm not sure I understand why, for his work reveals a commendable feeling for order, good taste, and clean design. At a guess, I've a feeling that his style is to an extent against him. All his work in his mature years has been cast more or less in the manner of the De Stijl group, most particularly van Doesburg and Mondrian, and it may be that in attempting to follow their scheme of design too rigidly he has been led into a blind alley. Here, I am afraid, a paradox enters in—to put it summarily, that the very severity of the geometric style demanded a strong underlying basis of emotionality in the artist to give it validity. Van Doesburg, after all, had a certain heartiness, and Mondrian, for all his surface austerity, had a twinkle that showed through in his work, as in the snips and swatches of bright color that lurked at the edges of his canvases and did so much to enliven them. (It's no accident, I think, that apart from his

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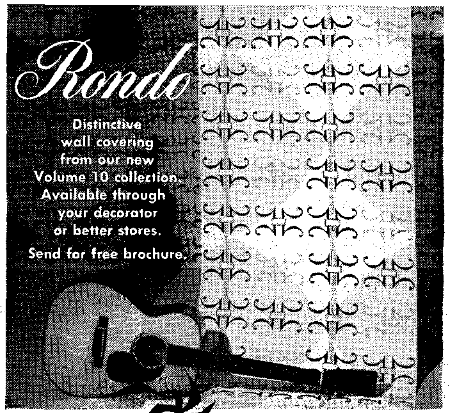

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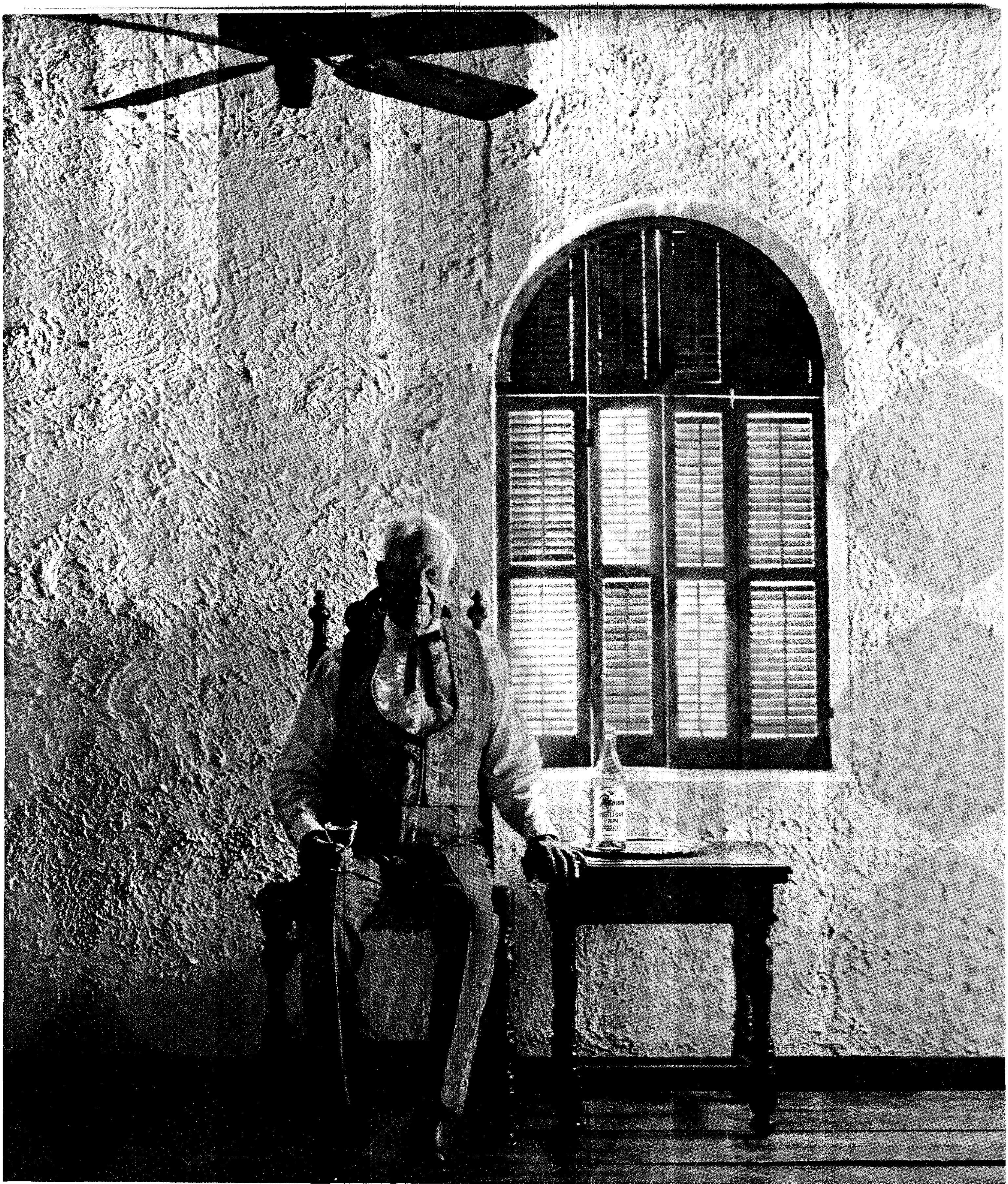

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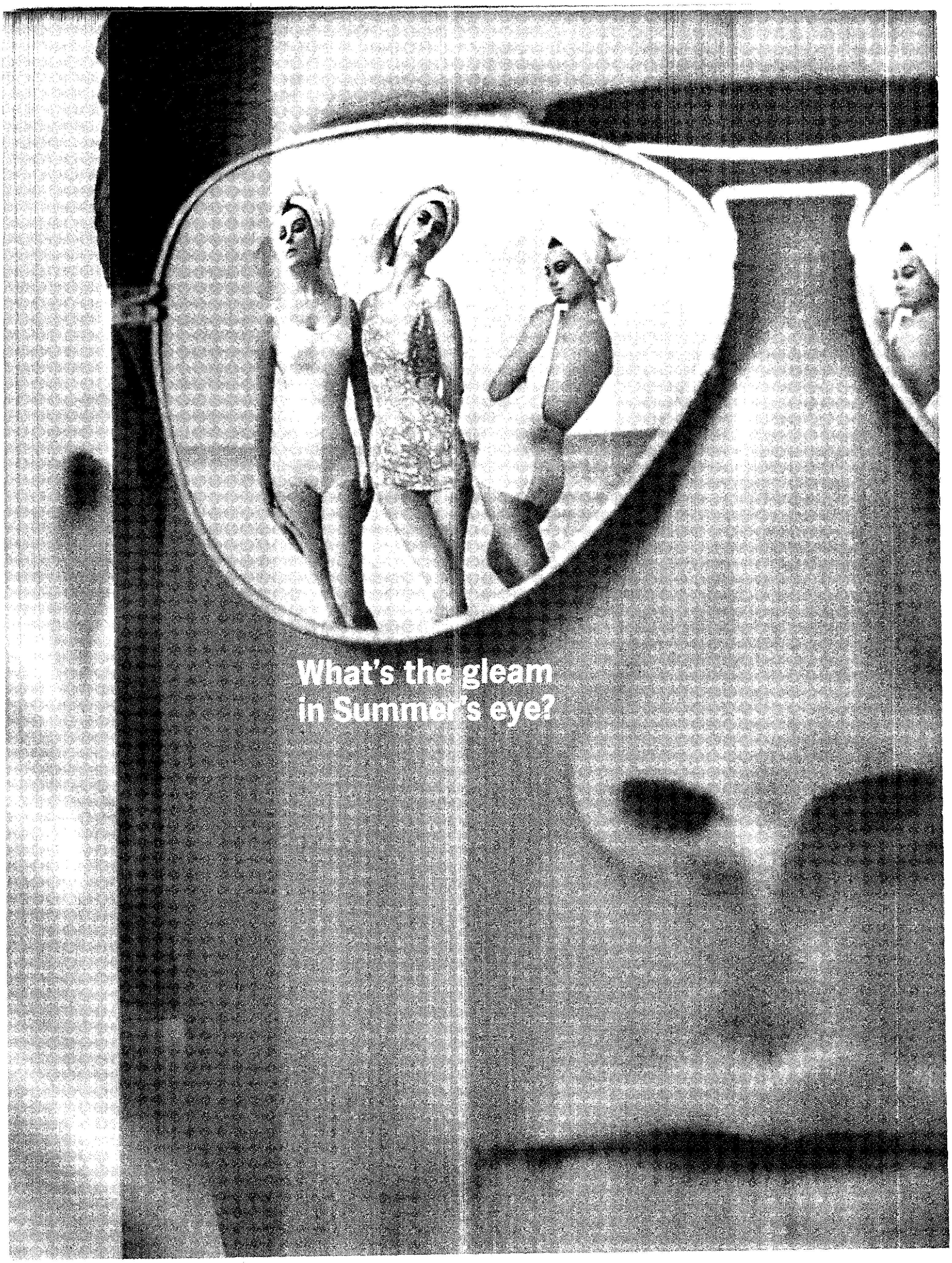

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painting Mondrian's main preoccupation was with jazz.)

In other words, the apparent impersonality of the style requires that the artist make all the greater effort to force his personality through, and this, perhaps because of a too methodical approach, Diller often fails to do. (A similar problem confronts a good many of the Abstract Expressionists.) It may be, too, that just as facet Cubism exhausted itself once its techniques had been so thoroughly explored by Braque, Picasso, and other pioneers, so the strict geometric style may have reached a dead end, for the time at least, with the researches of Mondrian. Mondrian had as sure a feeling for the right design as any artist who ever lived, and it's dangerous indeed to follow so soon in the path of such a master.

For all that, Diller's work has its own quality of rightness, and if it lacks in real authority it seldom falls into awkwardness. Forty paintings and wall reliefs in painted wood make up the current show, ranging in date from 1933 to the present, and in pattern from simple arrangements of two or three rectangles to progressively more involved ones. What awkwardnesses I found are in the simpler examples, in which—as in his "First Theme," No. 6—the design is too sparse to afford much interest. If the more complex motifs offer a greater challenge, they also offer variety, and in some—such as the white-panelled "Second Theme," No. 22, and the even more intricate (and more Mondrian) "Third Theme," No. 28—he comes close to achieving that complete, mathematical harmony of space and line that is the aim of both the geometrician and the non-objective artist.

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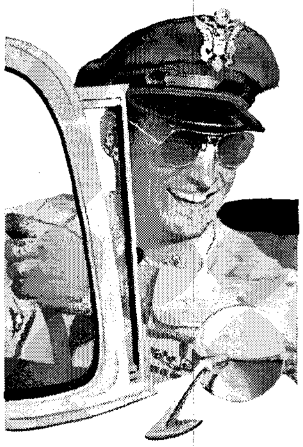

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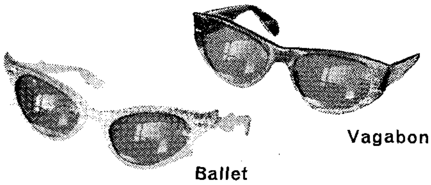

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SYNDROME? WHAT SYNDROME?

Douggy Hartsfield cracked up on a Friday evening late last month, and I still can't get over it. It was a shocking business. Oh, I *understand* it, all right; I have the evidence stacked here before me on my desk—all the daily links that implacably tightened themselves into a chain about the temple of Douggy's reason—and I agree with Dr. Cruthers' diagnosis. But that doesn't mean I can accept it, feel calm about it. When a good friend of yours has had a mental breakdown right before your eyes, you can't just nod your head and think "Too bad." I'm still scared, because it could have happened to me. And then, there was the awful speed of it. I mean, it was only two weeks between the morning when Lorraine Hartsfield first noticed Douggy acting odd at the breakfast table and the evening when she called us for help. Two weeks! Terrifying.

Even though Douggy is my next-door neighbor in our quiet suburb, I don't see him every day. In fact, the only time I ran into him toward the end of April was at the Ainslies' cocktail party—the one they give in the garden every spring, when their weeping cherry tree is in bloom. Only, it was raining this year, so they had it indoors. I remember Douggy was standing alone at one end of the crowded room, staring out through the streaming glass of the Ainslies' picture window at all the cars parked in the driveway. When I came up to him and clapped him on the back, he turned and looked at me with a funny expression on his face. He was half smiling, but in a hopeless kind of way, and he didn't really *look* at me. It was as if he was looking inside his own head, if you know what I mean. "Why all this mad April weather?" he said.

I agreed with him that it had been a horrible spring, but he didn't seem to be listening. "There must be an answer, don't you think?" he went on. "Somebody must know, hey?"

Just then Bill Ainslie came up with a cocktail pitcher to refill our glasses, and Douggy turned on him. "Do you know where Castro is?" he said sharply. "Don't you think somebody must know where he's hiding? Do you think they're keeping it from us?"

"Beats me," Bill said, pouring. "I don't know what's going on with this invasion in Cuba, except it looks like a flop."

"Who knows?" Douggy muttered, turning back to the window. "Who, if anyone, knows? That is the question. We must keep asking ourselves the questions, even if nobody, no damn body, knows the answers. No? *N'est-ce pas? Nyet?*"

Well, I just thought Douggy was a little bit stiff, and I walked away. I had no way of knowing then that the poor devil was going under and that he was crying out to us for help. So I wasn't prepared for what happened the next Friday evening, when the telephone rang after dinner. Myra, my wife, came back into the living room and said, "That was Lorraine. She wants us to come over right away. Something's happened to Douggy. Lorraine was crying."

We hurried right over, of course, and Lorraine met us at the door. Her face was all swollen, and she was holding a balled-up handkerchief over her mouth. "He's not . . . right," she whispered to us, jerking her head toward the study. "He's—he isn't making *sense!* I've called Dr. Cruthers, and he's coming right away."

Even before I got to the study, I could hear Douggy singing in a low, echoey kind of voice, " 'Whooooo stole my heart away? Whooooo makes me dream all day?' " He was sitting in his red leather armchair, in his bathrobe, and there were newspapers scattered all over the floor. He went right on singing after I'd come into the room. He looked awful.

"Hi, Douggy," I said, smiling. "What seems to be the trouble? How about knocking that off? How about a different tune?"

He glanced up at me. "A different tune?" he said. "Another tune, you say? O.K." He began singing again, only this time it was "Where or When."

I looked around for liquor, but there wasn't any; he hadn't been drinking. After he had finished "Where or When," cracking rather badly on the high notes at the end, I went and sat on the arm of his chair and put my hand on his shoulder. Myra and Lorraine were watching from the door. "How do you feel, old man?" I said. "A little under the weather?"

"Why do you persist in talking about the weather?" he said angrily. "Are

"It takes one to catch one."

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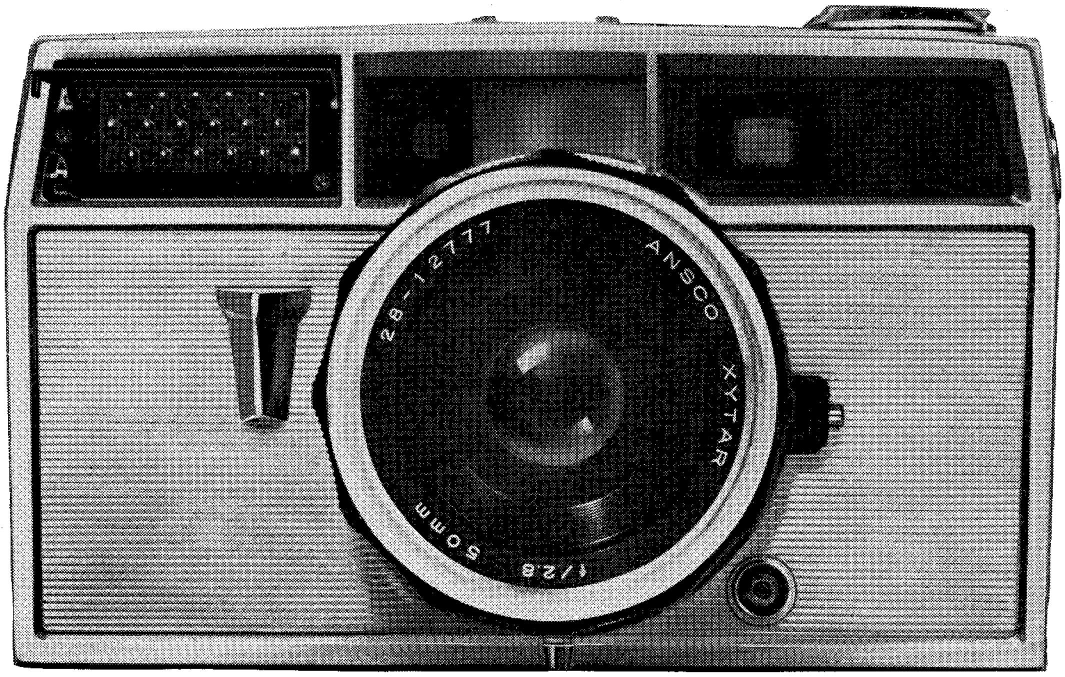

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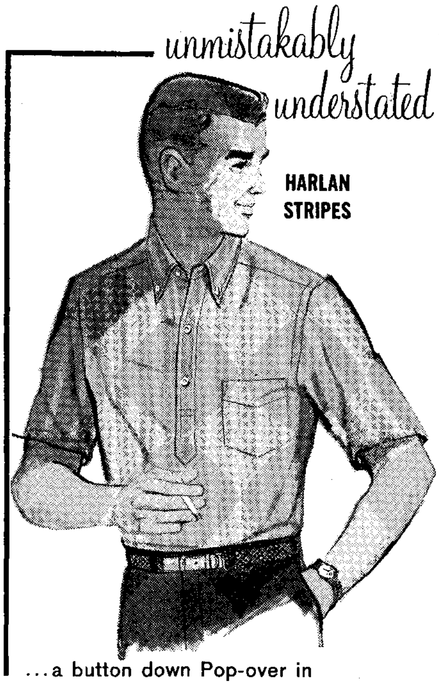

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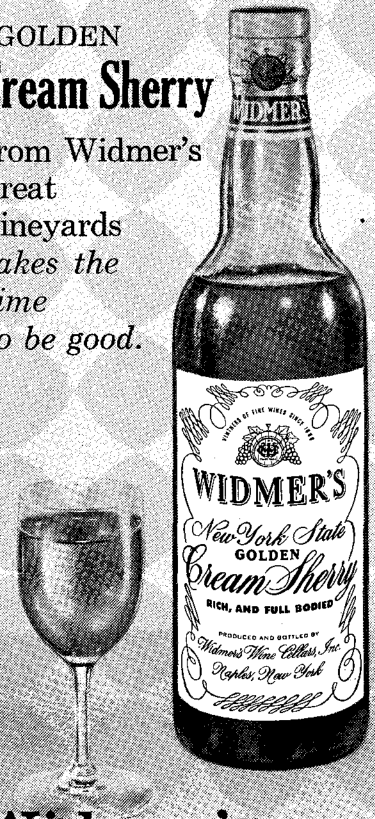

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you an expert on the weather? Is anyone?"

"I mean, are you feeling sick?" I said.

"Don't ask me—*tell* me," he said, smiling wickedly. "If you don't know, who does? Besides, let's talk about something else. Let's talk about something interesting, like why anybody thought that dogs *wanted* a birth-control pill. Is Khrushchev trying to paralyze us all with fear? Is there really a hermit in Gracie Mansion?"

Shortly afterward, Dr. Cruthers arrived and took over. He got Douggy to bed right away. He was with him for a long time in the bedroom, and when he joined us in the kitchen, where the three of us were drinking coffee, there was a troubled frown on his face. "I've got a sedative into him, Lorraine," he said. "He'll be quieter now." He stopped and looked at the floor for a minute or two in a brooding way. Then he shook his head and said, "It must be. The symptoms are unmistakable." He turned to Lorraine and said, "Didn't Douggy run for the town board a couple of years ago?"

"Why, yes," she said. She was as astonished as Myra and I. "He got beaten by fifty-two votes."

"And he ran as a Republican, didn't he?" the Doctor went on.

"That's right," Lorraine said. "He's always been a Republican, except in '56, when he thought that—"

"So he reads the *Herald Tribune!*" Dr. Cruthers said triumphantly.

"Why, yes. We get it delivered every morning—"

"Aha! I *knew* it!"

"Knew what, Doctor?" I asked. "I don't understand."

"I don't know what to call it," he said. "Maybe you could call it the *Trib* Syndrome. But this is the third case I've had in the county this week. I may do a paper on it—damnedest thing I've ever encountered in my practice."

He began to talk to Lorraine about the necessary plans—the right sanitarium, and all that—but then he broke off and looked over at me. "*You* don't read the *Herald Tribune*, do you?" he asked.

"No," I said.

"Fine, fine," he said. "We can't be too careful, you know. This thing can strike anywhere."

I was still all in the dark, but then a few minutes later, when I went with Dr. Cruthers into the study and he was putting on his topcoat, he gestured toward the scattered newspapers on the floor and said, "There's your culprit. He just couldn't leave them alone, poor fellow. Just you read the front

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pages—never mind the editorials and stuff—and you'll see what I mean. These are terrible times we live in," he said. "Terrible."

I WROTE a while back that I have the evidence piled up here on my desk, and I'm going to give it now. I got them from Lorraine before she took Douggy off to the health farm in Colorado—a big stack of *Herald Tribunes* from last month. Douggy had saved them; he must have read all those headlines over and over to himself hundreds of times, pushing himself over the brink. And I have to admit it's scary stuff. Just reading through the headlines quickly, as I've been doing, has given me this funny ringing in my ears. Myra's been trying to get the papers away from me all day. She thinks they ought to be burned.

I don't have all the *Tribs* from the first part of the month; I guess Douggy didn't start saving them until he really got hooked. But there are enough here to see the way things were going even then. On Monday, April 3rd, for instance, there are two of them on the front page:

THE WINDY CITY?—IT'S N.Y.
DURING THE EASTER PARADE

and

GOT A $20 BILL? SEE IF
IT'S QUEER—A LOT ARE

The next day, Tuesday, April 4th, there are three front-page examples:

WOULD REDS GOBBLE
S. VIET NAM NEXT?

and

SELLOUT?

and

WHY IS HE GOING TO PARIS?

The one-word headline comes over a box about Republican suspicions of a coalition regime in Laos, and the Paris query leads off a double-column box of six long questions speculating about President Kennedy's trip to meet de Gaulle in May.

Now I have Sunday, April 9th, and

HOW DOES CANCER START?
SCIENTIST SAYS HE KNOWS

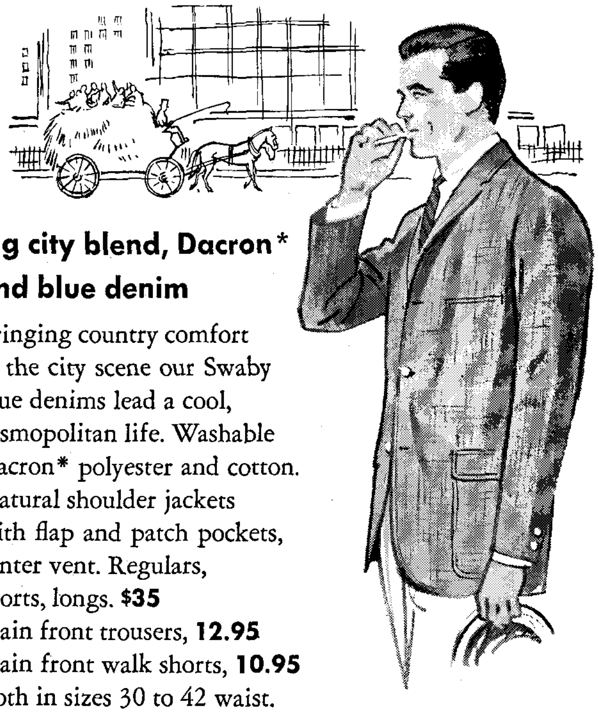
On the same front page, over in the first column, there's

REVOLUCION, SI?

which, as you might guess, is the first intimation of trouble to come in Cuba—an intimation cleverly couched in Spanish. I think it's strange they didn't put it all the way into Spanish.

¿REVOLUCIÓN, SI?

would have given them *two* question



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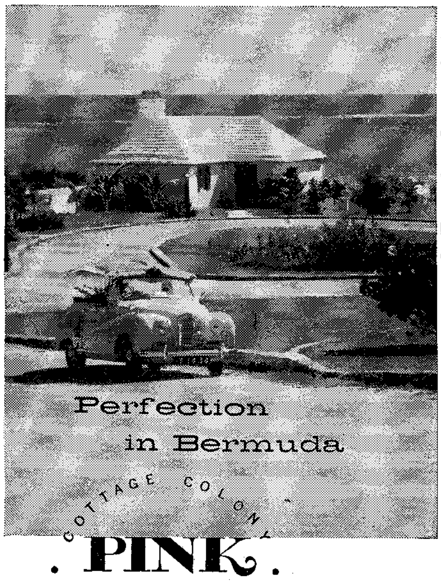

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marks. I suggest you don't look at that upside-down question mark for too long; I've been sitting here staring at it, and it makes me feel as if I were going down in a fast elevator.

Am I making too much of this? Is there anything more here than a new, more intimate form of headline—a style change possibly devised by John Hay Whitney to add zip to the newspaper he recently bought? Perhaps not, but let's skip ahead to the day when I think Douggy really began to feel the pressure. It was Thursday, April 13th, and from that morning until the time when they took Douggy away, he was not to know a single day's relief from the prodding. God knows the news was all bad then—the Russian spaceman, the Cuban invasion, de Gaulle and Algeria, and Laos—but I don't think it was the news that brought Douggy down. After all, I read the same stuff in my daily newspaper, and I'm all right, aren't I?

The big story on Thursday, the 13th, was about the Russian astronaut, and Thursday's headline is a banner right across the front page:

HOW A MAN GOT OUT OF
THIS WORLD . . . AND WHERE
DO WE GO FROM HERE?

In the right-hand column, there is a smaller headline—a subhead, I think they call it—that reads:

WHAT NEXT?
IT'S AGREED:
'THE MOON'

and alongside this there's another catch-all box of those questions, including one that asks, "What do American youngsters think about life ahead in the Space Age?"

What's next, where we go from here, is on to the next day, Friday, the 14th, and

WILL CUBA
FLARE INTO
A HUNGARY?

On the same page, there is

WHY THIS MAD APRIL WEATHER?

There! *Almost precisely Douggy's first words to me at the Ainslies' cocktail party!* See what Dr. Cruthers meant? See what I'm getting at here?

Saturday, the 15th, had only

WHAT IF JOHNNY CAN'T READ?
THEOBALD THREATENS TO
PROMOTE HIM ANYHOW

but Sunday, the 16th, had long headlines.

DICTATOR CASTRO—
THE BEGINNING OF THE END?

ran right across the whole page, and

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near the bottom, covering five columns, was

A BIRTH-CONTROL PILL FOR DOGS?
WHAT NEW YORK'S DOG-WALKING
SET THINKS ABOUT IT

More of Douggy's words! Apparently every one of these questions had snagged itself deep in his unconscious. Can there be any further doubt?

I'll give you the next few days quickly, so you can see the pattern building. Here's Monday, the 17th:

RED SPACE FLIGHT HOAX?
U.S. INQUIRY IS URGED

Tuesday, the 18th:

SOVIET WILL 'OPPOSE' US
ON CUBA—BUT HOW?

and

BIG QUESTIONS:
MASS UPRISING?
RUSSIAN HELP?

Wednesday, the 19th, a three-question day:

ANTI-CASTRO INVADERS IN
TROUBLE?

DOES KHRUSHCHEV
SEEK TO PARALYZE
U.S. WITH FEAR?

CABINET RANK FOR NEGRO?
KENNEDY ASKS URBAN DEPT.

Thursday, April 20th:

KENNEDY ON
TIGHT ROPE:
WHAT NOW?

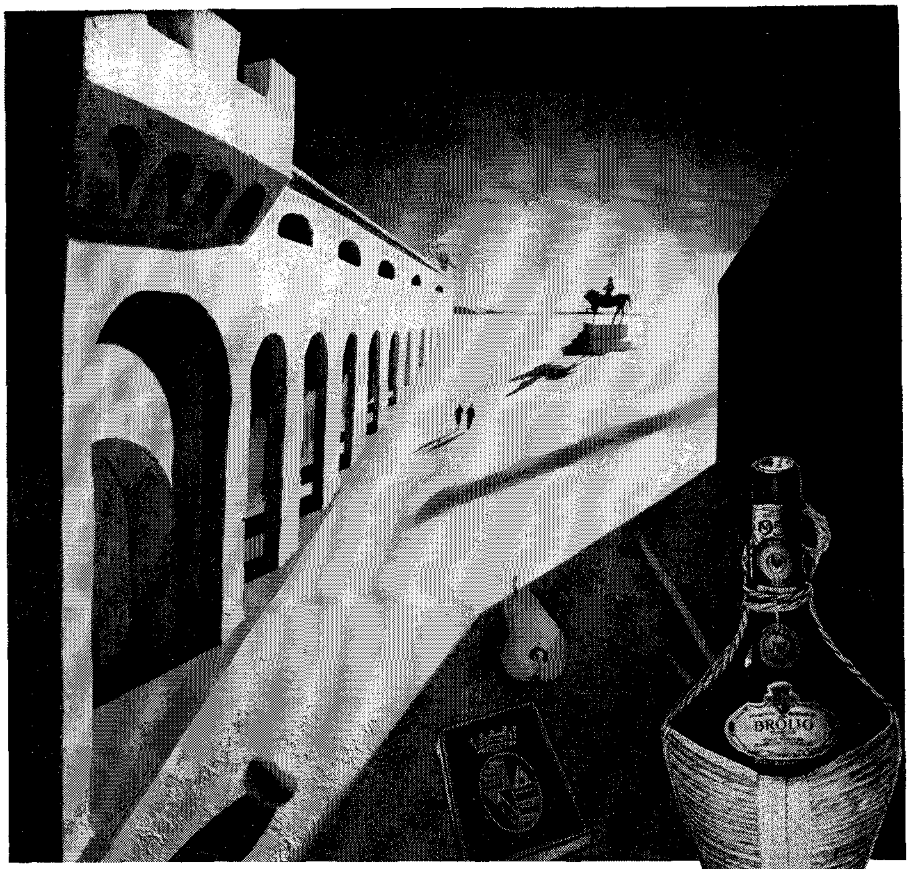
and Friday, April 21st, a seven-column query:

WHERE'S CASTRO—WAR VICTIM?
KENNEDY—A PROMISE TO CUBA

What excites me most about all these questions is the further questions they suggest. Questions about the *Herald Tribune*, for instance. Can it be that the *Trib* no longer knows anything for sure? Are the editors being democratic or merely polite by *asking* us the news, instead of telling us? And who writes the questions, anyway? Do they have a specialist on their staff—a courageous young intellectual who does nothing but jam those telling question marks onto the front page? This last possibility has occurred to me because the next one of Douggy's *Tribs*, that of Saturday, April 22nd, has only one real front-page question, a rather petulant repetition of

AND WHERE
IS CASTRO?

while up at the top of the page there is further evidence that the question man may be exhausted from his long week's labors, for he has omitted



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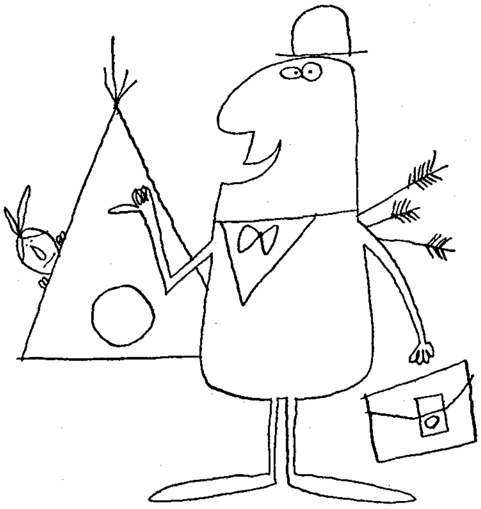

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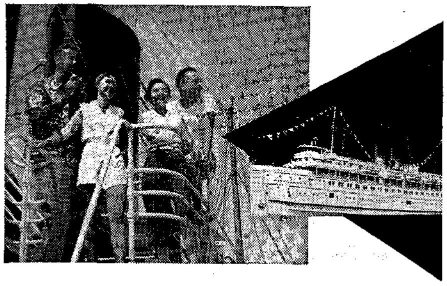

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the question mark from a one-column head:

WHO SAID 'GO'

Then, if my theory is correct, the question man had the day off on Sunday, April 23rd, because there isn't a single question in any of the front-page headlines. Down low, on the left-hand side of the page, there's a pretty blurry picture of a man in a beard, and the caption under it reads, "From Cuba sources—Castro at front Thursday?," which is obviously the work of an inept part-time Sunday substitute. Right? I mean, is there any other explanation?

MYRA just broke in here and made me join her on a walk around the garden. She wants me to give up this report, of all things. The poor creature is worried about me. Why are women so afraid of reality, so unwilling to see the fascination of the unexplored, the unresolved. . . ? But back to our muttons. Here's a fresh week, the week that finished Douggy, and the good old question man is back at work again, bright and early Monday morning:

IT'S A GAME:
WHO TAKES
THE 'BLAME'?

On Tuesday, he leaves Cuba and starts in on France:

WHERE DOES DE GAULLE
GO FROM HERE?

But Wednesday, April 26th, finds him back at the old stand, jabbing at Kennedy and the C.I.A. with

WHOSE FAULT?

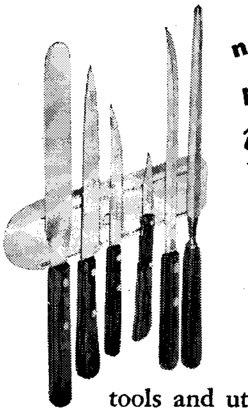
I have to admit it; the man has brilliance. I'm beginning to see this in a different light. I mean, who knows what Truth is, anyway? Isn't this the mature way, the honest way to make ourselves face all the questions in our modern world to which there may be *no* answers? Who am I to feel sorry for Douggy Hartsfield? I think Douggy may be saner than the rest of us—saner and braver. Could it be that Dr. Cruthers is secretly afraid of Douggy? See what I mean?

Next on my pile of papers is Thursday, April 27th—perhaps the question man's finest day. In the first column, over on the left, there's a story about Sir Isaac Newton, headed:

COSMIC KEY
TO MYSTERY
OF GRAVITY?

In his favorite spot, the subhead of the main news story, this time a story

MAGNAGRIP Mark X



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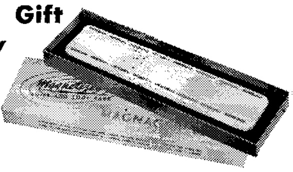

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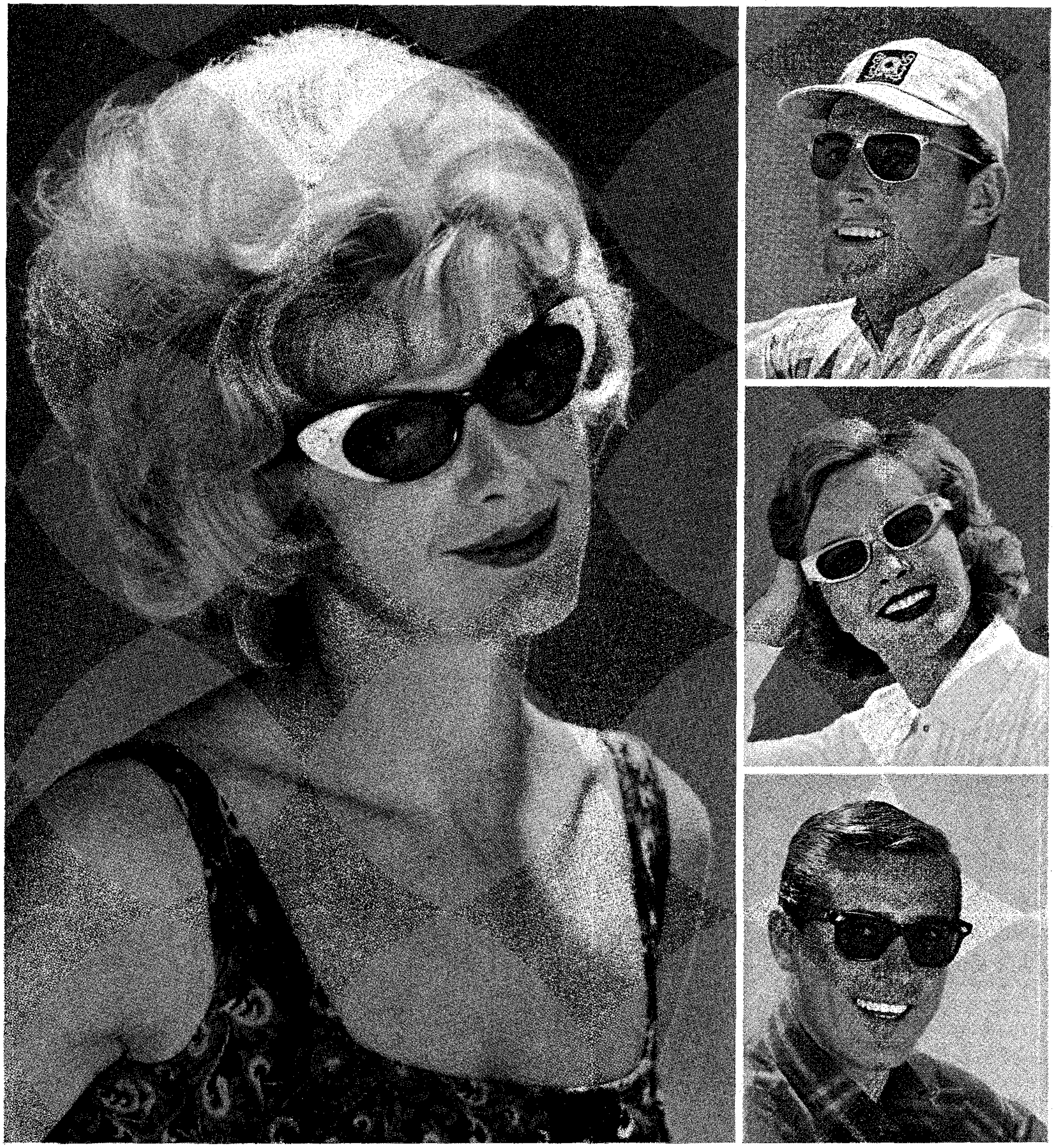

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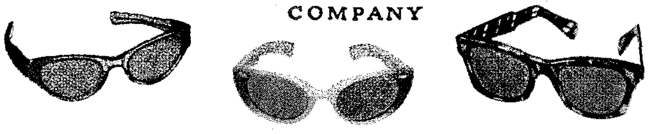


about Laos, he has a nifty *double* question:

CEASE-FIRE? WHAT CEASE-FIRE?

And then, over a box containing a story about a nuclear-powered "phantom warplane" of the Russians, he has a question that doesn't even look like a question. All it says is

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT!

Would I believe it? Sure I would! At least, I don't mind thinking about it. I think it's a corking question!

Here we are down to the last day—the day Douggy blew up—and the last paper in my file. Friday, April 28th. Just one question here, and we've heard it already.

A HERMIT IN GRACIE MANSION?

is what they want to know—their subtle way of quoting Mayor Wagner about the difficulty of having so many well-to-do friends who may want favors from him. But what better way to put the compelling question about the issue of morality in public office? *I'm* not afraid to ask myself the question. Douggy Hartsfield wasn't afraid to ask it, so why should I be? I'm not afraid of any questions—isn't that fine?

Listen, I'm going to have to stop this report for the time being. I've got to hide all these papers. I think I just heard Myra downstairs telephoning to that quack Cruthers. What's the matter with the woman? But I must go on with this research. Just this minute, I've made a terrific discovery: there are questions *inside* the *Herald Tribune,* too! Just riffling, I've found one on the sports page, on Friday, April 21st:

IS PENN CREW GOOD?
WAIT AND SEE: BURK

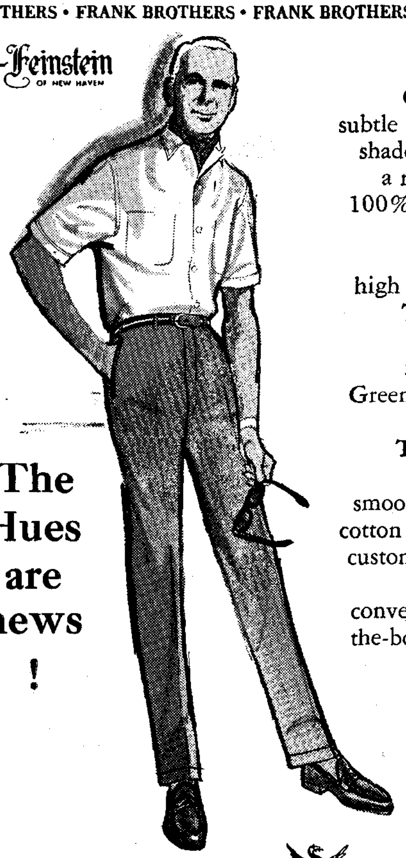
And here's the head on David Lawrence's column for Friday, the 14th:

MAN IN SPACE A GREAT FEAT
OR AFFRONT TO HUMANITY?

And here's another, on the first page of the second section of the *Trib* on Thursday, the 27th. It's over a feature story, and it says:

SHOULD AN ELEPHANT GET A TICKET?

I'm going to think about that while I wait for Dr. Cruthers—Cruthers and his little bag of syndromes. Should an elephant get a ticket? Intriguing question! Jaywalking elephants! Angry mahouts! Traffic cops toting elephant guns! Yowee! Ask me another, Jock Whitney! —ROGER ANGELL



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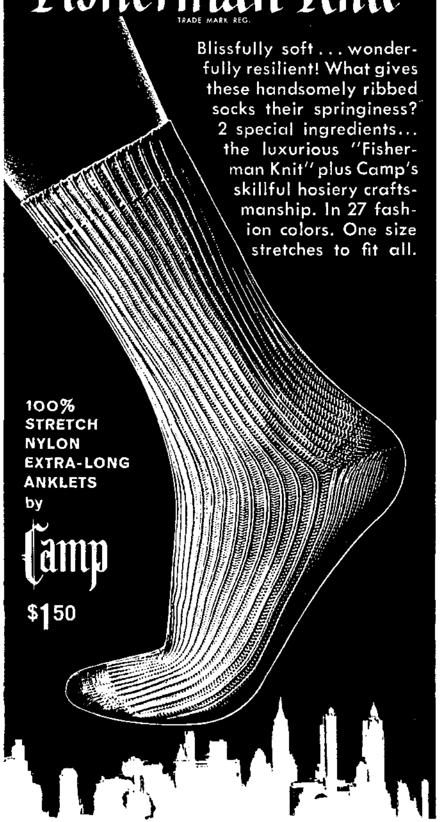

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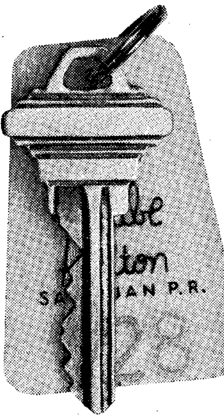

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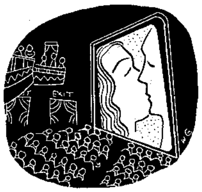
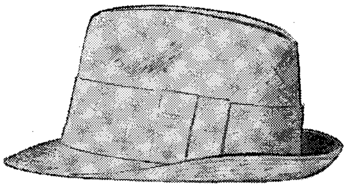
THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Master, as of Old



ALTHOUGH "Two Women" begins and ends with death and horror, it is a most encouraging movie about living and the indestructibility of gaiety, love, and other feelings. As it opens, the credits roll on over still photographs of Rome in wartime—the picture stars Sophia Loren, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Eleanora Brown, one reads; it was adapted by Cesare Zavattini from a novel by Alberto Moravia, and Vittorio De Sica directed it. Suddenly a siren sounds. The people in the last photograph start running for shelter. The time is a few weeks before the Italians surrendered to the Allies. Miss Loren struggles to pull down a metal shutter over the front of a shop. She goes inside. Bombs fall, and the shop fills with rubble. A girl faints, and Miss Loren calls frantically for water to revive her. Within a matter of minutes we are into the story. Miss Loren, a widow and the proprietress of a grocery store, decides to take her twelve-year-old daughter away from the air raids of Rome to her native village in the mountains, where most of the action of the film occurs. There they settle in comfortably with a good many other refugees, and there they meet an intellectual anti-Fascist, who falls in love with the mother. They spend much of their time scrounging around for food in a countryside overrun with Germans and Blackshirts. Word comes that Mussolini has been arrested. Some retreating German soldiers force the anti-Fascist, at gunpoint, to guide them down the mountain. American tanks go by. In spite of all evidence to the contrary, the mother feels that it is now safe for her and her child to return, alone and unprotected, to Rome. She is wrong.

A program note refers to Mr. De Sica as one of the neo-realists among Italian directors. Neo or not, he certainly demonstrates in this movie that the object of fiction in any form is to create and maintain the illusion of reality. He has put his every resource, technical and otherwise, to the service of his story, which he tells entirely through the actors. He never uses his camera to comment on or emphasize any aspect of the action for the benefit of the audience,



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with the result that, since he seems to be unaware of us, we forget he's around. Perhaps it is because he is a superb actor himself that he shows such confidence in other actors, and discerns in and draws out of them such remarkable quality. In the performance of everyone concerned there is a truthfulness and subtlety that I have never seen surpassed. Mr. Belmondo, the young hoodlum of "Breathless," plays the anti-Fascist. Timid, gentle, and touchy on the surface, blinking through steel-rimmed spectacles, he is, we slowly come to realize, passionate and strong underneath. In one beautiful scene, the sirens go off and he and Miss Loren fall flat on the ground; he watches a ladybug crawling on a blade of grass; the all-clear sounds; he strokes her dress and they embrace; then he puts his glasses back on. There are no fireworks this time in Miss Loren's performance, but there is real temperament. Fiercely protective of her frail, unworldly child, and apparently at the mercy of every mood that blows by, she has no idea (but we have) of her steadiness and character. As the daughter, Miss Brown, who is a lovely actress, shows a warmth and resilience that perhaps surprise her mother but not us.

The photography no doubt is admirable, but I'm afraid I didn't notice it. The scenery is very pretty. Every once in a while, I heard some nice music. The movie created for me the extra illusion that I understand Italian. I must have been reading the captions all along, but I don't remember doing so.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

CHURCH building, good roof and walls, to be removed, 20′ x 18′, $150, or would trade for outboard motor. P.O. Box 153, Gagetown.—*Adv. in the Fredericton (N.B.) Gleaner.*

Man knows his mind, anyway.

•

PAGE 21—In recipe, "Opal Cassini's Cartier Chowder Country Style," remove the spoon from line 10 after stirring the chowder.—*From a list of errata in "The Compleat Martini Cook Book," by Baba Erlanger and Daren Pierce.*

"Martini Cook Book" is right.

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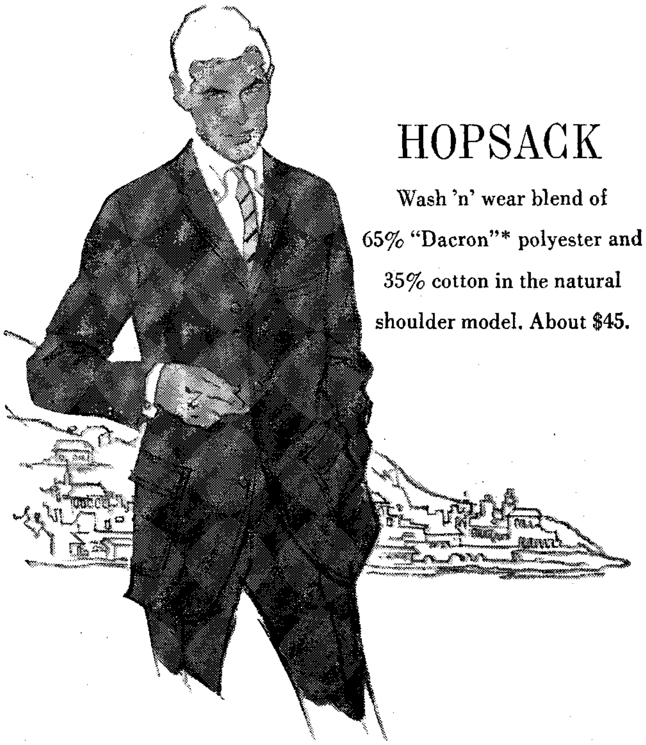

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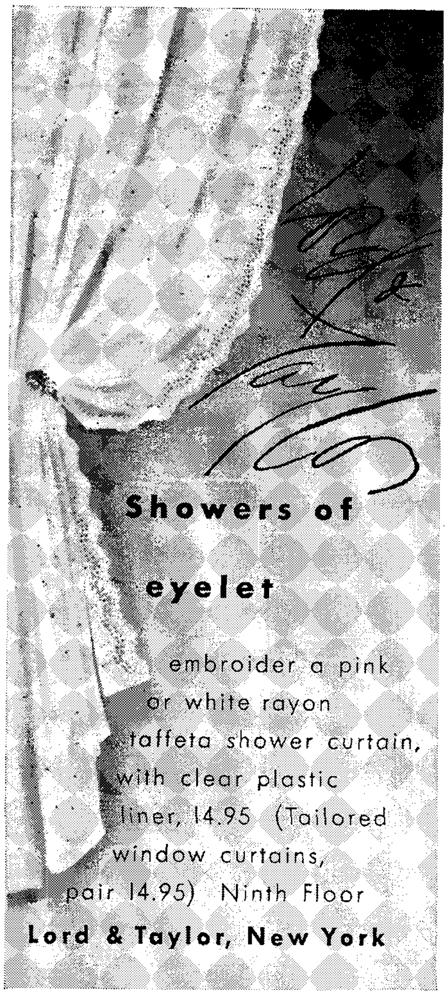
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Jazz Concerts

AT work, most modern jazz musicians appear to be suffering from shock. They adopt blank, masklike faces, stand rigidly still, and rarely speak to one another, let alone the audience. The only proof they are not hallucinations is the sound that comes from their instruments, and even this isn't always conclusive. Twenty years ago jazz musicians usually mirrored every emotion they were undergoing, which offered the spectator a double whammy. Drummers, in particular, went further by adding the icing of guileless showmanship. They twirled their sticks or tossed them into the air, generally in time to the music, smiled expansively or grimaced (Kansas Fields, now in France, always looked on the verge of tears), snapped their heads about militaristically, and manipulated the wire brushes like skilled house painters. The three consummate showmen-drummers were Sidney Catlett, Jo Jones, and Sonny Greer. (Gene Krupa and Buddy Rich were not showmen but showoffs.) Now that Catlett is dead and Greer in partial obscurity, only Jones remains consistently on view. A week ago, however, Greer, who is sixty, appeared in full bloom at a concert given in the Carnegie Recital Hall by the Duke Ellington Society and called, somewhat misleadingly, "The Ellington Alumni." The results, as far as Greer was concerned, were memorable.

Greer quit Ellington in 1951, after thirty-odd years—a departure that has left a permanent hole in the band. A short, flattish, dapper man with a thin, tongue-in-cheek face and a patent-leather air, Greer epitomized the easy elegance of the Ellington band. He was generally enthroned slightly above and to the rear of his colleagues, amid an array of equipment that included a resplendent set of drums, a couple of timpani, chimes, and a J. Arthur Rank gong. For all his outward grace and polish, though, Greer's style was and is strictly homemade. He is only a fair technician (his time is uneven, sometimes he is overbearing, and he misses strokes) and he has never been much of a soloist. Indeed, he often gives the impression that he is *testing* rather than playing his drums. He moves ceaselessly

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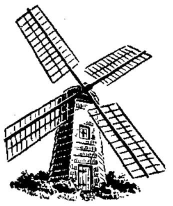
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back and forth between his cymbals, sampling their high-pitched centers, drops in sudden experimental offbeats on the cowbell (an unfortunately outmoded bit of drum paraphernalia), rustles his high-hat cymbals ominously and then clamps them shut with a *whussht,* inserts abrupt, crescendo snare-drum rolls, sounds jumbo beats on his bass drum or settles into steady lackadaisical afterbeats on the snare rims, which suggest Stepin Fetchit in a hurry. Greer's showmanship accents all this. A mock-serious look will dissolve into a broad smile, a wide-eyed expression into a sleepy one. An eyes-right-or-left head motion punctuates every number. After twirling a stick faster than a propeller, he may rear back in amazement at such prowess. Greer is sound and motion in miraculous counterpoint.

With Greer at the concert were Clark Terry on trumpet and flügelhorn, Hilton Jefferson on alto saxophone, Wendell Marshall on bass, and a ringer, Jimmy Jones, on piano. Two singers—Betty Roché and Ozzie Bailey—also appeared. Eight of the twenty numbers, most of them by Ellington and/or Billy Strayhorn, were taken up with vocals. Bailey was surprisingly attractive, in a thin, valentine way, while Miss Roché, round and jello-like, was calculated and tart. Aside from the four group numbers, Jefferson, Terry, and Jones each had two selections to demonstrate their wares in, and Greer had one. This was an up-tempo version of "Caravan," in which Greer started softly with his hands on the tomtoms, gradually increased the volume, picked up two sticks in his right hand, pitted this hand against his still empty left hand (much rattling and whapping), tucked his sticks nonchalantly under his right arm, returned to his hands, reduced his volume, and closed with a jarring bass-drum *frump.* During the rest of the evening, Greer ticked off all of his tricks—wire brushes on a large tomtom behind Jones, mallet crescendos during the ensembles, spinning sticks, and casual, offbeat rimshots that seemed to tail Terry. In fact, Greer managed to convey the notion that he was still supporting the entire Ellington band, which, once or twice, very nearly materialized—insouciance, white jackets, the Duke, and all.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

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—*Headline in the Hackensack (N.J.) Bergen Record.*

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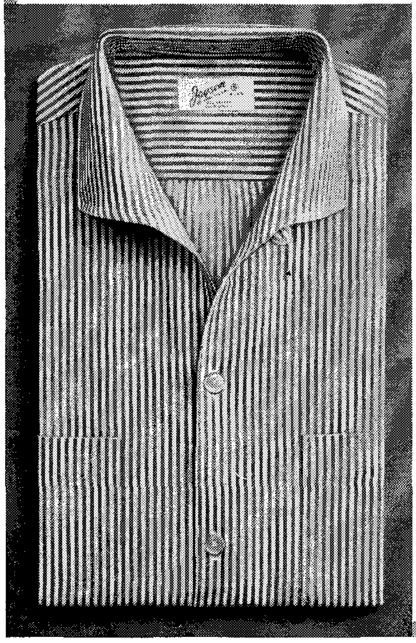

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(Twelfth Night Act II Sc. III line 190)

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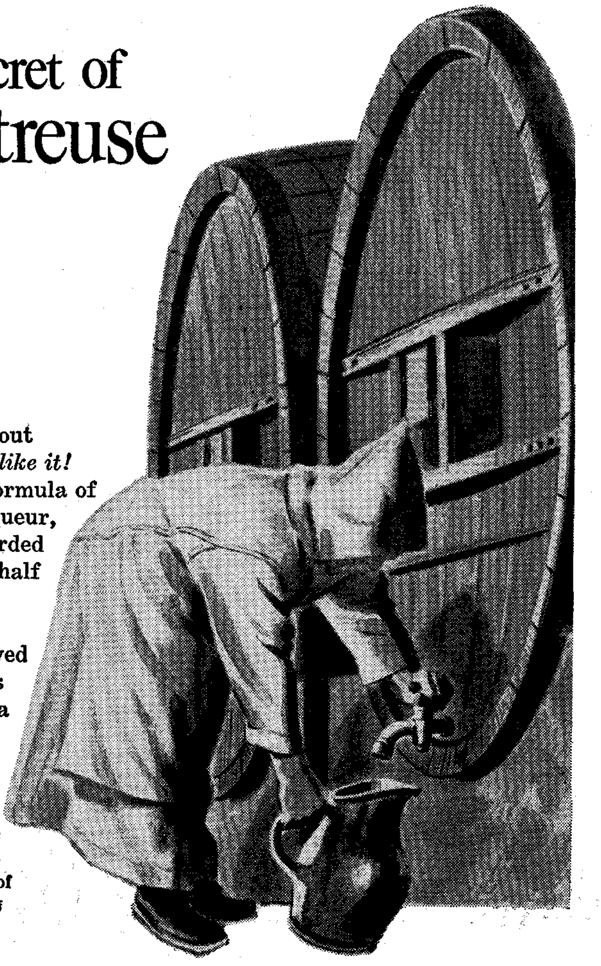

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BOOKS

The Candy Kid

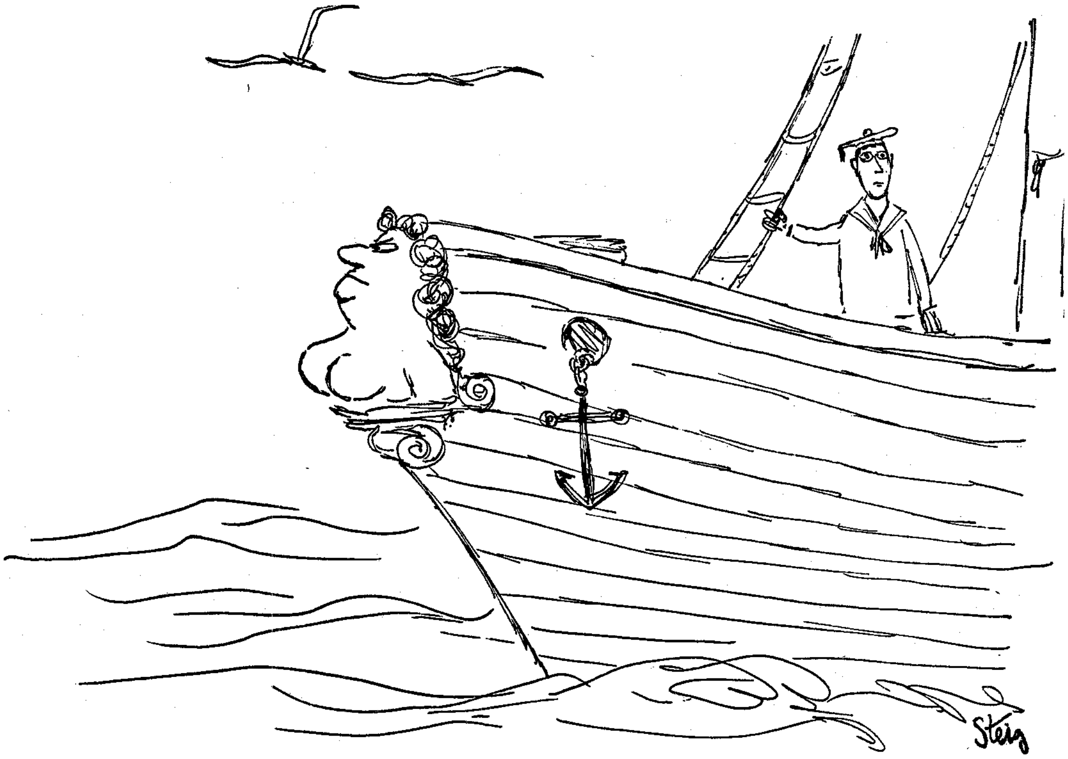
IN 1922, when I was eighteen and it was new, I read James Elroy Flecker's play about Hassan, the confectioner of Baghdad, and it became one of my clandestine addictions, like my taste for Atkinson's Doncaster Toffee. It has a sucrose, glucose, dextrose quality, like warm spun sugar twining itself around the aorta. Hassan, its protagonist, through a chance encounter with the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid, is removed from the humble but cozy purlieus of his shop to the world of affairs of state. At first the transposition pleases him. "For all these years I have been a humble man, of soft and kindly disposition—such a man as the world and a woman hate," says he. "But now I shall never again be the fool of my fellows." Afterward, though, failing to soften the Caliph's line on capital punishment, he is glad to retire, and withdraws from public life as a pilgrim, marching offstage singing, in chorus with the rest of the caravan, "We take the Golden Road to Samarkand."

For Hassan's sake, I was predisposed in favor of Robert H. W. Welch, Jr., founder of the John Birch Society and author of its Koran, "The Blue Book" (copyright Robert Welch, 1959). Mr. Welch had an early life much like that of my older friend. He was, before he became an author, a candymaker in Cambridge, Mass. The only other American public man I can think of with an equally mellifluent background is Adolf A. Berle, Jr., who was chairman of the board of the American Molasses Company. But whereas Hassan, squatting among his sugar kettles, used to write poetry, Mr. Welch, by his own account, read world history. And while the peppermint popped and the popsicles purred, he became so impressed by the analogies he discovered in his reading that, like Mohammed, he heard a Voice saying to him, "Recite." Accordingly, he summoned a number of disciples to meet him at a hotel in Indianapolis, where there are always rooms (except during auto-race week), on December 8, 1958. "The Blue Book" is, its author explains, a record of what he said at the ensuing meeting, as fraught with consequences as a chocolate bar with peanuts. Only eleven disciples attended, leaving him one short of the conventional complement, but they represented eight states. It is inspiring to think of that seminal meeting, in a hotel banquet suite, perhaps named for one of the characters of James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier laureate—the Little Orphan Annie Room. The Wise Men from afar sit one knee over the other around the manger of the new truth, and Mr. Welch tells them:

> The Gobble-uns'll git you ef you don't watch out!

"With short breaks for coffee, for luncheons, and for brief discussions in between sections of the presentation, it required two whole days to set forth the background, methods, and purposes of the John Birch Society. The pages that follow are simply a transcript, practically verbatim, of that presentation," Mr. Welch reports. "I personally have been studying the problem [of Communism] increasingly for about nine years," he also told the Original Eleven, "and practically full time for the past three years. And entirely without pride, but in simple thankfulness, let me point out that a lifetime of business experience should have made it easier for me to see the falsity of the economic theories on which Communism is supposedly based, more readily, than might some scholar coming into that study from the academic cloisters; while a lifetime of interest in things academic, especially world history, should have given me an advantage over many businessmen in more rapidly seeing the sophistries in dialectic materialism."

His world history is Neo-Spenglerian, although, he concedes, "there is certainly more Welch than there is Spengler" in it, and he has contributed not a few new details. It was Darius and not Cyrus who, according to Mr. Welch, overthrew the "Neo-Babylonian civilization;" Greek colonists conquered Italy, founded Rome, and "developed Roman civilization;" and the Roman Empire of the West "started dying from the cancer of collectivism from the time Diocletian imposed on it his New Deal." The notion of conventional historians like Rostovtzeff and Burckhardt has been that the Roman economy hit the skids a century and a half earlier, and that Diocletian, poor man, was merely trying to pick up the pieces. One of his measures was a system of price controls, and this probably has caused Mr. Welch to confuse him with Franklin D. Roosevelt. The theory that Greece conquered



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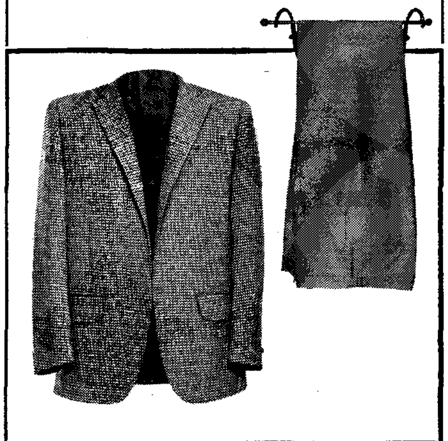

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Rome has not yet become dogma, either, but it may; it is in line with the discovery that the South won the Civil War after Sherman's Flight to the Sea.

"Basically, when you dig through the chaff and the dressing in Spengler enough to get at his thought, he held that a societal development which we ordinarily class as a civilization is an organic culture, which goes through a life cycle just the same as any of the individual organisms which we see whole *and with which we are more familiar.*" Western Europe reached its high point in the second half of the nineteenth century, Mr. Welch holds, and is now dying of a "collectivist cancer" that has invaded *us*. We must excise it—a herculean task. His prose abounds in figures of speech based on cancer and cardiac afflictions, which should be impressive to a public of predominantly elderly executives. (Welch himself is sixty-one.)

Theories, however, are less his concern than facts—his eye deciphers surface appearances as easily as it does the creme fondant within the walnut imperial. For example, he says of one nation not commonly detected: "And gentlemen, any idea that Norway is not, for all practical purposes, now in Communist hands . . . is in my opinion as un*realistic as the thought that* Kwame Nkrumah of Ghana is a Democrat." (The Norwegian Storting, or Parliament, has one Communist among its hundred and fifty members.)

"Syria, Lebanon, Egypt, Libya, Tunisia, Algeria, Morocco" are places where the Communists "either already have control, however disguised, or are rapidly acquiring control." Nehru, Nasser, and Sukarno are Communists, like General Eisenhower.

"The Communists are now in complete control of Bolivia and Venezuela." The only Latin-American governments Welch endorsed in 1958 were Paraguay, Nicaragua, the Dominican Republic, and Batista's Cuba, all dictatorships. Batista has now, of course, gone down the drain—an incalculable loss to Western civilization. Hawaii, Mr. Welch revealed, was Communist through and through. Since its admission as a state, the poison has, presumably, reached our vitals.

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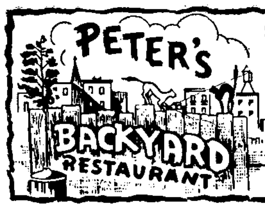

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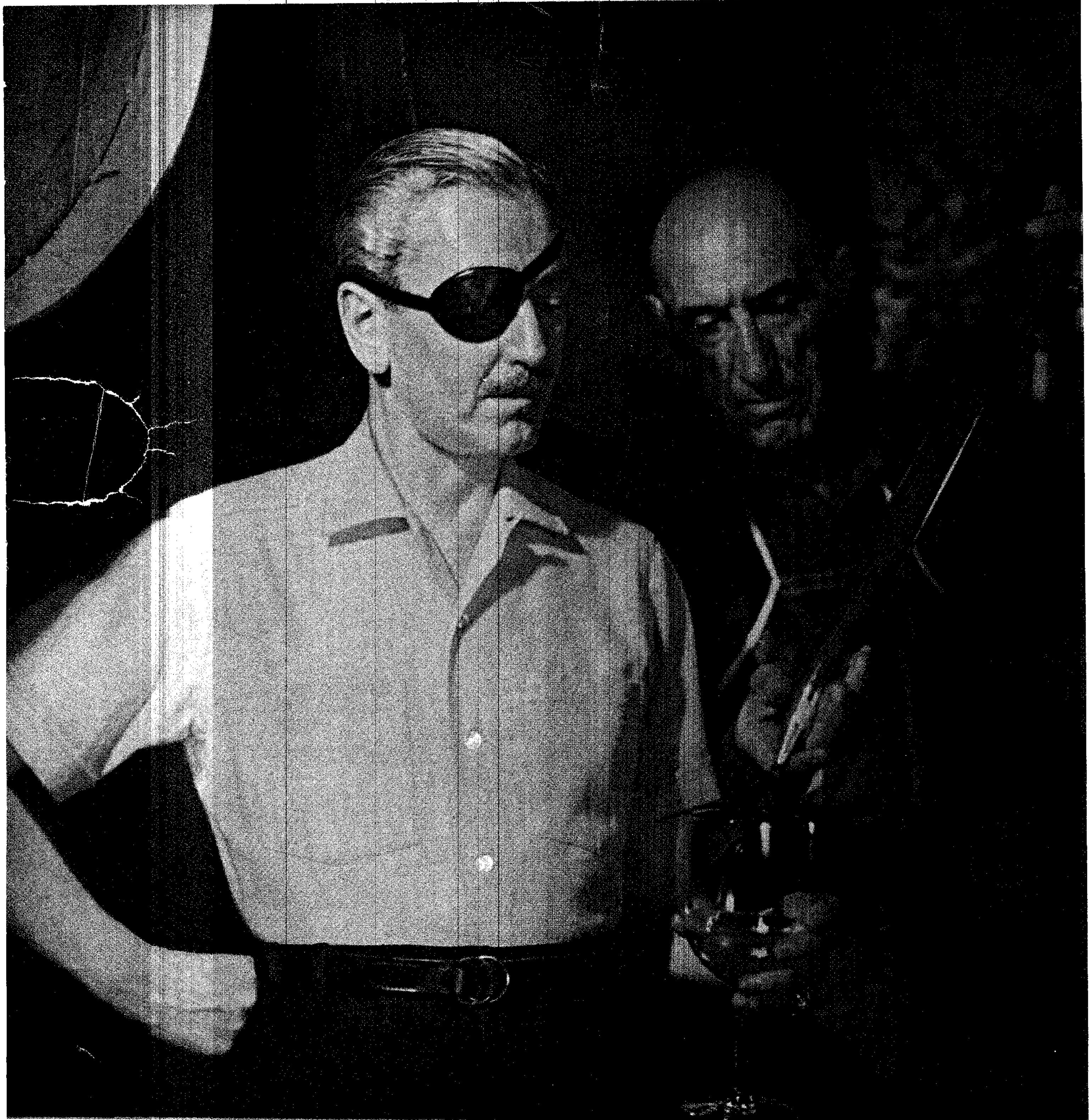

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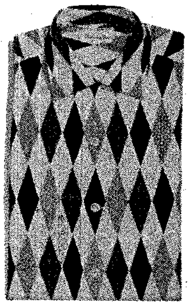

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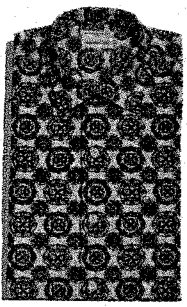

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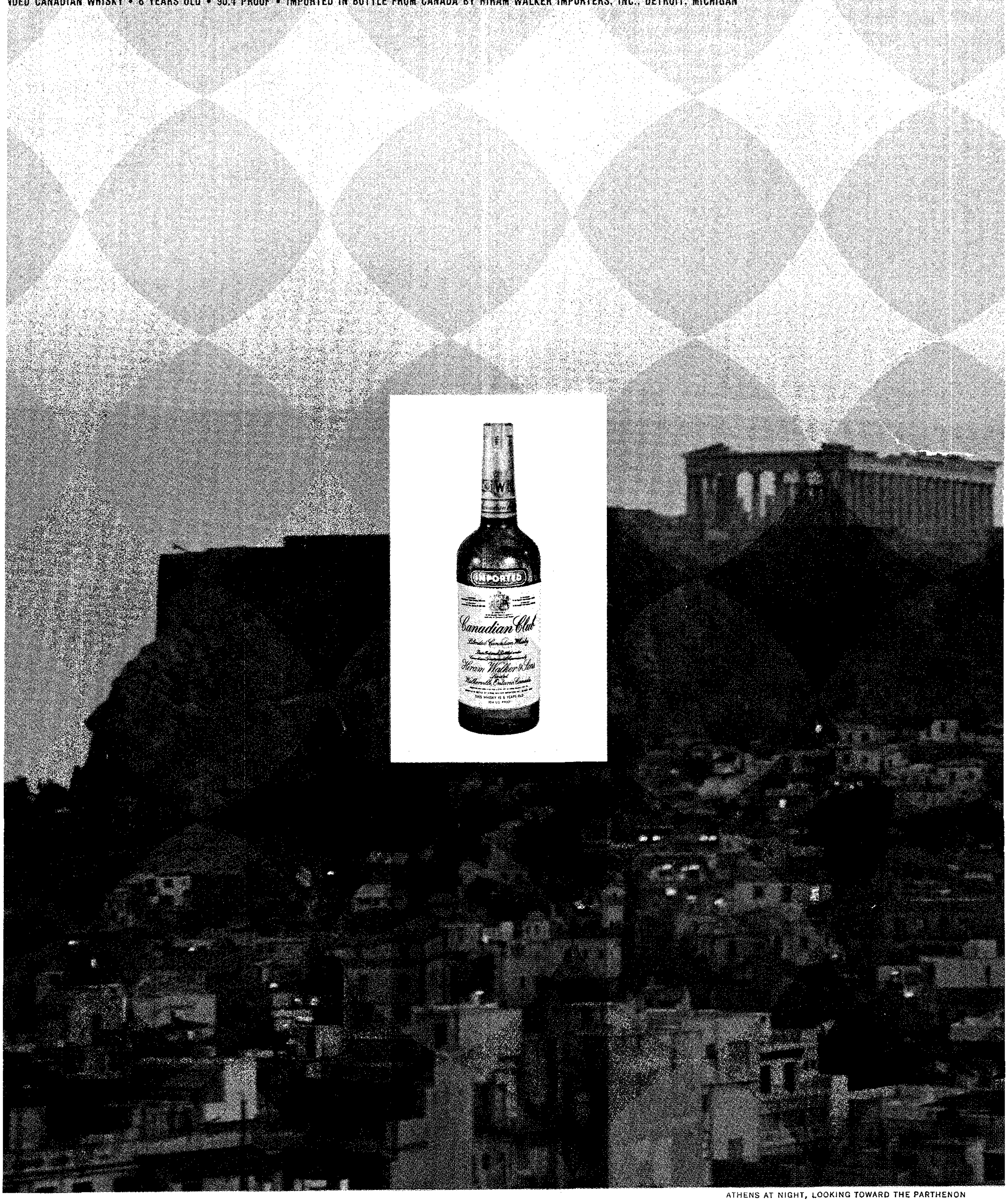
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beguilement as the reader of "The Blue Book" goes along. Here it hitches with the White Supremacists. A bit farther on, declaring the Algerian war a Communist creation, it ties on to the *colons*.

Our troubles, however, are of our own making. "The first great break for the Communist conspiracy came in 1933, with our formal recognition of Stalin's regime. At that time the Russian government was staying alive financially from week to week by methods which, in the case of individuals, would be called check-kiting." (At the moment, as I recall, we were pretty broke ourselves. The banks stayed closed until Roosevelt got them open again, and Al Smith and the *Daily News* advocated recognition of the U.S.S.R. as a method of reviving *us*.) "Our recognition tremendously increased their prestige and credit, at home and with other nations. It saved them from financial collapse." What good it would do the Russian government, if broke, to increase its credit at home, in Russia, where nobody had any money, is one of "The Blue Book's" minor enigmas.

In Asia, where we are also out of luck, "our government prevented Chiang Kai-shek's troops from getting even ammunition," while the Russians gave the Reds "tremendous stockpiles of Japanese arms." ("The primary cause of the defeat of the Chinese Nationalist Army was the military aggressiveness of the Chinese Communist forces, and sound tactics, which were based on the capabilities and limitations of the Red military. Communist victory was achieved without the extensive use of modern, large-calibre weapons, motor transport or aircraft, but by sound, aggressive tactics on the ground."—Lieutenant Colonel Robert B. Rigg, a United States military observer, in "Red China's Fighting Hordes.")

The chief weapon of the Communists in thus maggoting the world outside our borders has been treachery, not science. They have never, for example, *built* an atomic bomb: "Their agents had simply walked off from our plants with the necessary separate parts, which had then been assembled in Russia, and exploded whenever it best suited the Soviets' pretenses." In the light of this fact, all the pother about disarmament conferences is superfluous. All we have to do to disarm the Russians is to install a proper security system in our own plants. (When they walked off with the parts of our heavy-rocket booster, they might at least have left us the plans.)

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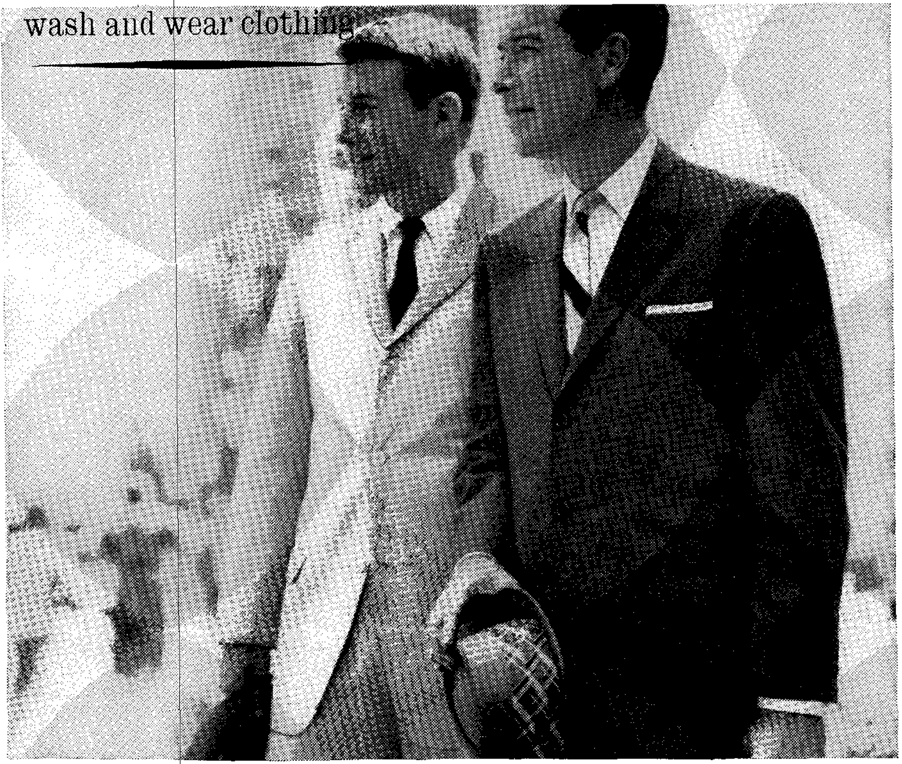

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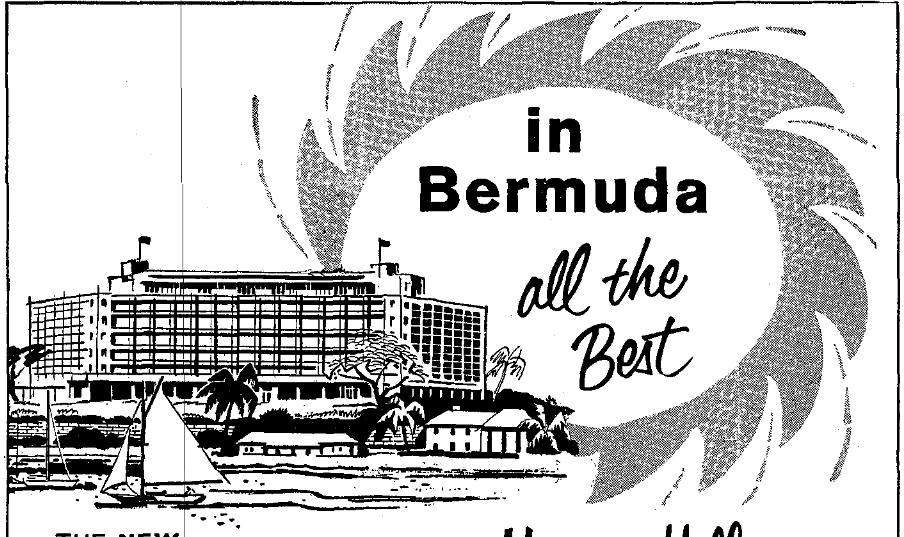

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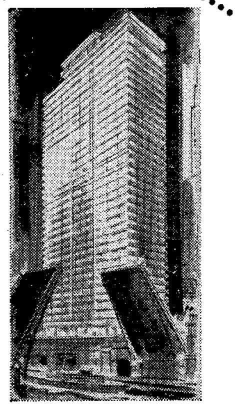
member, with two Red senators on Capitol Hill—they have three possible courses. "One would be, through a sufficient amount of infiltration and propaganda, to disguise Communism as just another political party." When I reached this point, I peeked ahead to see *which* party was to be the Trojan donkey. But Mr. Welch had written, "We do not anticipate that development." Another route to the consummation of conquest "would be by fomenting internal civil war in this country, and aiding the Communist side in that war with all necessary military might," as an outside power might do in, say, Cuba. But he didn't anticipate that, either, although, he said, one never could tell. The third method, "which is far more in accordance with Lenin's long-range strategy," is the "one which they are clearly relying on most heavily." This, on which they are already launched with gratifyingly fearful results, is to take over the government by a process so gradual and insidious that they will have us in the bag before we know it. One step is to lure us deeper and deeper into the United Nations, which is a thinly disguised branch of the Soviet government itself, "until one day we shall gradually realize that we are already just a part of a worldwide government ruled by the Kremlin, with the police-state features of that government rapidly closing in on ourselves. But another part of the plan is the conversion of the United States into a socialist nation, quite similar to Russia itself in its economy and political outlook. . . . The best way to explain the aim here is simply to quote the directive under which some of the very largest American foundations have secretly but visibly been working for years. This directive is 'so to change the economic and political structure of the United States that it can be comfortably merged with Soviet Russia.'"

Here Mr. Welch, like Mohammed in most of the Koran, omits the source of his quotation. In the Prophet's case, it is always understood to be God. At this point, with Asia gone under altogether, Europe gone under (all but Spain and Portugal), South America gone under (all but Paraguay), Africa gone under (all but the Union), us going (all but Arizona), the reader might well expect, as I did, a call to a preventive war, or at least the setting up of a force, entirely commanded by admirals called back from retirement, that would put the skulking devils in their place. This could be done in three steps. One, we stop them from snitching any more bomb parts. Two, we blockade them and



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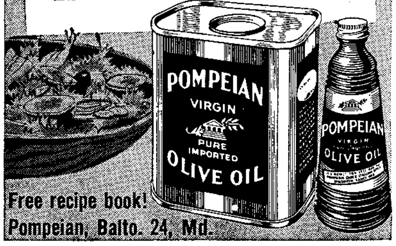

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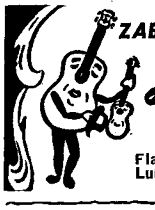

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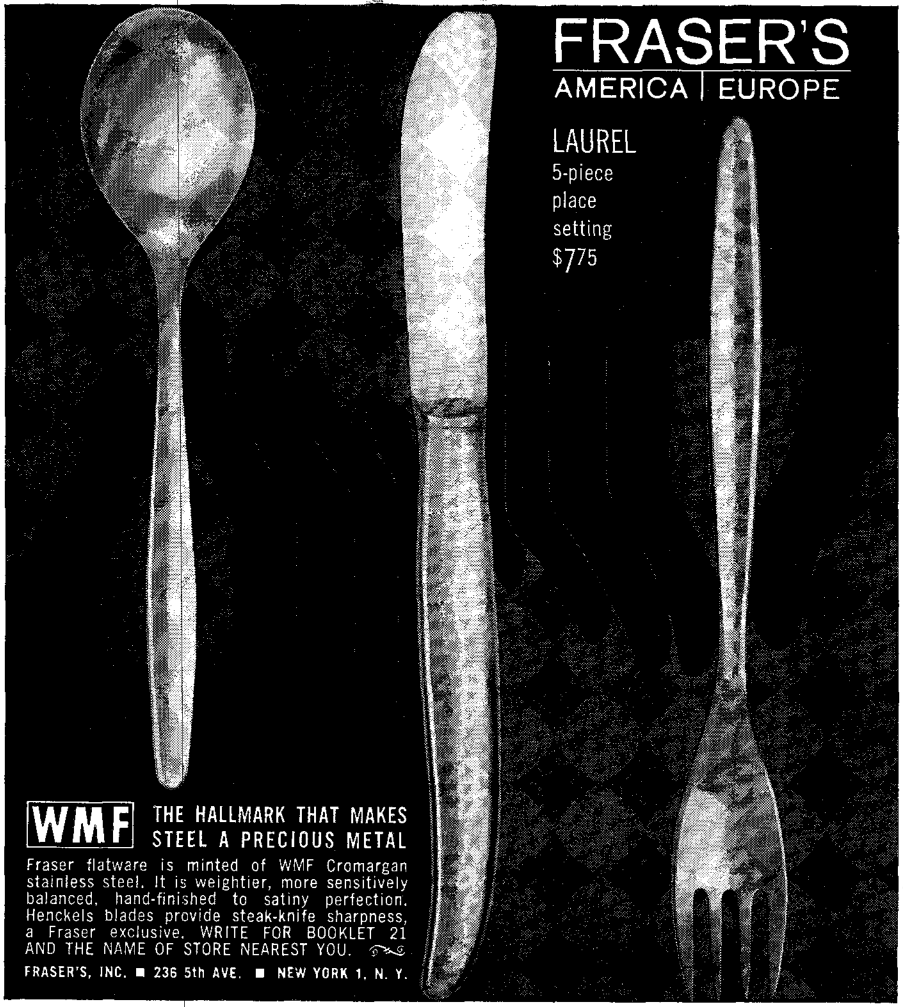
starve them out. Three, we send them only stale surplus chocolate bars to eat until they say "Uncle" ("*Dyadya*"). I can imagine the Eleven Disciples squirming on their hotel chairs in the Claypool, hardly able to hold themselves down as they awaited the slogan cry "Out cutlasses and board!"

But, Welch warns, *this is the trap they planned for us.* "Although our danger remains almost entirely internal, from Communist influences right in our midst and treason right in our government, the American people are being persuaded that our danger is from the outside, is from Russian military superiority." What we have to do, then, is *not* spend money on defense, *not* pay taxes, but balance the budget at zero, stultify central government, defend states' rights, stop federal aid to education (it leads to thought control), pay no attention to talk about the horrors of war, since we won't have any arms anyway, and, above all, derecognize Russia and it will blow away. To make the juju stronger, we are to abandon foreign aid, abolish the income tax, and "win that battle [against Communism, presumably] by alertness, by determination, by courage, by an energizing realization of the danger, if we can; but let's win it, even with our lives, if the time comes when we must." (Without spending money.) It sounds like a program for eating your jelly beans and having them, or ruling the skies with obsolete airplanes. It also sounds like the program of turning a back on the world devised for seventeenth-century Japan by the Tokugawa Shogun Iyemitsu. "Don't look and it will go away" was the Tokugawa's prescription, but the outside world didn't, and when Japan looked again, centuries later, she found herself in a most humiliating position. (In the interim, eighty per cent of her people had lived in fairly continuous hunger, which forced them to the regular practice of infanticide to keep the population down.) The Birch creed should, I would think, tickle the pants off any Russian official in his right mind, for its essence is unilateral disarmament through permitted obsolescence, a breakup of federal authority, and a withdrawal from the international field.

One of the entrancing episodes of the John Birch epopee, for me, was the behavior of Major General Edwin A. Walker, supposedly a fire-eater, who had John Birch tracts, which are essentially pacifist, passed out to his men. I wondered whether he had read them. The obsession of ubiquitous treachery, moreover, is exactly what will make a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soldier soonest take off. A division convinced of the prevalence of treason all the way back to base will scatter at the first shot.

When the modern Hassan reaches the chapter of his revelation in which he discusses positive measures against the "worldwide Communist conspiracy" ("And so, let's Act"), he is less impressive than when he is evoking the dangers that hedge us round. As an initial move toward breaking Marx's back, he would establish reading rooms, "somewhat similar to the Christian Science reading rooms," where the writings of Robert Welch would be available. The Society's publications "should be put in barbershops, from which we obtained firm written promises to welcome these publications and keep them on the reading tables." Members of the Society should listen to the broadcasts of Fulton Lewis, Jr. And everybody should write letters for worthy causes like withdrawal of recognition from Russia and the repeal of the income tax. Above all, there should be "exposure" of Communists, by publication.

"Let's make what we are talking about clearer by an illustration. There is the head of one of the great educational institutions in the East (not Harvard, incidentally) whom at least some of us believe to be a Communist. Even with a hundred thousand dollars to hire sleuths to keep him and his present contacts under constant surveillance for a while, and to retrace every detail of his past history, I doubt if we could prove it on him. But—with just five thousand dollars to pay for the proper amount of careful research . . . I believe we could get all the material needed for quite a shock. . . . We would run in the magazine an article consisting entirely of questions to this man, which would be devastating in their implications. The question technique, when skillfully used in this way, is mean and dirty. But the Communists we are after are meaner and dirtier, and too slippery for you to put your fingers on in the ordinary way—no matter how much they look and act like prosperous members of the local Rotary Club."

The disproportion between the magnitude of the evil discovered everywhere and the insignificance of the remedies proposed makes Birchism a demoniac religion. The Birchist, like Man before the invention of fire, wanders helpless among malignant forces, his only consolation inner knowledge of how terrible things are, his only protection an amulet in the form of a "Blue Book," his only weapon a postage stamp. His chiefest satisfaction is his conviction that his

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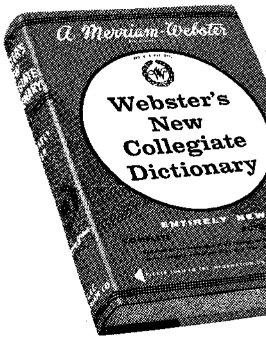

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neighbor will perish, and that he will probably deserve to. "Communist" for the Birchist, the reader gathers after the first page or so of the book, means anybody who approves of paying taxes, national defense, public education, civil rights, the United Nations, labor unions, or poetry since Tennyson. There is *no* politician in whom Welch sees hope; even Barry Goldwater is a softhearted sap. And so it is true, for him, that there are "Communists" everywhere. Socialists, in the penumbra of the weird world Welch inhabits, *are* Communists; Roosevelt and, save the mark, Woodrow Wilson strengthened central government, so *were* Socialists, so Communists. It is an ugly doctrine, which inhibits every effort to outperform our rivals, because implicit in it is the assurance that the effort will end in betrayal. Taken seriously, it could be more destructive than the nerve gas that all up-to-date chemical-warfare branches are now supposed to possess, which paralyzes the will to resist. Only this gas, instead of being carried over borders by ICB missiles, is a native product, for home consumption, like coconut bars.

—A. J. LIEBLING

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE DARK DISCIPLE, by Russell B. Shaw (Doubleday). This honest attempt to portray the heart and soul of a fervently religious young Roman Catholic teacher who does not understand that he loves power more than he loves God, and that he does not love man at all, is the work of an author who is thoughtful and serious but who is not, unfortunately, a very good writer.

LAST SCORE, by Storm Jameson (Harper). A superficial study of a conceited, handsome man whose façade of goodness and strength collapses, leaving him exposed to himself and also to the eyes of those who constitute his world. It is this second exposure that breaks his heart. The scene is a British colony, and the time is now.

A GAY AND MELANCHOLY SOUND, by Merle Miller (Sloane). We are told at the outset that this extremely long story—the life story of Joshua Bland—is actually a suicide letter recorded on tape by Bland while he is waiting for the moment when he will take the pills that will kill him, and then while he is waiting for the pills to have their effect. For us, therefore, knowing what we know, the story is less a record of Joshua's

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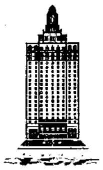
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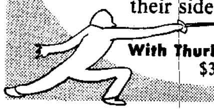
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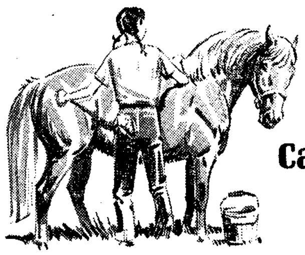
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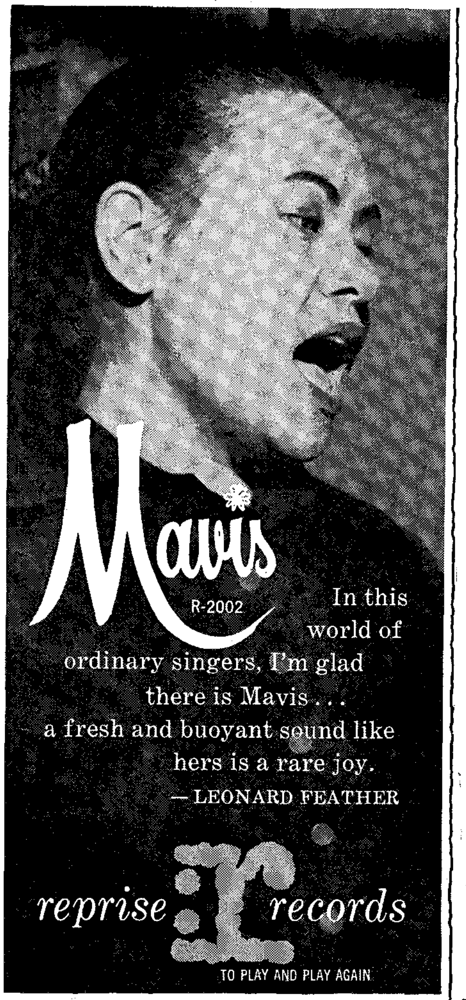
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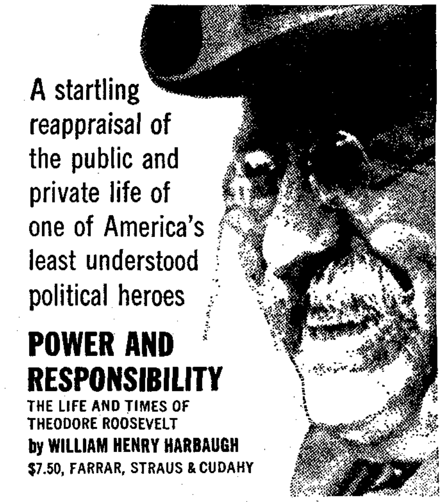
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life than a record of the events and circumstances that have led him to decide to kill himself at the age of thirty-eight. Mr. Miller, who may be described with admiration as an entertaining emotional writer, manages to persuade us that in spite of Joshua's gifts and achievements, and in spite of his attractiveness and good humor, there is really very little left for him to look forward to and everything for him to fear. Any man whose life has been dominated by three harpies like Joshua's mother and his two wives must live in fear of meeting another of the same sort, and in the worse fear of knowing that he won't recognize her for what she is. A bad fairy presided over Joshua's cradle. All the gifts that were his birthright are spoiled for him by his singularly bad luck—he can love only what is shrill and ugly in women. Even so, there is nothing gloomy about his account of himself. The life he describes is exciting, ribald, farcical, courageous, bewildered, and often silly, and everything that happens in it is heightened by his awareness of the doom that awaits him and into which he will blunder sooner or later—until the moment comes that drives him to decide that for him sooner is better.

THE MAN WHO WON THE POOLS, by J. I. M. Stewart (Norton). Mr. Stewart gives us an enthusiastic account of the adventures of a likable young English factory worker who wins twenty thousand pounds in the football pools. The story begins in Oxford and stays mainly in England. The winner's name, to his grief and amusement, is Phil Tombs.

GENERAL

THE LOST TOWNS AND ROADS OF AMERICA, by J. R. Humphreys (Doubleday). An account of a transcontinental automobile trip, from which emerges the interesting notion that the horrible super-highways, with their flanking blight of honky-tonk "strip" cities, may turn out to be a blessing in disguise. For, the author suggests, these great turnpikes attract the bulk of the traffic and thus leave the lesser (though often excellent) roads empty and undefaced. Moreover, the towns and villages so bypassed are rapidly, if unwillingly, returning to the peace and quiet and beauty of the nineteenth-century past. The trip that Mr. Humphreys, a teacher at Columbia, describes began at Atlantic Highlands, New Jersey, and ended—forty-five days and some seventy-four

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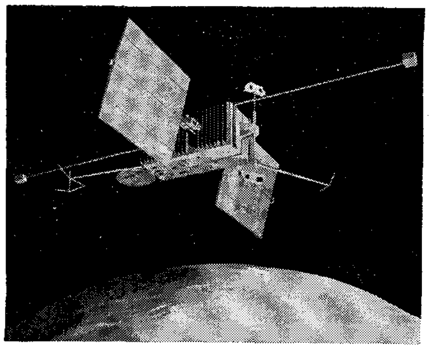
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hundred miles later—at Monterey, California; at no time was he forced to take the beaten path, and if he ever saw a bowling alley, a pizza stand, a drive-in movie, or a blaze of neon, he doesn't mention it. It might be added that throughout the trip he ate well and slept in comfort at very reasonable rates. Illustrated with many fine photographs by the author, and an end-paper map.

OUT OF MY LEAGUE, by George Plimpton (Harper). Baseball fans who turned up early for a post-season all-star game at Yankee Stadium a year or two ago were treated to an unexpected hors d'oeuvre. They saw Mr. Plimpton realize (through a palm-greasing arrangement by *Sports Illustrated*) a vainglorious ambition to pitch to a lineup of major-league sluggers. They also saw him go down in not entirely ignominious defeat. He was to have pitched to a total of sixteen batters. He managed to take on seven (Richie Ashburn, Willie Mays, Frank Robinson, Ernie Banks, Frank Thomas, Gil Hodges, and Stan Lopata) before exhaustion ended his ordeal. In this little book, he describes that extraordinary experience, and, what is more (considering the extraordinary gall that propelled him to the mound), describes it with grace and unusual perception. Photographs.

THE GREATEST PROBLEM, AND OTHER ESSAYS, by F. L. Lucas (Macmillan). "If some simple labourer already has difficulty in supporting fifteen children, hungry, ragged, and shoeless, it seems hardly the height of good sense to say—'Go ahead! Have fifteen more. Just see how ingenious [science] shall be in showing you how to support them all!' " Thus, in the title piece of this collection, Mr. Lucas, while fully aware of the crushing complexity of the matter, challenges the sanity of the pulpit pounders, the politicians, and the Micawbers in white who view the world-population explosion with equanimity. And he adds, touching the essence of the question, "Even supposing we could support a vastly increased world-population, do we really want to? . . . Do we really want the earth turned into a human ant-heap?" The companion essays, which are more directly related to the author's professional field of interest (he is a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and a University Reader in English), display with equal vigor his triumphant rationality. They include an examination

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HAZARDS AND HANDICAPS

Skin divers are known to be seized on occasion with something called "rapture of the depths." As they dive, a feeling of great joy and euphoria comes over them, and they go deeper and deeper, forgetful of the dangers of increasing water pressure and decreasing oxygen.

Some investors suffer the same sort of seizure in reverse, as it were. They are subject to a malady that we call "rapture of the heights." Because the market averages have been moving upward in recent months, they think stock prices will go on rising forever. They forget that there are risks as well as rewards for shareowners, that money can be lost in the stock market as well as made.

Investing, like skin diving, is beset with hazards, and both are subject to the same rules. First, be sure you can swim before you dive in. Second, watch out for shoals and sharks. And third, beware of raptures, whether they are of the depths or the heights.

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of the Tolstoyan philosophy of life, an appraisal of the sometime art (and often artifice) of translation, and a levelheaded appreciation of that most unfashionable of twentieth-century poets, A. E. Housman.

THE FEARFUL FIFTIES, by David Low (Simon & Schuster). A short illustrated history of the interminable decade that began with, among other things, the perjury trial of Alger Hiss and ended with, among other things, a Russian snapshot of the moon. The pictures are a selection from the hundreds of cartoons that Mr. Low contributed to the Manchester *Guardian* during that period, and they remain as sane and saucy, and as pertinent, as they were on publication day. The text, on the other hand, is even-tempered, perfunctory, and as heavy as lead.

VERSE

HOMER: THE ODYSSEY, translated by Robert Fitzgerald, with drawings by Hans Erni (Doubleday). To translate Homer into prose is to eliminate any bard's most spellbinding device—the recurring beat of the metrical line. Mr. Fitzgerald has turned the poem's hexameters (which will not do in English) into a slightly loosened blank verse, which can sound familiar to almost everyone. Thus, the semi-incantatory quality of the ancient oral tradition is restored for modern ears. Fitzgerald's language, free of literary stiffness, proceeds easily as the story is wound and unwound, backward and forward, with (we might say) cinematic-flashback skill. Even the gods and goddesses are freshened up. The panoramic sweep of a fabled yet real landscape unfolds, complete in every practical detail, including the weather. Women endlessly spin, weave, and serve food and drink (and do the laundry) with charm, while men make and use various items of Iron Age gear when they are not wandering restlessly about subduing monsters and exploring the wine-dark sea. And people laugh and weep. A poet's fine contemporary rendering that passes the test of being read aloud.

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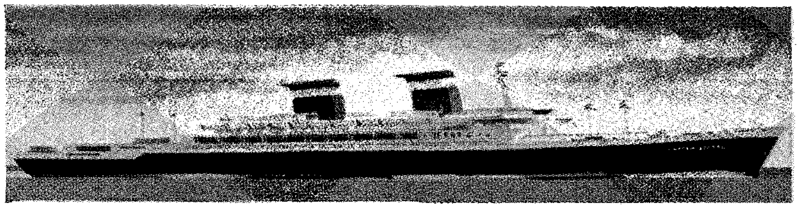

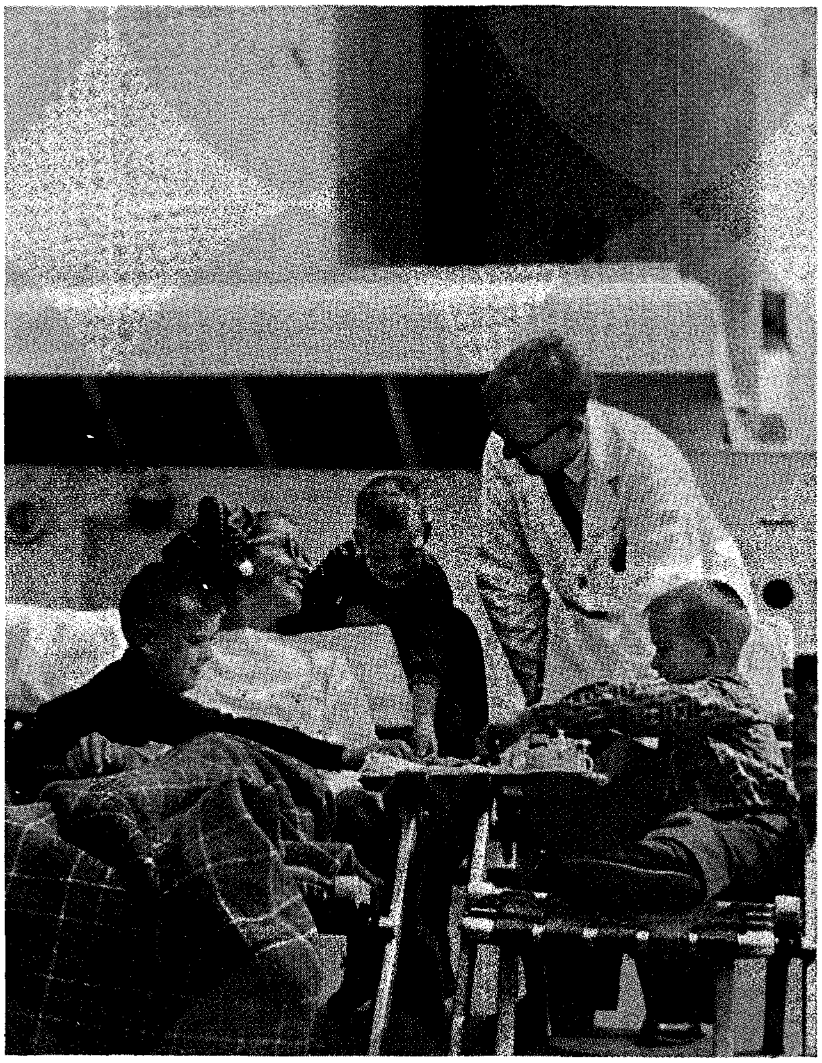

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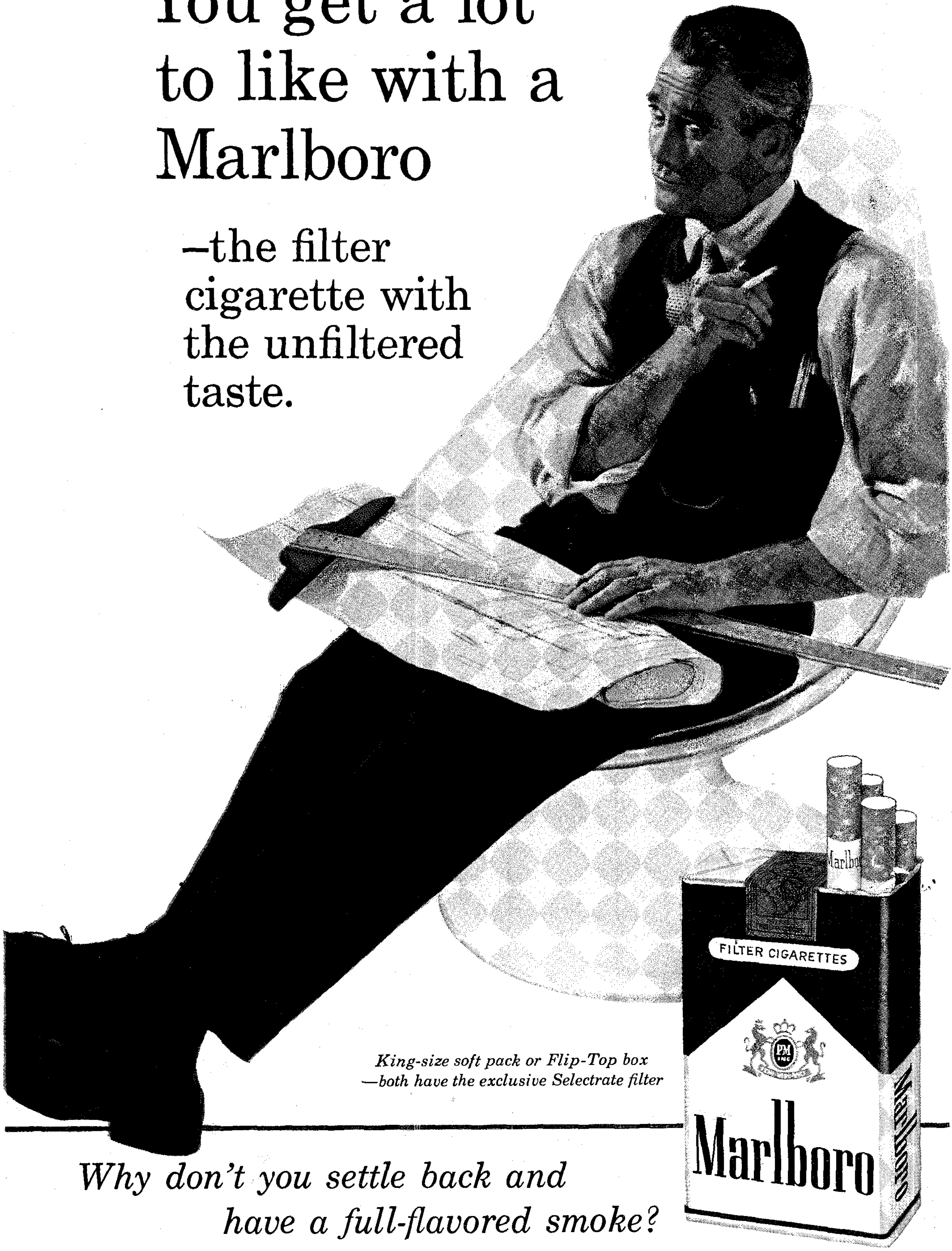
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